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STUDENT

OCTOBER 1966

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WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

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THE STUDENT

OCTOBER 1966 • VOL. 80 No. 1

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Our Cover: The Wachovia Building, a Winston-Salem landmark, seen from a new perspective.

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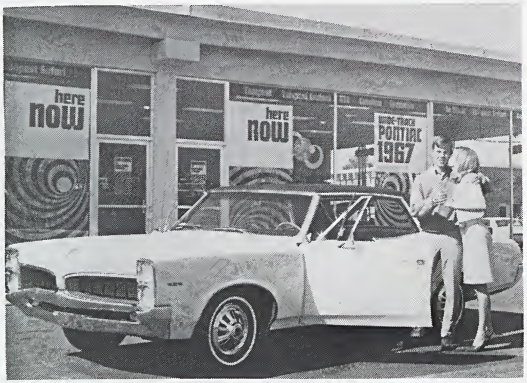

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A BRICK DUKE? NO!

Unless campus gossip is badly mistaken, Wake Forest will soon shed its traditional designation as a college and begin to call itself a university. And that change in name, so we are told, will lead us to the promised land of a big-time name, big-time spending, big-time athletics, and big-time education.

But changing the name will not make Wake Forest a university of distinction any more than calling a plastic apple the real thing will make it edible. The educational landscape is already littered with colleges which have spent much money and effort turning themselves into second-rate universities. If Wake Forest is to avoid this inglorious end, it must decide now what will make it different from any one of a hundred other institutions.

The difference could be the same thing that has made the College unusual—its concern with the individual.

Wake Forest University should be an institution which welcomes not only the "good student," but also bright and talented misfits. It should not be, as it too often is now, afraid to admit the unusual student. The new university should provide for its students instructors who are able to teach effectively and intelligently; who are not mere academic grinds caught in the rat-race of "publish or perish." To its undergraduates it should present a loosely structured but academically sound curriculum designed not to force them to search for crips with which to fill 128 hours, but to give them the chance for a genuine liberal education. For its graduate students it should provide a program which provides intensive training in their disciplines but does not encourage them to become pedants. It must be aware that administrative offices are not designed to serve their own ends but are instruments of a coherent educational policy. If it is to be committed to the Christian faith, the new university must know that there is a vast gulf between a Christian inquiry for truth and the trappings of churchliness implied by required chapel and church-going faculty members.

In sum, Wake Forest University must have as its goal the creation of an atmosphere which will not produce look-alike, machine-made, conventionally pious "Wake Forest men," but intelligent and, hopefully, educated contributors to society.

This is a large order; its implementation will require imagination and money. Not money accumulated by hard-sell promotion campaigns or fast-talking stadium drives, but money earned because Wake Forest is so remarkable an institution that it is worthy of support. The money can be had if the imagination is there to create not "a brick Duke," as Malcolm Muggeridge called the College, but a unique and exciting university perpetually concerned with the matter of educating individuals.

—rcf

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OUR POLICY:

THE STUDENT is the campus magazine of Wake Forest College. It is not a newspaper, and it is not a literary magazine. Instead, it attempts to fulfill the implication of its name. It is a magazine published for the students of the College, by the students of the College.

We believe that the first responsibility of the magazine must always be to its readers, for they are the cause of its existence. If they are not informed, entertained, sometimes amused, or even angered by it, then it has failed. In order to serve its readers' needs, THE STUDENT attempts to provide provocative and well-informed articles, significant fiction, and imaginative verse, and it tries to encompass this variety within an attractively designed publication.

To serve its readers is the first responsibility of the magazine, but the encouragement of student literary and artistic creation is its secondary interest. Its pages are open to any student of the College who wishes to express himself. It serves as a forum for student opinion and imagination. But because it is a magazine which attempts to follow a coherent editorial policy and not act just as a literary grab-bag, THE STUDENT must maintain certain editorial standards. These include those well worn, but still true, cliches of good journalism: fairness, accuracy, and good taste.

Because of our belief that THE STUDENT must be first obligated to its readership, we are not able to publish every piece of writing which is submitted. However, every writer who offers a work to the magazine may be sure that it will receive sympathetic consideration. This does not mean that the magazine will publish only those items with which its editors agree. Our opinions are not sacrosanct and we are more than willing to consider items whose viewpoint is not our own.

We desire your comments and criticisms, for they help us to know if we are doing our job. We do not expect every reader to be satisfied with everything which appears within the magazine. We do hope that every reader will find THE STUDENT's pages informing and entertaining.

—The Editors

TRAVEL

At this time of the year the call of the mountains is accented with hues of orange, red, and yellow as the trees along the curving roads dress themselves to enrich the normal splendor.

Only a few hours drive from Wake Forest, the Blowing Rock-Boone area offers many relaxing scenic attractions. Students can pack a picnic lunch and eat it while lounging a few feet away from a sparkling mountain stream, rushing musically over water-worn stones at such places as Dutch Creek Falls and Shulls Mills. Or a scant hour away is Grandfather Mountain where "tourists" can climb into the clouds for a magnificent view of the mountain range.

Students who like the tavern atmosphere can visit the Antlers and the Vapors in Blowing Rock. Operated by college-age personnel, both are popular spots for young people in the area. Looking for a Persian rug, a diamond ring, or a deck of playing cards? Attend one of the auctions in downtown Blowing Rock. Holding sales daily except Sundays, the auctioneer is likely to sell anything from steak knives to chandeliers while bidders relax in padded rocking chairs.

Located on the Blowing Rock-Boone highway is a unique attraction that is a favorite of both young and old. Climb aboard the Tweetsie Railroad and view the mountains as the train speeds through the countryside.

The area also abounds with inns and restaurants which offer every imaginable kind of meal. Have a sumptuous seven-course dinner at the Green Park Hotel in Blowing Rock, or travel to Boone for a family-style meal at the Daniel Boone Inn where waitresses in "granny gowns" cover the tables with dishes of home-cooked food.

For skiing enthusiasts there are the Hound's Ear Ski Lodge and Seven Devils Ski Lodge. The latter, operated by a Wake Forest alumnus, has a natural ski slope and a man-made lake.

But the list of attractions does not stop here, for there are many other places to seek and explore. Now is the time for Wake Forest students to travel!

—S.E.

A Student's Guide to Winston-Salem

by Richard Fallis

Area: 45.5 square miles

Elevation: 1,000 feet

Annual Mean Temperature: 59°

Average Annual Snowfall: 9.2 inches

Average Annual Rainfall: 34.9 inches

"Winston-Salem's 140,254 happy and prosperous citizens welcome you."

At least that's what the Chamber of Commerce says. However, chambers of commerce always seem to be saying that; but for once they may be right. Winston-Salem does have 140,254 citizens, most of them appear to be relatively prosperous, and the majority of them may very well be happy.

But do they welcome students?

There are about 5,000 students in Winston-Salem, but for many of them Winston-Salem remains a foreign place: a place where they may buy a few clothes, see a few movies, and eat a few meals, but not a place that they really know.

The city is in large measure a study in contrasts. It is the second largest city in North Carolina, but it has many of the attitudes of a small town. It is a major commercial city, but it's business district is remarkably small, and remarkably shabby. It is a city of cultivation and charm, but it includes some of the most appalling slums in the Southeast. It is a city of wealth, but the wealth is distributed for the most part among a few very influencial families.

Most observers agree that the financial impact of the city's four colleges (Wake Forest, Salem, Winston-Salem State, and Piedmont Bible College) on the local economy is great, but their impact in other ways is far less important. Take the case of the cabby who recently asked a Wake Forest student if the College were still playing football; or the store clerk who thought Salem was coed; or the waitress who could not remember if Wake Forest had a medical school.

What makes Winston-Salem tick? Three things predominately: tobacco, underwear, and banking. It was the Reynolds Tobacco Company that first gave the city prosperity, and it is still the Reynolds Company that accounts for much of the 200 million dollars earned by the citizens of the city last year. It was the Hanes Hosiery Company that diversified the local economy and became the world's largest producer of women's seamless hosiery. And, to a great extent, it has been Wachovia Bank and Trust that gave the industries the financial foundation they needed, and at the same time accumulated assets of better than a billion dollars.

But for students, Reynolds, Hanes, and Wachovia are not what is important in the city. What is important is what the city provides for the students who, for nine months a year at least, call it home.

First, where to eat. Presumably, either for a date or just for a change of scenery, the average student wants to pass up Slater and eat in town. The dressier places all tend to feature steaks. The traditional place for a "blow-out" type of dinner is Staley's Charcoal Steak House on Reynolda Road, just across from Reynolda Gardens. The steaks are fine here, as is the shishkabob, and the atmosphere is elegant. Not the place for a pauper to dine, however. Staley's Stratford Restaurant also features a beef-oriented menu—the London grill is good—and the atmosphere is almost as elegant, but the bite on the purse is not quite so bad. Also purveyors of good steaks are the two Town Steak Houses—one near Baptist Hospital, the other on Stratford Road. A final steakhouse, notable for its oysters in season, is The Red Lion on downtown Fourth Street. In addition to providing satisfying food, The Red Lion has a handsome old English setting guaranteed to stun any date.

Because of its location, Winston-Salem has no great crowd of foreign restaurants, but it does offer two good Italian places and a Polynesian restaurant.

Vincenzo's, on Reynolda Road near town, offers a wide range of Italian fare served by candelight and with entertainment. Steve's, just off Stratford Road, has a more conventional atmosphere, but also offers a good Italian and American menu. The lasagna is outstanding.

Polynesian cuisine is represented by the Kona Kai Lounge, just off Stratford Road, which offers a wide Asian menu in a pleasantly novel decor.

The less dressy eateries are too numerous to be named. For a cheap, but good steak try the Bonanza Steak Pit on Peters Creek Parkway, where $1.39 will buy a satisfying steak dinner served in an informal, Western atmosphere. Morris Service's Coffeeshop on downtown Fourth Street is a good place for a quick meal while shopping, featuring sandwiches and spaghetti. Staley's Open Hearth, at Reynolda Manor Shopping Center is too much of a Wake Forest landmark to need recommendation here. Genial Al will serve you a Staley's Special and take your money with a smile. And finally, the Venetian Lounge, just off Stratford Road, has a really zany atmosphere, and good sandwiches to boot.

The cafeteria scene is dominated by the three K&W's, one downtown and two in shopping centers. All are good; the one on Knollwood Street is perhaps the most attractive. Ketner's at Reynolda Manor Shopping Center is also a Wake Forest hangout and offers inexpensive "specials."

But man is not to live by bread alone; he must also be entertained. Here Winston-Salem is less attractive than in the eating department. There are only four movie theaters in the city, though drive-ins abound. The Winston, Center, and Carolina are downtown and usually show first-run movies. A newer movie house, which tends to show more foreign films, is the Parkway at Parkway Plaza Shopping Center.

On the entertainment score Winston-Salem also has its own symphony and a concert series. The symphony, conducted by John Iuele and made up of local musicians, may not have the polish of the New York Philharmonic; but it has enthusiasm and plays a respectable repertorie of the classics and features an annual pops concert. The Community Concert series is usually outstanding; this year it features pianist Rudolph Firkusny and The Swingle Singers among its artists. The North Carolina School of the Arts also has a weekly concert series in which students and members of the faculty, including the superlative Claremont Quartet, perform. Concerts are also frequently scheduled at Salem. But perhaps the best concert series in town is conducted in Wait Chapel. The College this year will sponsor programs designed to suit everyone, with artists ranging from Arthur Rubenstein to the Dukes of Dixieland.

For live drama the city has an ambitious Little Theater which performs near the campus at the Hanes Community Center on Cherry Street across from the Fairgrounds. Wake Forest's College Theater, which has a long tradition of excellence, and Salem's Pirouette Players help fill the theater bill. Finally, there is the Barn Dinner Theater, where the waiter who serves you as you enjoy an excellent buffet dinner changes into a costume and acts in the play which follows supper.

The student who has eaten in all of these restaurants and has enjoyed all of this entertainment may not have the money left to buy a Coke in the Snack Shop, but if that last dollar is still burning a hole in his pocket or purse, here are some more places to spend it for student "necessities."

Radio Stations

WFDD: 650 AM/88.1 FM

WSJS: 670 AM/104.1 FM

WAIR: 1340 AM/93.1 FM

WTOB: 1380 AM

WAAA: 980 AM

WYFS: 107.5 FM

WPEG: 1550 AM

WKBX: 1500 AM

For records, beyond what the College Book Store and discount stores sell at more-or-less reduced prices, try Bocock-Stroud downtown. No bargains here, but a good selection of classical and jazz recordings, in addition to the standard pops recordings, is offered. For attractive gift books at greatly reduced prices, try the basement book store at Salem College. In season they also carry a remarkable array of imported Christmas cards. If the need to cover that institutional grey wall overcomes you and you want to invest in an outstanding work of modern art, visit the Winston-Salem Gallery of Fine Arts near Salem College. And finally, for judo or karate instruction there is the Academy of Martial Arts on West First Street.

Winston-Salem's outstanding attraction, and one too many students miss, is Old Salem. Located on the square facing Salem College and for a few blocks in each direction is a carefully restored Moravian Village which looks much as it did in the 1790's when George Washington visited here. All of the buildings, including the Salem Tavern, Boys' School, Miksch Tobacco Shop, and John Vogler home, are open daily 9:30 to 4:30 and charge a nominal admission fee to students. The village is always interesting, but the high point of its year comes on Easter Sunday morning when thousands of tourists join the local Moravians in greeting the sunrise and celebrating Christ's resurrection with prayers and brass bands.

There is much more that could be told about Winston-Salem: that tours of the Whitaker Park cigarette factory can be taken at 10 PM, that the city accounted for almost three and half million dollars worth of postal receipts last year, that it rains an average of 140 days a year, that there is an airport within the city limits, though your plane will probably leave from the one in Greensboro, that Reynolda Gardens has Reynolda House and a nature-science museum in addition to the obvious attractions of the woods. It may be that even with all of these attractions Winston-Salem will seem to be a dull place in which to live, but it will probably be the case only if the city is ignored. Like all cities, it offers much, and half the fun is discovering it for yourself. ■

Golf Courses

Grandview: Highway 421
Par: 71
Length: 6,600 yards

Tanglewood: Highway 158
Par: 72
Length: 7,825 yards

Hillcrest: Clemmons Road
Par: 72
Length: 6,080 yards

Winston Lake: Highway 311
Par: 71
Length: 5,790 yards

Reynolds Park: Reynolds Park Road
Par: 70
Length: 6,200 yards

Old Town: Kent Road
Par: 71
Length: 6,326 yards

Sunday, New Year's Day

by Bruce Bogie

It was a Sunday; New Year's Day. A gray sky and an almost sweating mist caused the winter afternoon sun to vacillate in the clouds above Atlantic City, and there had been few willing to brave such murky weather. But, quickly, a small crowd was gathering.

In competition with the mist, the clouds, and the timid winter sun which only occasionally looked from behind its hiding place, there was a young man, drunk, moving his body sluggishly, stubbornly. His face was thick and stony, as if cast in a mold, so that his lips were tight and his eyes almost entirely shut. He persisted with the fixed purpose of a man set on carrying out his New Year's resolution. He was trying to break away from two policemen, who had no intention whatsoever of releasing him.

They were sturdy, thick-boned men. The younger officer was handsome: a broad forehead, neat chiseled features, and blue eyes, in which there was a hint of naiveté. The small, fresh scar curling around the left side of his mouth looked like the first medal from his duty on the streets. The other officer moved with a weary matter-of-factness bred of experience. He appeared more seasoned by the salty climate of the city: his face was meaty, and his skin, only a shade lighter than his red hair;

he looked as if he had spent all night celebrating New Year's Eve with the "boys" of his district.

Each grasped one arm of the young man. As he twisted from left to right the policemen tightened their grips and pulled him along the wet sidewalk back to the waiting car. Their dark green rain cloaks restricted the full use of their arms. When the drunkard momentarily stopped struggling, the seasoned officer, in an effort to free his brawny arms, released one arm and tried to unfasten the clips of his cloak. But the drunk seemed to notice this and tried to twist away. The officer gripped him again.

A small crowd of men was gathering in silence. Some had a bewildered look of fear in their eyes; others were tightening their brows and holding in their lips in the firm curve of anger and old resentment.

The drunk suddenly slipped backwards and almost threw the policemen off balance; but their grip broke his fall, and they knelt next to him on the ground. The redhaired officer straightened up. "Ya keep him down there a second," he said to the other while he quickly unfastened his rain cloak. He turned to one of the bystanders, a short, stubby man wearing an Amos 'n' Andy derby. "Hold this for me" he commanded. The man took the officer's cloak and neatly folded it over his arm.

As the officer turned back, the drunk began to squirm out from the young officer's knee which was pinning him to the pavement. His right arm came free, and he quickly unbalanced the recruit with a sharp jab to his neck. His other arm was still gripped by the recruit, but he reached a half-standing position with one knee resting on the ground. The seasoned officer pivoted in front of the drunkard, crooked his leg, and said, "Awright, ya joker," as he brought his knee upward. The broad-boned knee clumped against the young man's face, and the crowd appeared to lunge forward at the sound of the breaking snap of the drunkard's nose. The blood spurted from his face as he fell limp to the ground. An angry, muffled sound came instantaneously from the crowd as it closed in.

The recruit jumped up with a look of confusion on his face. The meaty-faced officer stood, momentarily frozen, watching the blood rapidly soak the collar of the drunk's white shirt and wrinkled suit. Both officers looked apprehensively at the crowd.

There was a ripple of quick movement in the crowd; a young man with a flushed face pushed forward. "Do something! You can't leave him lying there. Do something!"

The officers turned quickly. The recruit's face was drawn tight. The face of the seasoned officer reflected a sense of guilt as he made a gesture with his right hand, and agreed, "Awright." His eyes looked to the ground. A voice from the middle of the crowd came out. "I saw you pull your red car over and take him off the street fifteen minutes ago. He wasn't doing nothing."

The drunk moaned. Gasping for breath, he opened his mouth and blood spurted from between his lips. The young man who had pushed through the crowd immediately knelt beside the drunkard. The recruit pulled out his handkerchief, handed it to the man, and said, "Put your finger under his lip to stop the bleeding." The seasoned officer watched with a furrowed brow. For a moment there was silence.

The older officer stood up, walked toward the crowd, and bellowed, with authority. "Break it up, everyone on ya' way. Ya' blockin' the street." As he walked into the crowd the men opened a lane for him. He walked back to the recruit and the lane immediately closed. He turned, faced the crowd, and saw that the curved line of men was solid again. He grasped his night stick. His cheeks puffed with air, and he bellowed, "Move on. You're makin' too much out of all this." This time no one answered. The crowd, mostly working men (except for the short stout man with a derby), stared contemptuously.

A tall red-haired man took a piece of paper and pencil out of his pocket and began to write. The older officer quickly stepped over to the tall man. "What do you think you're doing?" he barked. The man didn't answer; he kept on writing. "What are you trying to do? You want me to run you in, too?" The man stopped writing. "If you want to, run me in. I've got your badge number, too!" he countered as he put the piece of paper in his pocket. The young officer watched in silence.

Passers-by were coming up and asking the recruit what had happened. Someone in the middle of the

crowd spoke out again: "Some poor guy that got drunk was trying to walk home, and these cops pulled over to smear his face on Sunday!"

The seasoned policeman, now kneeling next to the drunk, picked his night stick off the ground twisting it with his finger. He didn't get up. The recruit looked at the crowd, turned to the passer-by, and said, "You needn't look so shocked. We're policemen; we've got to keep order and give protection to the people of this city." The older officer raised his hand and almost stuttered, "We gotta keep the laws ya people make, don't we?"

Like hell you keep the laws!" a deep voice shouted. The seasoned policeman jumped up immediately. "Who said that?" he asked as he glared at the crowd, his Irish temper flaring, his meaty face reddening.

"I did!" a middle-aged man quickly replied and stepped toward the front of the excited crowd. With his broad shoulders and with his big arms folded across his heavy chest he was brawnier than the older officer. His hair was cut close to his head, and he was wearing dark blue trousers and the heavy work shoes that a ship loader wears on the docks. He spread his thick legs into a wide stance and clasped his hands behind his back like a immoveable human piling. "I did!" he pronounced again.

"Oh ya did, did ya?" the officer said a little unsteadily. "Ya wanta get run in too?" The stocky man gave a smile.

"I don't give a damn what you do!" he said. The officer closed his eyes for a quick second and then began to walk toward the man. "Ya don't, eh? Ya don't?" he said raising his voice. The stocky man snarled, "I've got your number now, too!" There was a pause.

The young policeman came forward, stood beside his seasoned mate and said, "What do all you people come here and stay around for? To cause more trouble? Why don't you all go home and break it up, like Riley said a few minutes ago? For Christ sake, let us through!"

"We just gonna see that you cops don't hurt him no more," someone said.

"That's right," someone else agreed. The crowd joined low but quickly: "Right."

The older officer faced the crowd, opened his palms at waist level and said, "I'm an Irishman . . . I got my temper, but I am a Catholic . . . and I have my duties to this city, too!

The drunk moaned again, with less volume. His breathing was short and quick with gasps of pain. "Get an ambulance before you run me in!" the stocky man ordered. "That young man could be dying."

"Go on!" several spectators shouted angrily. "Get an ambulance!" The young policeman pivoted to the crowd. "I'm getting one; I'm getting it," he muttered as he walked into the crowd. "You people don't need to tell me my duty."

"Get one before you need one for yourself!" someone screamed. The recruit stopped and put his open palm on his revolver.

The crowd buzzed, then subsided into rigid tension. "Take it easy, boy; and call in the ambulance," the older officer muttered. The crowd opened a wider lane for the recruit who walked briskly, yet cautiously, to the patrol car parked down the street. When he reached the car the ring of the crowd closed with half of the men facing the car.

The little man holding the seasoned policeman's rain cloak stepped forward and placed it, still neatly folded, on the wet pavement. "What ya mean?" sputtered the officer, kneeling beside the drunk. The little man with a derby didn't answer. The crowd opened for him as he walked back and closed again as he walked through it.

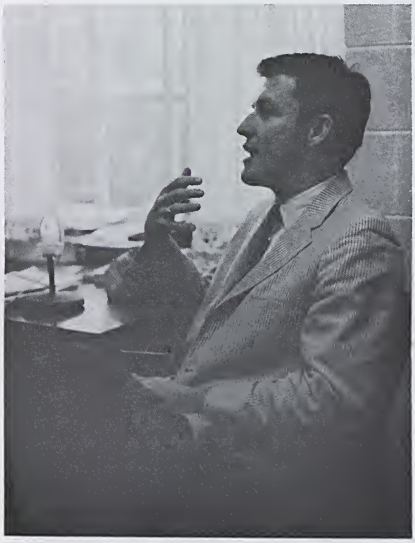
The clouds became darker, and a sound of thunder echoed down the avenue. The sweaty mist became a light rain. The young man using the policeman's handkerchief to clean up the drunk turned gratefully as the recruit announced, "The ambulance is on its way." But the crowd stood immovable, waiting. The recruit couched beside the drunk, then he turned toward the crowd. "What is the matter with you people?" he pleaded. "What the hell's the matter with you?"

No one answered.

Bruce Bogie is a 1966 graduate of Wake Forest and a resident of Vincetown, N. J.

THE STUDENT Interviews:

Jon Rinehardt



interview by

Tim Brown

Q: What is the background of the current situation in Vietnam?

A: The present war in Vietnam is just a continuation of the war that started back in 1940 as a reaction to the Japanese occupation of Southeast Asia. The release of a bitterly anti-colonial nationalism in Southeast Asia can be traced to that period.

Q: What happened in Vietnam?

A: When the Japanese occupation ended in late 1945 the Vietnamese nationalists, largely under the leadership of Ho Chi Minh, began a movement to push the colonial powers out completely and set up an independent Vietnamese government—a *unified* Vietnamese government. For a while it looked like Paris would come to some peaceful understanding with the Vietnamese nationalists. But in 1946 their negotiations collapsed completely and from then until 1954 the French fought what is now called the Indo-China War.

Q: How did it end?

A: Well, in March of 1954 the French suffered a disastrous defeat at Dien Bien Phu and almost immediately a Geneva Conference was called to end the war. The result of this conference was that Vietnam was temporarily divided into two halves. The North Vietnamese half, roughly above the seventeenth parallel, was to fall under the political authority of the Vietnamese government led by Ho Chi Minh and the Communists. The southern half was to remain under the control of Emperor Bao Dai, a French puppet, until elections could be held

in 1956 to unite the two Vietnams, probably under a Communist dominated government.

Q: Did the United States sign this agreement?

A: No. Every major nation in the world accepted it, but the United States and South Vietnam refused to sign.

Q: What happened then?

A: A rather difficult situation developed in 1956. No unifying elections were held and the United States began to give aid and advice to the South Vietnamese government. I want to emphasize that no official treaty of commitment was ever signed with the South Vietnamese, but it was understood that the United States would aid South Vietnam.

Q: What is the United States' Vietnam policy now?

A: According to President Johnson we are there to aid freedom loving people in South Vietnam who are the victims of aggression from the North. Also, our commitment is to maintain the territorial integrity of the South Vietnamese Republic.

Q: Do you agree with this policy?

A: It seems to me that the Administration has not accurately described the situation in Vietnam.

Obviously, the Communists are operating in South Vietnam and are receiving aid from the North. On the other hand, I feel that the problem started as a result of South Vietnamese opposition to Ngo Dinh Diem, who ruled South Vietnam until 1963.

Q: It's just an internal conflict then?

A: Well, naturally the North Vietnamese exploited the discontent in the South, but the problem largely revolves around the fact that the conflict in South Vietnam is basically a civil war and not just aggression from the North. There is reason to believe that the Viet Cong is not a part of a monolithic Communist movement. Instead it has goals which are somewhat different from those of the North Vietnamese. But American opposition forces Communists both North and South to try to reunite the country and to expell what they consider to be a continuation of colonialism or neo-colonialism.

Q: What then has been our basic mistake in Vietnam? Why have we united the Communists?

A: I believe that we have changed the tenor of the whole war and turned it into a struggle between the White Man and the Asian. We have failed to understand the community of interests between nationalism and Asian Communism.

Q: Given our commitments and given the fact that we cannot pull out overnight, has the Administration followed the right course in conducting the war?

A: It has adopted a position that has made it all but impossible for us to do anything less than escalate. For example, if the war were really aggression from the North, the logical policy was to attempt to cut off supply lines from China or North Vietnam. Strategic bombing to affect this policy has, however, met only with an increased commitment from the North Vietnamese and has scarcely brought the war any closer to an end.

Q: In that case, do you think the war would be significantly different if the United States had bombed areas in the North at the beginning of the conflict?

A: Bombing of the North would probably have had little effect on the ultimate outcome of the war. In this situation and in this kind of war, bombing is irrelevant if one is interested in "winning."

Q: Can we win?

A: Sooner or later we are going to have to negotiate with the National Liberation Front—the Viet Cong—and provide a place for them in determining the future of South Vietnam.

Q: Does this mean we will have to accept a Communist Vietnam?

A: We are going to have to accept a unified Vietnam and, fortunately or unfortunately, this is going to mean a Communist or Communist dominated Vietnam.

Q: Do you think this is a desireable solution?

A: We can no longer hope for a desireable solution; that is to say "a peace-loving, democratic, South Vietnam." This possibility largely disappeared due to French intransigence in granting Vietnam its independence. We must look now for the most feasible solution—a unified, Communist, but *anti-Chinese* Vietnam. Besides it is entirely conceivable to me that we could spend ten or fifteen years more in Vietnam and once we pulled out the country would be united anyway. Is it now worth devestating both the North and South to prove a principle?

Q: What effect did the recent elections have on the war and on the attitudes of the Vietnamese people?

A: It is difficult to say. The fact that seventy-five per cent of the people voted is at least an indication of the desire of the people to put the government back on a popular basis.

Q: Do you think that the present South Vietnamese government has achieved any degree of legitimacy as a result of this recent election?

A: If the assembly just elected can draft a constitution that reflects the autonomy of elements that is present in South Vietnam, and if it will support the holding of further elections that will give other groups — including the Communists — the chance to participate in a future government — Yes! But if the military government insists upon a centralized government and applies pressure on the assembly to support such a government, I do not believe that such a system will achieve any more legitimacy than President Diem's did twelve years earlier.

Q: Is the military government unstable?

A: Sure. There is no basis for a stable government in South Vietnam and I doubt that there was one in 1954.

Q: How do you suggest the war be ended?

A: Stop the bombing and hold the areas that we now have and hope that we can make it evident to the Communists that the only way the United States is going to get out of Vietnam is to decide on some mutually agreeable way to hold national elections to unify the country.

Q: What would the effect on the image of the United States be if your policy were followed.

A: At first we would probably lose face, but in the long run, maybe not. The withdrawal or disengagement of United States forces from the area will, no doubt, create a power vacuum throughout Southeast Asia, and Chinese domination would be bound to increase. But this could be avoided if a very loose confederation of Southeast Asian states were to be created to fill this power vacuum that will inevitably result if the West leaves the region. The effect of our withdrawal will be lessened if we can encourage an indigenous balance-of-power block to take up our role in Southeast Asia. In fact, we might gain prestige by deferring to such a group. ■

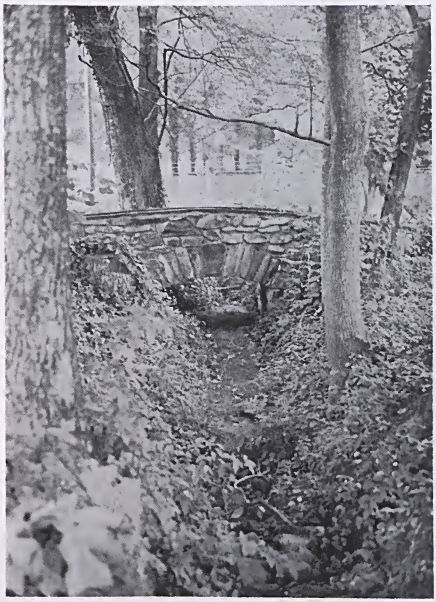
The house which figures in the lives of all Wake Forest graduates is the Elizabeth Dillard Reynolds Alumni House, headquarters of the Alumni Association. Built in 1942 by Richard Reynolds, Jr., the architectural design of the house has often been said to resemble a ship. Regardless of the accuracy of this comparison, or one's personal taste, for Winston-Salem in 1942 the house was quite an architectural achievement.

The Good Life:

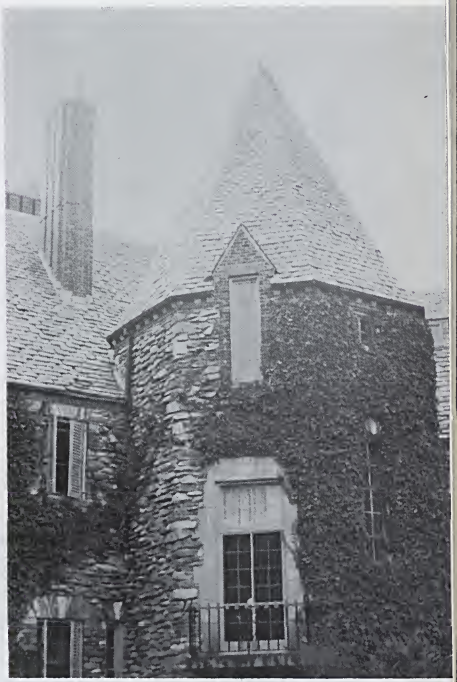
Three Winston-Salem Mansions

by John Daughtry
and Preston Hoffman

A tower at Graylyn.



A dry creek bed meanders through the Graylyn Estate



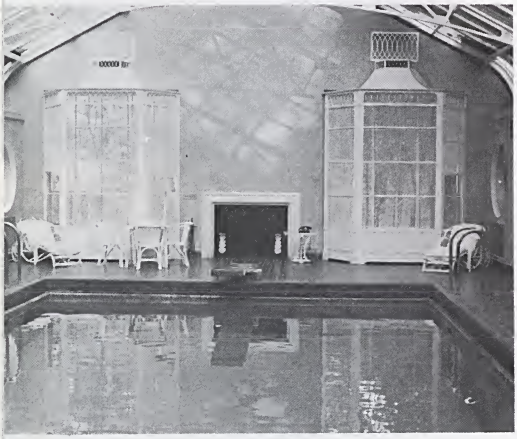
Ivy encrusts a tower at Graylyn

In 1931, the second of the houses, Graylyn, was built by Bowman Gray. The exterior is of native stone, built in the late Renaissance style, while interior is a mixture of Gothic and Rococco; parts of the house were transported directly from an English estate. In 1950 it was given to the Bowman Gray School of Medicine and now houses Graylyn Children's Center, a branch of the medical school. In past years the Magnolia Ball, Faculty Christmas dance, and meetings of the Graylyn Society have been held in the mansion.

The Lodge at Graylyn

Reynolda House is the only one of the three mansions that is still furnished as it was originally. It was completed in 1917 by R. J. Reynolds as a country home on a thousand acre estate, part of which is now on the Wake Forest campus. Reynolda House is warmly spacious and contains many valuable paintings, handwoven rugs, and other works of art. One of the most interesting parts of the house, from the student's point of view, in the op art basement, which appears to have more recreational facilities than the Wake Forest gym. Owned and maintained by Reynolda House, Inc., the mansion is leased to the Piedmont University Center, which uses it for seminars, entertainment of visiting scholars, and other services it renders to its member institutions.

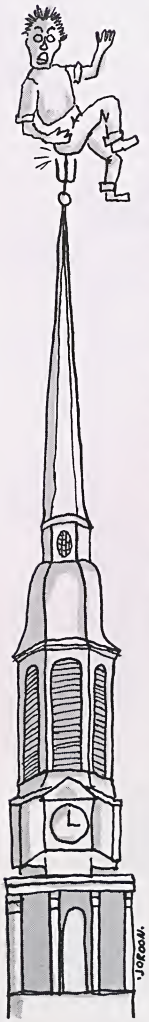
The front lawn at Reynolda House



Glass-enclosed swimming pool at Reynolda House

Gracious living at Reynolda House

TO THE POINT



Seen on a 1966-67 matriculation card, under "Religious Affiliation": "Cult of the Green Froggie."

◆

Rain isn't a problem here; it is a way of life.

◆

In a recent poll taken at the campuses of Wake Forest and Salem Colleges Arlene Edwards was unanimously chosen "Miss Congeniality" for this school year.

◆

Whatever happened to the *Evergreen Review*? For some reason the library hasn't gotten a new copy on its shelves in five months, and we are missing our monthly dose of the wretched intellectual excess.

◆

Reports from Moscow indicate that better than 100,000 copies of a new Old Testament story book published by the Soviet presses have been sold since August.

◆

Seen in the New York Times:

"We are interested in locating young women who appeared as a baby in Ivory Soap magazine advertisements between 1940-1950.

If you are a former Ivory Soap baby or have any information which might help us locate these young ladies, please write immediately or, better yet, call collect:

Miss M. Garber
625 Madison Avenue
New York, New York
754-1100 Ext. 723

Sohae Kanehara, a twenty-nine year old Tokyo laundry worker was charged October 1 with rigging a speedboat race in which he won better than two thousand dollars on a 28¢ bet. To insure his win he swam underwater with an aqualung and bent the propellors of all but one of the competing boats.

◆

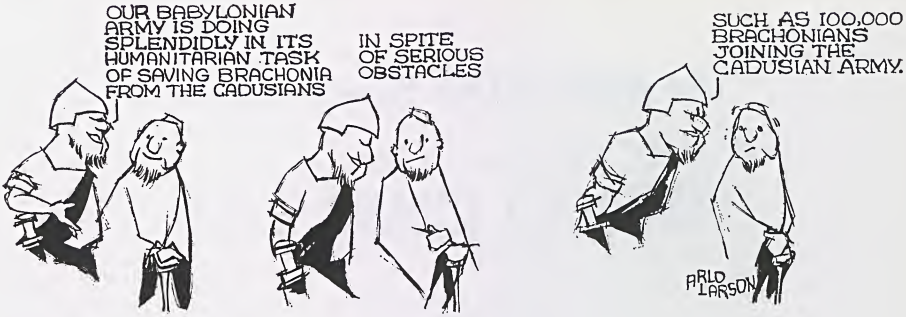
And, finally, a fable: Once not so long ago there was a colony of ants, not worker ants nor soldier ants, but scholar ants. They were doing fine worrying about nothing more than pop tests and fraternity parties—until one of their leaders said, "The gumdrop where we go in the fall on Saturday afternoons to entertain ourselves is too far away, and it is wearing out. Let's get a better gumdrop and put it next to our hill, and then we will have a gumdrop we can be proud of."

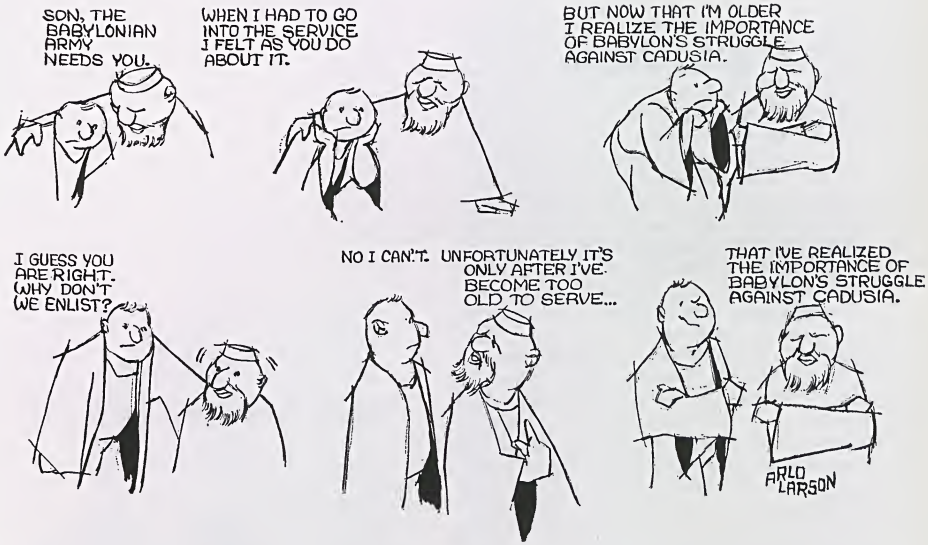
So the ants began a great campaign to raise two and a half million grains of pollen, which they used for money, to buy a better gumdrop. The ants tried hard, but the pollen was slow in coming, for the ants had already asked for so much pollen just to build their hill.

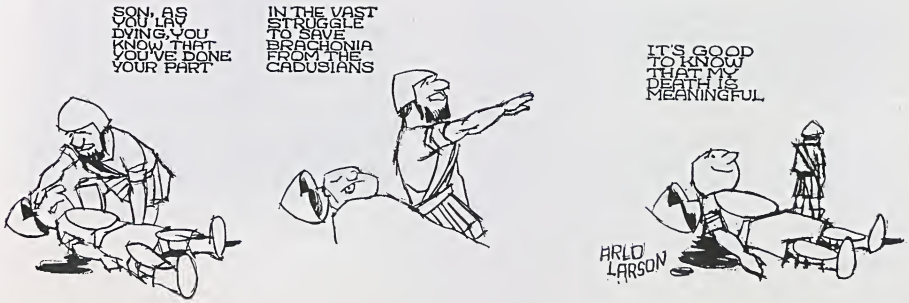
Finally, when they had gotten a million and a half grains, their leaders told them sad news. They had been to the candy store and had found that the better gumdrop woud cost an extra million grains.

Poor ants; they were distraught. An extra million grains of pollen! Then one ant had a brillant idea—why not sell their teachers as slaves to the grasshoppers who lived in the valley below them? Before they knew what had happened the teacher ants were sold, the ants had all the pollen they needed, and the better gumdrop. ■

SAVE BRACHONIA FROM THE CADUSIANS!


OUR BABYLONIAN ARMY IS DOING SPLENDIDLY IN ITS HUMANITARIAN TASK OF SAVING BRACHONIA FROM THE CADUSIANS
IN SPITE OF SERIOUS OBSTACLES
SUCH AS 100,000 BRACHONIANS JOINING THE CADUSIAN ARMY.
ARLO LARSON


SON, THE BABYLONIAN ARMY NEEDS YOU.
WHEN I HAD TO GO INTO THE SERVICE I FELT AS YOU DO ABOUT IT.
BUT NOW THAT I'M OLDER I REALIZE THE IMPORTANCE OF BABYLON'S STRUGGLE AGAINST CADUSIA.
I GUESS YOU ARE RIGHT. WHY DON'T WE ENLIST?
NO I CAN'T. UNFORTUNATELY IT'S ONLY AFTER I'VE BECOME TOO OLD TO SERVE...
THAT I'VE REALIZED THE IMPORTANCE OF BABYLON'S STRUGGLE AGAINST CADUSIA.
ARLO LARSON


SON, AS YOU LAY DYING, YOU KNOW THAT YOU'VE DONE YOUR PART
IN THE VAST STRUGGLE TO SAVE BRACHONIA FROM THE CADUSIANS
IT'S GOOD TO KNOW THAT MY DEATH IS MEANINGFUL.
ARLO LARSON

The Birth of Our Super-Prof, Jr.

Above the purple canyon
When the haughty whirlwind broke through the pregnant clouds—
A lightning thunder.
On the strand of seashore
When the drowsy surf ebbed to the faraway sirens—
A puzzling pearl on a boy's tip-toe.
Under the May green tree
When our seventh kiss of rainbow strangely slipped
And dropped a love between our breasts—
There, the first born cries, to our surprise.

—*Augie Ahn*

Wind-Song

Still—but not so—
in the corner of life,
always stirring,
growing,
shrinking,
changing the world. Chasing
winter into spring, summer to fall,
pushing the hours and years
into the past,
pulling future into present—
until eternity is here.

—*Carol Breeding*

I am not omnipotent

I am not omnipotent.
What a shattering blast to feel.
I have been the strong one.
I have been the wise one.
I have stood towering
while others fell from their perches
and clung at my feet.
And I was firm, strong—
My God had been good to me;
I was one of his angels;
What great purpose was there waiting for me,
that had made me so strong?
What was my purpose?
To be shattered when someone said,
"Let me help you."

—*Laura Jordon*

FIVE WHO COUNT

Have you ever wondered who really operates Wake Forest College? Is it the administration, the board of trustees, the treasurer's office? Many contend that at the heart of the operation of the college there are people who are not really in the "limelight", but who, in their "backstage" position, are playing an integral role.

One of these "backstage" persons at Wake Forest is Mrs. Margaret R. Perry of the Registrar's office. Her responsibility begins with checking to see whether an applicant has met the basic requirements for admission. This function is important because the admissions become a "reflection of the integrity of the school." After the applicant becomes a student of Wake Forest College, Mrs. Perry and the staff of the Registrar's office begin to route the student through his chosen field of study. She checks to be sure that no student omits a required course from his curriculum, advising the student by personal letter in the event that such a mistake has been made. In this role, Mrs. Perry becomes the "official worrier" for the student.

In addition to these services she is involved in planning the fall and spring class schedules, computing class rankings, preparing statistical reports concerning enrollment and geographic distribution of students, editing the catalogue, correlating students, faculty, administration and parents through the processing of grade reports, and working with the draft boards to insure that the capable student will be able to continue in his educational endeavors.

Working as an editor, statistician, accountant, planner, correlator, and counselor, Mrs. Perry is certainly a friend to the students and to the College.

Mrs. Margaret R. Perry

Miss Dana Hanna

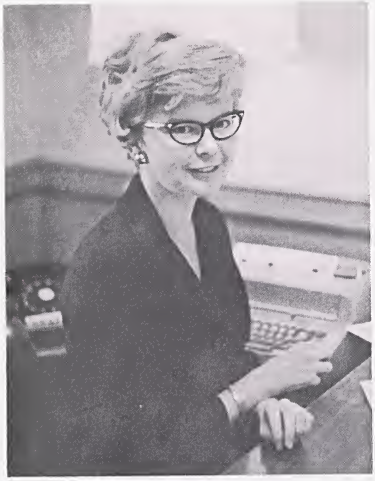
In the first place, Miss Hanna is not presently "behind the scenes." As a matter of fact, she is very much in the public eye.

Secondly, the success of the experiment of which Miss Hanna is a part—the housemother-counselor program in Bostwick Dormitory—depends largely on her being not "behind the scenes." Rather, she must be accessible to the girls in the dormitory. In another sense, however, Dana's role as a counselor is essentially a private one. She says, "They want to tell you about the new shoes they bought, the boys they go out with, and the problems they're facing."

In her position as friend, advisor, and mother confessor to a whole dormitory full of girls, Dana finds her effectiveness less restricted than when she was WGA president her senior year at Wake. She has found, perhaps more quickly than many, that graduation from college is not the "great escape" that many coeds expect.

"An assistant in the office of the Dean of Women . . ." So reads the WGA handbook concerning the position of Mrs. John A. Carter. This title, however, does not suggest the many responsibilities of this "assistant."

Mrs. Carter, who graduated from Wake Forest, was invited by Miss Lu Leake, Dean of Women, to accept a position as her assistant, and begin work in the fall of 1965. Mrs. Carter explains that in her work, she deals with "paper and people." In early summer she begins working with the next year's problems, which always include pairing roommates, assigning rooms, and choosing counselors. Mrs. Carter also assists the student committee in preparing the handbook which is designed to aid all freshmen.



Mrs. John A. Carter

With the onset of the fall term, Mrs. Carter is busy with the social functions for new students, and it is at this time of year that she begins setting up and conducting individual conferences with each freshman girl. She says, "Getting to know the girls as individuals is the most satisfying part of my job."

During the year, Mrs. Carter's tasks range from advising the Functions Committee of the WGA to registering fraternity parties. For this variety of responsibilities she feels that her job requires flexibility, objectivity, and a good sense of humor.

"No, it's not an easy job, but I enjoy it. I especially enjoy being able to see the people who come through and being able to talk to them." That's how Mrs. Mary Day, Circulation Librarian at the Z. Smith Reynolds Library, talks about her job.

Mrs. Mary Day

Mrs. Day is young enough to be taken for a coed, but in fact she is an experienced librarian who knows her job. She is a Wake Forest graduate, and holds a degree in library science from the University of North Carolina. Before coming to the College in May of 1964, she was on the library staff at Sweetbriar College in Virginia.

She explains that she is in charge of anything which has to do with the circulation of books. "I supervise about thirty-five assistants who help me keep tabs on what is in the library and what is checked out. We circulate about 5,000 books a month, and it runs as high as 6,500 during a busy period, like March." And I am in charge of buying books for the browsing collections.

Two innovations that have come while Mrs. Day has been circulation librarian are open stacks and the conversion of the library from the Dewey Decimal System to the Library of Congress's system. She reports that since the stacks have been open, use of the library has been much greater and the number of books checked out has increased significantly. Two floors of the stacks are now used to house books catalogued by the Library of Congress system. All new books are catalogued in this way now, and the books already in the library are being converted to it. "It will probably take a minimum of five years to do the whole job," she explains.

Behind the ready smile and good looks is a librarian of ability and intelligence and, refreshingly, a librarian who finds dealing with people the most pleasant part of her job.

Mrs. Murray Greason

In the office of the Dean of the College, Mrs. Murray Greason mans the telephone, filing cabinets, and appointment book in her role as super-secretary of Wake Forest College. Serving as chief agent for Deans Wilson and Dyer, she performs a great service not only to these men, but also to the many students, faculty members, and other persons with whom they have communication. Of all her tasks, which range from keeping personal student records to directing misguided students, Mrs. Greason finds that validating excused absences is the only unwelcomed task, for students can become very temperamental about this little administrative problem.

In her nine years at Wake Forest Mrs. Greason has viewed the students from a unique perspective. She comments that they are not at all lethargic or apathetic. Those who know Mrs. Greason will realize that in saying this she has very adequately described herself. ■

From the Past

The Gold of a Vision

by Gerald Johnson

I define an education as the process of preparing a man or a woman to seize the largest possible number of opportunities to do something that is worth doing. Training is the process of preparing an individual to do a specific job in the most efficient way. Under this definition there can be no such thing as a bad education. If it is bad, it isn't education. At best it is mere training, and at worst it isn't anything but a waste of time.

A certain amount of training is necessary in order to make a living. But a certain amount of education is necessary in order to live at all. Even the Australian blackfellows, among the most primitive of races, must learn how to make different kinds of animals; and as one rises in the scale of civilization more and more opportunities present themselves and more and more education is necessary.

This is not universally admitted. The great heresy of the modern world, a heresy to which the Soviet Union is formally committed and which is widespread in the United States, is the delusion that in this twentieth century, training is enough. It is based on the false assumption that a man's life is adequately measured by the number of years he has lived. Yet the greatest life in the history of the world, that of Jesus of Nazareth, lasted only thirty-three years. It isn't how long you live, it is how much you live; and that depends on how many times you seize the opportunity to do something that is worth doing.

Some sage has remarked that no nation has the worst government it will tolerate. If the conduct of public affairs is in a period of intellectual sterility, it is because the American people are willing to put up with sterility. Which brings the whole thing back to you and me.

If you want to know what is wrong with America, don't fix your eyes on Eisenhower and Lyndon Johnson. Look around you. Note how many people of your own acquaintance—and I mean intelligent people, not the boobs and the bums—are doing any really hard thinking about public affairs. If they are thinking at all, they certainly aren't saying much. A great many, in fact, seem to be obsessed with the notion that any new idea must have come straight out of Russia and therefore is terrible.

Some offer the reason, and call it an excuse, that in a period of great prosperity men are so busy with their private affairs that they have little time or energy to give to the larger aspects of public life. That means that they are so busy making a living, or perhaps a fortune, that they haven't time to live outside their own narrow rut. Well, they may be living long, but they aren't living much. They may have life of a sort, but they are missing the more abundant life.

But this is all generality, so let's narrow it down a bit. From the outside world, let's come right here to Wake Forest. What are you doing

here? You are spending a great deal of your time and a great deal of money, whether your father's or your own if you are working your way, on this campus. What for? What are you after?

If your purpose is to learn how to live, all well and good. But if your aim is merely to learn how to make a living, you are in the wrong place. Go home. Go to a technical school. Go into a business office, or into an industrial plant. But don't spend four years hanging around a liberal arts college, for this isn't a training school, this is an educational institution, and the greater part of what you learn here will never bring you a cent.

Is a liberal education then worth the time and money it costs? No, not to everybody. There are people, and I don't mean idiots, either, who are simply not capable of the abundant life. No doubt the greater number are too dull even to take high training, not to mention high education; but not all. If learning to operate a turret lathe is about the limit of most, yet there are some who are capable of quite wonderful things; they may be trained to translate the Dead Sea Scrolls, they may be trained to bounce a rocket off the moon, they may be trained to build an electronic computer that can calculate ten thousand times as fast as Archimedes ever could. Yet they are essentially incapable of education.

For in this vast and varied world they can see only one thing that is worth doing. It may be as empty a thing as getting money, or it may be as sordid a thing as making people think they are important. On the other hand, it may be as valuable a thing as extending man's control over the forces of the physical universe. But in either case, it is only one thing. They are not prepared to participate in the common life of the nations. They are not leaders of men.

To live abundantly requires a special knowledge of life, which is most readily obtained by learning how the great and good have lived in times past. To know the best that has been thought and said by the wisest men the race has produced is to be prepared to seize any opportunity of doing something worth doing. And it pays off without fail—not necessarily in money, or in reputation, but infallibly in the satisfaction of solid accomplishment, which is the richest reward attainable by man in this world.

Walter Raleigh never reached the Psalmist's span of life; he had his head chopped off at sixty-six. But I am persuaded that while many other men have lived longer, very few have lived more. I do not commend his example to you without reservation, for in some respects he was a tough baby indeed, and his crimes were pretty lurid.

But for his time and place he was certainly an educated man. He could fight a battle and write a sonnet with the same high skill. Sent to Ireland during the feud between the Butlers and the Fitzgeralds, he butchered the Fitzgeralds with a ruthlessness that shocked even the Butlers; yet in that bloody campaign he discovered and brought back to England the poet who wrote the "Faery Queen." He gave Ireland the potato, and England, tobacco. He could ruin an Essex, and turn a compliment, and navigate a ship, and seduce a maid, with the same swift and sure cunning. Then at last, condemned to death for what he did not do, he spent years in the death cell writing a history of the world.

He was prepared for any opportunity to do what was worth doing, and as much as any one man he lifted his nation not merely to power, but to greatness. If he is the hero of North Carolina he is one well chosen; and there is a picture of him, drawn by a later poet, that every young North Carolinian can accept with joy and pride—a picture, not of the pirate, the politician, the man of blood, but of Raleigh, the visionary, now in the shadow of the scaffold, but still flaming with desire to do something worth doing, and pleading for a chance:

"Say to the King, quoth Raleigh,
I have a tale to tell him—
Wealth beyond derision,
Veils to lift from the sky,
Seas to sail for England—
And a little dream to sell him—
Gold! The gold of a vision,
That angels cannot buy."

The gold of a vision—there is the worth of a true education, and it is beyond any price. ■

Gerald W. Johnson is a distinguished alumnus of Wake Forest, and is well known as a former editor of *The Baltimore Sun* and as a writer on American history and government. This article is reprinted from the March, 1959, STUDENT.

Letter to Her Lover

Hi — my darling
I want you to know
My thoughts are of you
So many thoughts
of different moods.
Wondering if they be
thoughts worthy and
of the strength of
love.
Only thoughts — mine
when I am sad.
Now, do I especially have need of you?
Yes — especially when
my heart and mind
wander so.
We have endured
much — together, and
apart. But — has
it strengthened — or made
us more fragile?
I thought today—
how wonderful
it would be to
grow—
with you.
Oh— to make you
glad — more than
all others.
(she wrote)

by Dennis Sayers

Sonnet to His Beloved

Carelessly he burned the lead through the head
Of the woodcock. The boy smelled smoke not blood.
Plucked and crisp, the feat and his mother stood
Beaming. He saw his prize blink, ease dead.
'Chloroform's a must for collectors,' he'd read.
'But Mother says its evil.' The child would brood:
He'd stretch in his mind his captive, tramped in mud,
Over velvet.
Yet not quite pleased, instead,
Child-man now, I've stalked your innocence
And won. What a victory. Your eyes,
Not dead, sear mine with wonder. My prize
Escapes. Damned! could yet our love through penitence,
Not strong or fragile, with brittle-tempered hone
Gleam? my dear derry downed darling One.
Especially.
(he thought)

Dates And Events

OCTOBER

27-29 College Theater: *Le Misanthrope* by Molière. 8:15 P.M. Students: 75¢.

27-30 Painting of the Month at Reynolda House: Thomas Benton's "The Picnic."

29 Homecoming: No classes.
Football: Clemson. 2 P.M. at Bowman-Gray Stadium.

NOVEMBER

1-30 Painting of the Month at Reynolda House: Ben Shahan's "Everyman."

1-5 Greensboro Little Theater: *Three-Penny Opera* by Berthold Brecht. 8:15 at Town Hall in Greensboro.

2 CU Foreign Film: *Stella.*
Recital by Aldo Parisot, cellist. 8:30 P.M. at the UNC-G's School of Music Recital Hall.

3-23 CU Art Exhibit: North Carolina artists' travelling exhibition. Humanities Building Gallery-Lounge.

3 Lecture by Professor Alan Downer of Princeton University, "The Game of Love and Marriage." 8:15 in DeTamble Auditorium.

4-5 Parents' Weekend.

4-5 North Carolina Baptist Student Union convention.

5 Junior Class Carnival on the Magnolia Court.

8 CU Lecture: Art Buchwald. 8:15 in Wait Chapel.

9 Midterm reports due at Registrar's Office.
CU Foreign Film: *L'Eclipse.*

14-16 North Carolina Baptist Convention.

15 Recital by John Shirley-Quirk, bass-baritone. 8:15 in Wait Chapel. Contributions due for December issue of THE STUDENT.

16 CU Foreign Film: *Children of Paradise.*

18 Winston-Salem Civic Music: The Swingle Singers. 8:30 at Reynolds Auditorium. Students: $1.00.

19 MRC Red Garter Dance.

22 CU Lecture: Russian novelist Valery Tarsis. 8:15 in DeTamble Auditorium. "The Emergence of the Southeast-Cultural and Economic." A symposium with Governor Dan Moore and Stuart Sanders. Fine Arts Building at Salem College.

29 Beginning of Winston-Salem's "Culture Week." Programs and exhibits sponsored by thirteen cultural groups in North Carolina.

30 CU Foreign Film: "The Rules of the Game."

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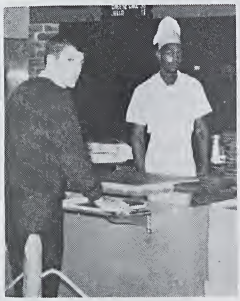

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THIS

Could be Wake Forest's Next Crisis

by Sam Gladding

Crisis in

Brazen Brown, Creamy White, and Pale Pink

This is not a campus which is long on tradition. Hazing and other forms of freshman torture went by the boards long ago. Even school songs and cheers seem to be on the wane, but one tradition, an interesting and trying one, still hangs on. This tradition is that of "rolling" the campus with toilet paper after an athletic victory. Since victories have been rare at Wake Forest in recent years, the campus has not been rolled too frequently. But the appearance of Bill Tate and Jack McCloskey indicates that victories, and the subsequent roll jobs, may become more common, and soon we may be faced with a crisis in brazen brown, creamy white, and pale pink.

In the past campus rollings have worked like this. For months a student would carefully store away precious rolls of toilet paper so that he could bring these rolls out to decorate the trees, grass, and neo-Georgian architecture of the campus at the appropriate time. When three thousand students simultaneously converged on the campus in mass hysteria few spots were ever left unrolled; and in many cases, a person needed a machete to find the door to Johnson Dorm or the coke machine in Taylor's quad. Even the sacred green of the plaza was not spared after a Wake win, for gracious plaza trees have often sagged under the burden of toilet paper. Car fenders and radio antennas have drooped with an elaborate supply of the filmy stuff. Recently it was reported that some of the students themselves had been mummified during the rolling activities.

If Wake's triumphs on the gridiron and on the basketball court do increase—and surely they will—a real crisis could develop from this fun-filled tradition. It will probably appear in two places.

First, since students become so excited about a Wake Forest win, they may forget to lay aside a small part of a roll for dire emergencies. Thus after every victorious game the gas stations and restaurants of Winston-Salem will be filled with students seeking relief from the problem created on campus. To many students a victory means a long weekend indeed, for it is not until Monday morning that the janitors and maids redistribute the colorful commodity so essential to the well-being of students.

The second crisis will be caused by the rollings themselves. Since most of the College's buildings will be completely wrapped up for the weekend following a victory roll, many students, especially freshman, will be lost. People will be constantly running into small bushes which have been cloaked in pale pink, or, perhaps, entering Davis House thinking that it is Kitchin because the signs will have been covered over. As one coed put it, after a thorough-going roll job last winter," If you don't get wrapped up in this tradition you are completely lost for the weekend, and if you do get involved, it is extremely hard to tear yourself away."

There is no end in sight for the rolling tradition at Wake. While there may be a minor crisis now, the promise of winning teams in the future indicates that rolling could become a major headache for students and College administrators. But have no fear; the administration will have a solution. Perhaps the College will begin to charge a toilet paper fee or raise tuition yet again as students raise new paper thin monuments to the glory of athletic teams. ■

RECORDS

What Happened to Bob Dylan?

So whatever happened to Bob Dylan? The furry young man from the Midwest who conquered the folk-music world and then shocked it by turning to rock-and-roll has now turned to corn. His new album, *Blond on Blond* (Columbia), is dreary proof. The two-record extravaganza is an adman's packaging dream. There is a stunningly fuzzy Bob, in full color, on the cover, eulogizing jacket notes, and two discs of songs designed to appeal not only to disaffected teenagers, but to their grandmothers in Duluth as well. The songs are slick, but they are also trite, making for a most disappointing album.

A happier note is sounded in Count Basie's latest, *Basie's Beatle Bag* (Verve). Here the Count, with a sure sense of style, tours the Beatle's repertoire and comes up in roses. If anything, there are places where he bests the Liverpool lads, finding rich material for improvisation in their sometimes-barren songs.

Classical fans also have much to be grateful for this month. Angel records has finally entered the low-priced sweepstakes with its Seraphim line featuring items from the rich Angel catalogue, but retailing at half the Angel price. The first releases from Seraphim included the classic Beecham-de los Angeles, Bjoerling recording of Puccini's *La Boheme,* Cantelli's electric performances of Schubert's *Unfinished Symphony* and Mendelssohn's *Italian,* and a superlative pairing of two Hindemith works conducted by the composer. Much more is expected in future months.

And, finally, for followers of camp there is Truman Capote's reading of scenes from his popular non-novel, *In Cold Blood.* Capote minces and prisses his way through some chilling writing with a perverse charm in an album that should offer many laughs.

All in all, a good month.

—*R.C.F.*

MOVIES

This year's College Union film committee has elected to double the number of films and also to add a new series. The committee said at the beginning of the semester that the purpose of the new series is to acquaint "our audience with the American cinema." Well, acquainted we are. We have watched Bogart grin and shoot people and Errol Flynn flash his procelain-capped teeth and stick people with a sword; in fact we have seen so much of this sort of thing that we have wondered if the film committee were not dominated by, in the words of Captain Bat Guana of *Dr. Strangelove,* "some kinda de-viate pre-vert." But we may choose to reconsider after seeing the Monday night films coming up this month.

First is the German-directed *Midsummer Night's Dream.* Glossy and magical, this is a fine picture; it holds to Shakespeare and has a large cast including, believe it or not, Dick Powell, James Cagney, Joe E. Brown, and Olivia de Haviland. It will be followed by O'Neill's *Anna Christie* with a talking Greta Garbo, and Rostand's *Cyrano de Bergerac,* starring Jose Ferrer and Mala Powers (who is Mala Powers?). The final American classic for the month is Faulkner's *Long Hot Summer,* with Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward, and Orson Wells.

Foreign films appear every Wednesday night. This month's will include *Stella,* an interesting Italian work directed by Michael Cacoyannis and starring Melina Meccouri. It will be followed by Michelangelo Antonioni's *L'Eclipse,* reported to be profound and beautiful. The next week there is *Children of Paradise,* said to be one of the three best films to come from France. It takes a look at corrupt French society during World War II. *Rules of the Game,* directed by Jean Renoir, second son of the painter, will be shown November 30.

And for the innocent movie-goer, bored or horrified by all this "artsy" stuff there will be *Tom Jones, The Pink Panther* and *The Victors* on the weekend schedule. Should be an interesting month.

—*H. M.*

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SOAPBOX

Despite the great enthusiasm and high spirits which characterize all panty raids, this common form of warfare all too often ends in failure—the result of the nonchalent attitude of the beseigers towards the attack. They act as if a panty raid were a source of amusement or entertainment when, in fact, it is a sacred duty upon which rests the honor of every participant. The following is a six-step battle plan which should be used as a guide to a better raid.

Step 1: Reconnaissance
The beseigers should bribe the enemy troops to release needed information such as the exact location of all exits, laundry rooms, and generals' headquarters.

Step 2: Disablement of the Highest-in-Command
The most important resistance during a raid always comes from the generals. These must therefore be imprisoned in quarters or, better yet, abducted. The fortresses then will be open to attack.

Step 3: Disposition of Troops and Attack
Troops should assemble in the woods behind Johnson, Bostwick, and Babcock fortresses. Massed and organized, they should then charge—completely surrounding each building.

Step 4: Penetration
The attackers should enter in single file through unguarded bathroom and parlor windows.

Step 5: Capture of Panties
Once the fortress is penetrated, the invaders should proceed to the large panty supplies in the laundry rooms of each fortress. Front line troops will help themselves to the widely admired French panties, while the rearguard may have to be satisfied with "Fruit of the Loom Sturdies."

Step 6: Escape
With panties in hand, the troops must proceed immediately to their escape area, the heat pipes between Johnson and Bostwick. These run underground to their own camp. When all troops have returned to camp, they should quietly disperse.

Wake Forest's first completely successful panty raid has yet to be made. Men—this is the time to act.

—Merry Lynn Bratcher

BOOKS

The life and death of John F. Kennedy has become one of the great fascinations of our time. The Kennedyana, which already appears to have covered every conceivable aspect of the late President's life, grows continually.

But now attention seems to have turned away from the man's life and towards his death. A new book, bound to become a staple item with the cocktail-party-discussion-group set, is Richard H. Popkin's The Second Oswald, published in September by Avon Books. Popkins argues that the Warren Commission catered to the public's need for security by concluding before examining all facts and possibilities about President Kennedy's death that the crime was committed by a lone, alienated assassin.

Popkin, a California college professor, presents evidence that a man who looked like Lee Oswald and often posed as Oswald could have been the actual assassin. He accuses the Commission of dismissing important evidence: a man who looked like Oswald was identified at a Dallas shooting range, at an auto showroom, and at the book depository itself.

Popkins holds that his theory of the second Oswald, "fits much of the known data, and requires fewer miracles or unlikely events. Since second Oswald was an excellent shot, my theory does not require the dismissal of all the people who saw second Oswald as mistaken, no matter how much corroboration they have."

Perhaps. If nothing else, Popkin's book ought to give the Kennedy necrologists something to think about. And with more books on the subject forthcoming, including one authorized by Mrs. Kennedy, they should have a lively winter.

—*I. J. S.*

UNDERCOVER

The Student is back again for its eighty-fifth year looking very much as it did last year on the outside, but filled with new departments and interesting innovations.

The focus in this issue is on living—at Wake Forest and in Winston-Salem. The issue begins with "A Student's Guide to Winton-Salem," for which Richard Fallis, The Student's editor scouted the town. He gives you the kind of information students need about a town: why it exists, who runs it, where there are things to do and places ot eat and be entertained.

Continuing the emphasis on the city, there is a pictorial tour of three of the city's mansions. Written by Preston Hoffman, a freshman from Hickory, and photographed by John Daughtry, who serves as the magazine's photography director, the tour takes you through Reynolda House, Graylyn, and the Richard Reynolds house. A picture story in each issue is an innovation for The Student.

To help make you aware of how things operate at the College we have interviewed five ladies who do much to carry out College policy. They are, for the most part, behind the scenes workers; but they are women who wield great power and are delightful people whom you should get to know.

An innovation in the magazine this year is the addition of five new departments: Records, Movies, Books, Travel, and Soapbox. They join the traditional "To the Point" and "Letters," (missing this issue since we have yet to receive any). This year's books are more varied and are presented in a jazzier way than before. The movie revnew colum will discuss the current flicks on campus and in town. For suitcase students there is the travel column; this month we go to the mountains, next month it could be Myrtle Beach or London. The latest in LP's, classical and pop, are presented in the record reviews. The last of the new columns, Soapbox, is what the name implies, a place for any student to spout off about whatever he wants. This month Merry Lynn Bratcher holds the position of honor, suggesting how to carry off a better panty raid.

The cartoon feature, reprinted from the April, 1966, Moderator is the work of Arlo Larson. To quote Moderator's publisher, "He unleashes some of his off-beat talent on a current crisis of note."

For this issue poetry comes from authors of varying backgrounds and temperaments. Augie Ahn, a graduate student in English from Seoul, Korea, contributes "The Birth of Our Super-Prof, Jr.," in honor of the younger Edwin Wilson. Carol Breeding, a sophomore from Oak Ridge, Tennessee, has given us the delightful "Windsong." Laura Jordon reveals the feelings of many of us on ending childhood in her poem, "I am not Omnipotent." Laura, a junior from Miami, Florida, is art director of The Student.

What about December? The Student will appear on December 15, just before the Christmas holidays begin. As our Christmas remembrance to you we will present an issue devoted to the problems of protest. In the mill are articles on LSD, radical groups, the Negro at Wake Forest, and a radical's reading list. All this in addition to what you, our potential contributors, put in our hands. ■

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Julie Davis ponders over a Christmas gift for that "someone special."

THE STUDENT

DECEMBER 1966 • VOL. 80 NO. 2

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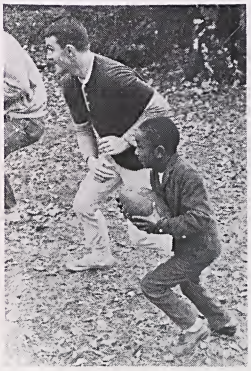

Patterson Avenue Mission: The Quiet Protest. See page 35.

Our Cover: The Pop Generation? That's you buddy, and that's what this magazine is about.

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Editorial

The Protestor's Perplex

For the next few days, thanks to recorded carols and carefully chosen gifts, the "Christmas spirit" will be with us. Warmth will ring out. Perhaps an issue of The Student devoted to the problems of students sounds an inappropriately discordant note in this season, but when the tinsel is packed away for another year and the last crumb of fruitcake is eaten, the problems to which this issue speaks will remain.

The 1967-model college student will be an enigma to that crowd of journalists and educators who are the traditional appraisers of undergraduate generations. They will see that he is not the glad-hander of the '40's, or the silent man of the '50's, nor is he anymore the willing protestor of the early '60's. Instead, he will remain annoyingly sullen, uncertain, ill at ease.

Perhaps one student can do no better job of assessing his generation than the professionals, but it does appear that if any word characterizes the attitude of contemporary collegians it is "frustration." Today's student knows that he should rebel, that it is his natural right and duty. He has been taught to be suspicious of the faith of contemporary culture. He knows that the sciences are not fixed bodies of fact; theology is not an infallible structure; the social sciences raise more questions than they answer. His training and inclination compel him to rebel, but he knows that it will do no good.

The vast machinery of American civilization is too complex and too delicate to be tampered with by any young radical. He knows that the secular city's faith must not be questioned, for in questioning he may destroy it and himself. The young woman who objects to the practices of her college's administration may find this part of her record no help in gaining entrance to graduate school; the young man who helps integrate a Chicago suburb will find that this part of his past no aid in gaining a place in law school or business. Play ball, students are told, or the whole glorious IBM-punched, Detroit-tooled, Ivy-League-tailored, Skinner-box-psychoanalyzed, sterophonically-recorded edifice of American life will collapse around us.

Students know that this great machine needs willing tools to help it run—men who will not question, but will do. But for this generation, which grew up believing in individual initiative and TV dinners, it is not happy knowledge.

So, students are quiet, sullen. Eventually they must all make their peace with the establishment; they must become tools who will live respectable lives in the secular city, but for the moment they can only regard it with apprehension.

—rcf

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BOOKS:

A Protestor's Reading List

by John Clare

Like all sub-cultures, the protest movement has its own literature: that collection of books which are essential in forming the attitude of any protestor. Some of them are significant works; some of them are trivia, but like the movement they represent, all are provocative. (The titles listed below are all available in paperback.)

Fiction:

Jack Kerouac, *On the Road* (Signet, 60¢). Still the most important piece of fiction for any protestor to have read.

Nikos Kazantzakis, *The Last Temptation of Christ* (Simon and Schuster, $2.25). A probing study by the author of *Zorba the Greek*.

Leroi Jones, ed., *The Moderns: An Anthology of New Writings in America* (Corinth-Citadel, $1.95). The imaginative literature of the protest movement.

J. P. Donleavy, *The Ginger Man* (Berkeley Books, 95¢). An entertaining spoof.

Drama:

James Baldwin, *Blues for Mister Charlie* (Dell, 60¢). Baldwin's turgid drama of how it is to be a Negro.

Poetry:

Alan Ginsburg, *Kaddish* (City Lights, $1.50). Like Kerouac's *On the Road,* one of the monuments of American protest. It may or may not be a great poem.

Art:

Hans Ritcher; *Dada: Art and Anti-Art* (McGraw-Hill, $3.95). A study of the art movement of the 1920's not unlike the recent pop-art business.

Politics and Society:

John K. Galbreath, *The Liberal Hour* (Menton, 75¢). One of the classics.

Norman Mailer, *The Presidential Papers* (Bantam Books, 75¢). Part of Mailer's endless monologue about politics and everything else.

Hal Draper, *The Student Revolt* (Evergreen, 95¢). A study if the business at Berkeley, with an introduction by Mario Savio.

Leslie Fiedler, *The End of Innocence* (Beacon, $1.65). Significant essays on American literature and culture.

LeCourbusier, *Urbanism* (McGraw-Hill, $1.95). The famed French architect's plan for saving the cities and urban society.

Theology:

Harvey Cox, *The Secular City* (MacMillan, $1.45). Already a classic.

Thomas J. J. Altizer, *The Gospel of Christian Atheism* (Westminister, $1.75). A more-or-less coherent exposition of the death of God theology.

TRAVEL:

Inside The Village

by Skip Godwin

What is there to do in New York?

The scope of this question is of the fourth dimension. My mind, being three dimensional at its outermost limits was overwhelmed by the possibilities. You can do anything in New York — as long as you have the money.

People who do not have much money usually migrate downtown to Greenwich Village, where with not too much cash one can have a pretty good time.

Before entering the Village you should have some sort of plan. Nearly every coffee house or club has either a cover charge or a minimum, so you will probably save money if you decide what you want to do before you get there. Once inside a coffee house be sure not to eat too much, as the prices are usually very high.

The Village is best known for its folk music, which incidentally seems to be a dying art. The Bitter End, The Gaslight, and Folk City all offer excellent folk music at reasonable prices.

Greenwich Village has prostituted itself in the eyes of the "old guard," for now one hears emanating from the majority of the clubs the sound of electric guitars, drums, and rock 'n roll. The clubs with the electronic sound are the places where the tourist can easily be taken. All these places have groups, many of them bad, and after paying a high cover charge, you'll probably stay only a short while. For blues the Cafe Au Go-Go is the best. You'll see the Blues Project, Paul Butterfield, Lightin, Hopkins and others. For the rock 'n' roll fan The Night Owl is Mecca; here you'll see mostly local groups, but usually they are the best. From the Night Owl have come The Lovin' Spoonful, The Strangers, The Razors' Edge and several other lesser known groups.

The jazz fan will want to go to The Village Gate or The Village Vanguard, both of which offer excellent shows featuring such performers as Herbie Mann, Nina Simone, and Charlie Mingus.

If you'd like to see an underground play, the Cafe Cino is inexpensive; the plays are among the best coming out of the underground, but be prepared for something wild!

Have fun!

Protest is the social phenomenon of this generation. It was spawned in the grumbling about the educational environment, the form and content of education, and the stake students should have in a university. At the outset of the protest movement students proclaimed, "The university we live in is ours. It is open to our voice and action, or we are not students here at all. If we must accept without question the decisions of wise men who think they are acting benevolently for what they perceive to be our good, we are not scholars here, but are only customers." Protests became sophisticated through numerous sit-ins, sit-downs, camp-ins, lock-ins, teach-ins, petitions, and speeches. Yet as a disorganized movement it could not survive.

To guarantee its survival, the protest movement institutionalized itself. Students realized after the first sporadic demonstrations, that the disappearance of McCarthyism gave them the opportunity to break away from the "silent generation" label which it had imposed upon them. Thus the New Left was born.

On February 1, 1960, this movement and organized student protest itself first found expression in the lunchcounter sit-ins which took place in Greensboro, N. C. The success of that demonstration indicated the potential force which could be exerted on social institutions and dogmas. Shortly thereafter the Student Non-violent Coordinating Committee was founded on the campus of Shaw University in Raleigh, N. C. Unlike the other groups demonstrating for Negro rights, including the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People and Martin Luther King's Southern Christian Leadership Conference, SNCC was student-dominated and student-oriented in its philosophy. Within a few months SNCC was joined by the Students for a Democratic Society (SDS) and the Northern Student Movement (NSM).

For a while these organizations devoted their time and effort almost exclusively to the problems of civil rights. However, the eruption at Berkeley, with which the SDS especially associated itself, indicated that student protest could be brought to bear on the academic community as effectively as it could on Southern segregationists. The Berkeley demonstrations held the spotlight, but students also campaigned against reputedly oppressive administrations at dozens of other schools.

The SDS has become the most potent of the New Left organizations; it mans and controls the majority of their demonstrations. Originally the SDS was the student arm of the League for Industrial Democracy, a moderately socialist, but anti-communist group which dates from 1905. While in recent months the SDS has acquired a definitely pink tinge, it remains the only non-communist organization in the New Left. It states that it is primarily interested in "revitalizing the demo-

by

Tim Brown

cratic process" by giving an opportunity for everyone to express his views.

The SDS was first successful on Midwestern campuses, but it quickly spread since many students felt it offered a new and original solution to problems which other organizations, including the more conservative National Student Association, merely discussed. It was the first to advocate community action and to expound the theory of participatory democracy which the Free Speech Movement at Berkeley had developed. It also endeared itself to students by its interest in dealing directly with their own frustrations with campus life. Its membership quickly grew to 2000 in seventy chapters by 1965.

Actually it grew as a result of its demonstration that students could actually involve themselves in radical political activities and not have to associate with communism. Thus student participation grew and the SDS largely manned SNCC's voter registration projects of 1964. Because of its SDS support SNCC is unique among the civil rights organizations in its New Left tinge. Lately, however, the SDS has become increasingly associated with a communist political ideology, and something of a cleavage has occured between the two organizations. The largely white membership of the SDS does not support SNCC's "black power" emphasis; the largely Negro membership of SNCC does not see left-wing socialism as an answer to its problems.

However, SNCC remains largely staffed by the SDS. SNCC and its successes are described as the "first monument built by the New Left."

The New Left's philosophy may be described as a hodge-podge of humanist and anarchist thought. It expresses its humanistic orientation through its belief that the people do not need leaders or a grass-roots organization among the poor. It expresses its anarchistic tendancies through the belief that if left alone in decent living conditions, the poor will take care of themselves without the organization imposed by beauracracy. Obviously, the philosophy of the New Left is at odds with that of Lyndon Johnson's Great Society which attempts to organize the poor into segregated levels of income and achievement. In short, the New Left advocates a type of Quaker-communitarian-democracy in which there is no specified leadership.

Essentially, all the protest movements attempt to give a voice to those, whether they be students or the poor, who cannot gain enough support in a rigidly stratified society to make their views known. It remains to be seen whether this social philosophy, which largely betrays the values of the academic community which gave birth to the protest movement, can be put to a wide practical test. If it can, and if this test can succeed, the vast energy expended in protest in the last few years will not have been wasted.

ART
ON

Thanks to Art Buchwald for permission to reprint this article which first appeared in April, 1965.

BUCHWALD PROTEST

There has been a great deal of discussion about campus revolts spreading across the Nation. It is obvious the students are restless and it's making our educators very nervous.

The question is why, and I think I've got the answer. The reason the college students are doing so much demonstrating is that there is no one in class to teach them any more and the students have nothing else to do.

Almost every full professor is either writing a book, guest lecturing at another university, or taking a year off to write a report for President Johnson.

Therefore, he has turned over his course to a graduate instructor who is either working on his Ph. D., travelling on a Fulbright Scholarship, or picketing in Montgomery, Alabama. So he in turn has turned the class over to one of the brighter students who is never there because he works on the college newspaper, is a member of the student senate, or is a delegate to his national fraternity.

When the students arrive at class there is no one in front of the room, so usually a Socialist student takes over the class and tells the students it's about time they revolted against the system.

The students pour out on campus heading for the administration building to protest to the chancellor of the university who, unfortunately, is away traying to raise money for a new business administration building.

The vice chancellor is at the state capital testifying on a new education bill and the dean of men is at a convention in Phoenix, Arizona.

The dean of women is addressing a garden club in the next state, and the only one left in the administration building is the chief of the campus police who isn't quite sure what the students are yelling about.

So he arrests the ringleaders of the group (those standing in front) and this plays right into the students' hands because now with the arrests they have something to demonstrate about.

In the meantime the chancellor flies home to see if he can settle the matter. The students present him with a petition demanding the release of the arrested demonstrators. He is about to do this when the Board of Regents holds an emergency meeting and votes to back the chancellor in meting out punishment to the "ringleaders."

The faculty, made up of visiting professors from other schools, votes to support the students and the Chancellor finds himself in an impossible position.

He therefore resigns and accepts a grant from the Ford Foundation to make a study of higher education.

The state politicians call for an investigation of the student demonstrations to discover if they were Communist-inspired.

Finally, the Governor makes a statement pledging full support for law and order, whatever that means.

By this time the demonstrations start petering out.

The students begin wandering back to class hoping there will be someone to teach them something. But even the Socialist student who started the demonstrations is not there. He's been booked on a lecture tour to talk free speech at other universities.

So everyone decides to go to Washington and picket the White House over its policy on Viet-Nam. ■

What is the position of the Negro student at Wake Forest College? Perhaps today we are more aware of this question than ever before. Thus, it becomes necessary to examine closely the Negro at Wake Forest, for this question is of interest not only to the student body and to the admissions office, but also to many outside the College who have expressed an interest in the school and its policies. With regard to Wake Forest College, the Negro student may be viewed in relation to the policy of admission, the attitude of the Negro student, and the attitude of the white student toward the Negro student.

Mr. William Starling of the Admissions Office states most emphatically that "the well-qualified Negro student is the most sought after prospect for college admission." Not only is there competition in athletics, but also there is scholastic competition. The recruiting of the good Negro student is quite competitive, for most institutions of higher learning are involved in an ardent search for the capable Negro student who can meet the basic requirements for admission set up by the school to insure that only the qualified student will be admitted. As in the case of every other student admitted to the College, admission of the Negro is an individual matter. The candidate is expected to have performed well among his peer group at the secondary level. Performance on the Scholastic Aptitude Test is of equal importance, but as among all students, the background of the Negro student is analyzed and taken into consideration in order to discover any potential not indicated by his SAT score.

The same position of cultural allowance is taken for the Negro students who are involved in the foreign exchange program. It is imperative that each one's backgrounds be viewed with respect to his native country. The foreign student must be judged on the basis of his advancement in relation to others of similar origin and background. It is indeed necessary that the foreign students be observed, not in comparison to our educational programs and our culture, but in regard to their own.

Mr. Starling stated that since Wake Forest was one of the first schools to drop the racial barrier, there was a tremendous influx of applications from Negro students. However, after the initial impact, the number of applications has gradually decreased. Mr. Starling added that just under fifty per cent of those Negroes who have applied for admission have been qualified to enter. Two basic problems for the Negro who desires to become a student at Wake Forest are the financial considerations and the rigid requirements for admission. Mr. Starling says the reasons that Negro male students outnumber Negro female students are that more boys have applied and that it is more difficult for a girl to be admitted into the College.

Mr. Starling points out that it is difficult to make any definite statements concerning the Negro student at Wake Forest on the basis of the small number who are in attendance here now. However, he emphasizes that the qualified Negro student is most sought after and that the Negro student who is admitted is of necessity a student of high caliber.

A look at the position of the Negro student from the viewpoint of the Negro himself perhaps gives a keener insight into the situation. The Negro students find the atmosphere at Wake Forest an amiable one, both in and out of the classroom. They agree that the friendships formed are pleasant and that life in the dormitory is good. In general, the

THE NEGRO STUDENT:

Negro students feel accepted by the white students, and thus in most cases no real social problems exist.

One of the foreign Negro students on campus says that, as a foreigner, he has found the white students at Wake Forest to be very open-minded, and only in a few isolated incidents have there been misunderstandings, which in the final anlysis were negligible. In his opinion, it is difficult to evaluate the Negro student at Wake Forest simply because the Negro here is not the "typical Negro student." He explains that most of the Negro students come to Wake Forest in an already accepted category—either the category of athletics or of foreign exchange. Both categories afford a sense of security for the Negroes, because their very position in the category attests to thier ability. He cites, for example, that the football players are a "subculture"—a group within a group. They are accepted, in his opinion, by virtue of the fact that they have proven themselves in the field of athletics and have become a part of the subculture. This foreign student says that he himself is in a subculture. In short, according to this Negro student, a situation has not yet developed at Wake Forest wherein the problem of the position of the Negro can be actually evaluated, for the Negro at Wake Forest is not the "typical Negro"—he is in a special class and is not personally searching for friends or seeking entrance to a particular group. Parallel to the opinion of Mr. Starling, he says that the problems for the Negro student wishing to attend Wake Forest are the financial considerations and the high entrance requirements.

Finally, the attitude of the white student toward the Negro student is important. On the basis of interviews with both male and female students, several conclusions may be drawn. All students interviewed associate the Negro at Wake Forest primarily with the athletic program. On the basis of the interviews, it may be said that there is little prejudice against the Negro at Wake Forest and that the Negro is generally accepted. One person set forth the view that although one has certain feelings of pride and friendship for all the football players, the feeling toward the Negro football players is different, because one wants them to feel accepted. Most of the students interviewed have had little contact with the Negro students outside of class, but the consensus is that the Negro student sare considered to be persons with very outstanding personalities, generally with high levels of intelligence, and are some of the best-liked people on campus.

A projected theory of some white students who were interview is that if there were more "typical" Negro students (i.e. ones not accepted into a previously established category such as foreign exchange or athletics) at Wake Forest, they would not be accepted as fully as the athletes or foreign students. The white students stress, however, that the "typical" Negro student definitely would not be rejected. The consensus is that much would depend on the personality of the individual, his attitudes, and his efforts to make contact with the white students. Several white students feel that the Negro student would be expected by the white students to prove himself.

Such is the position of the Negro student at Wake Forest. In short, the qualified and capable Negro student is the object of the Admission Office's search and the accepted friend of the white student. Indeed, at Wake Forest the Negro student is usually outtsanding and is usually not the target of discrimination or narrowmindedness.

Does Wake Forest Want Him?

Can He Afford It?

Is He Comfortable?

by Aleta Cochrane

TENSION:

The Enemy Within

by Richard Fallis

During 1967 about 1000 American college students will commit suicide. Another 9000 will try and fail; another 90,000 will at least threaten to take their own lives. These 100,000 students represent the extreme manifestation of student tension, a problem in American education which is assuming gigantic proportion.

"College campuses, like their surrounding society, are becoming centers of intense emotional stress and pressure. "If I read the signs aright, we are in for a vastly increased mental-health problem in our colleges." So said John D. Black of the Stanford University Counseling and Testing Center in a recent interview.

Tension? Who's tense? Almost everybody. Fifteen percent of all American college students are tense enough to need psychiatric care, according to a recent survey among six hundred college psychiatrists. If Wake Forest fits this average, 350 undergraduates here are in need of professional care. As a matter of fact, the percentage of students at Wake Forest in need of psychiatric care is probably much less than the national average, but there are Wake students who are in emotional trouble and need help. Student tension does exist on this campus.

It exhibits itself in any number of ways:

in the black circles under the eyes of students who have spent the night before not in studying, but in trying to find their own identities.

in the numbers of students who talk about leaving school to find themselves "in the real world."

in the great attention to sex and in the disproportionately large number of undergraduate marriages, many of which are the product of an attempt to resolves tensions.

in the numbers of students who have joined one or more of the many protest groups across the country.

What are the causes of student tension? To a large degree postwar culture is to blame. Today's college students represent a generation which has grown up in a culture with few certainties besides the A-bomb, the cold war, and vast wealth. The faith in God, home, and country that held together the fabric of American culture until World War II has, in large measure, disappeared. One aspect of the traditional American dream, the idea of college education for everyone, remains as one of the few certainties. But it has led to trouble. Getting into college and getting into the right college have become such significant factors in motivating high school students that the importance attached to a college degree from the

right school has created a whole set of new pressures.

Teenagers begin to worry years ahead of time about whether there will be room for them in a good school. About a million and a quarter students take the College Board examinations, and for these students the College Boards represent the beginning of a struggle for survival.

By the time a student arrives at his college a new set of pressures have begun to work, which will eventually lead to undue student tension. The student who has been outstanding in his high school finds, upon arrival at his college, that he is only a small fish in a large sea. Even before classes start the competition is on socially, and by midNovember of the freshman year it is on scholastically as well. One official in Wake Forest's administration pointed out, "The academic pressure especially affects our boys. The girls are chosen more selectively and the boys often find themselves outclassed academically." And it is true that the number of boys who "flunk out" of Wake Forest is significantly higher than the number of girls.

The student who finds himself under the pressure of less-than-outstanding work academically may soon find himself under another pressure: that from his parents. Parents who see semester reports sprinkled with C's and D's are likely to feel that their child is not doing his best. Angry letters from home may provoke a student to more satisfactory grades, but they may also induce a greater sense of rebellion. A Yale student counsellor has said, "Kids who get the push from home often assert themselves by trying to fail."

Yet another source of tension among students is uncertainty about the future. Most students are "future-oriented" to a remarkable degree. A West Coast educator has recently said, "I wish we could be sure that the students' seriousness is due to a love of learning. But I am afraid that much of it is rather a compulsive competitiveness. Modern jobs require specific knowledge, and many students are interested in study only to the point that they can measure the benefits." A Wake Forest coed said, "I'm a senior and I'm worried. I want to get married and I know that if I don't find a man while I'm in college, I probably won't."

Students also help to bring pressures upon themselves. Between the ages of 18 and 22, the traditional college years, all young people go through what psychoanalyst Erik Erikson calls an "identity crisis." From it comes the identity which the young person maintains as an adult. The identity crisis for the college student manifests itself in three ways. It comes at a time when many young people are lost in the crowd. The environment at Wake Forest, as at most institutions, offers only a few groups or persons with whom the student may identify himself. As a result the situation described by one student government official is not uncommon: "You push yourself for good grades and you join all the organizations you can find so you can become a person and have some identity."

The need to find a career and the problem of sex are two other aspects of the identity crisis. Because college students must delay final career decisions while they are in school, tension mounts up. Similarly, the need to find adequate sexual expression and the problem created by the fact that the majority of students plan to delay marriage until after college work is complete, contribute to the problem of finding an identity.

The uncertainty of contemporary life, the need to excel academically, parental demands for success, the identity crisis—these contribute to the tensions under which students must operate. What is being done to help students who must live with these tensions? About 350 colleges and universities across the country engage in some kind of psychological guidance program.

Wake Forest provides a Center for Psychological Services for the use of its students. In addition to providing counselling for students suffering from undue tension, the Center also provides advice in the choice of career and major, effective study strategy, and effective use of time. Psychology Center officials stress that the vast majority of students who visit the Center come not because of emotional problems, but for advice in one of these latter fields.

But for the student suffering from stress, help is available at the Psychological Center, as it is at the chaplains' offices, and the College Hospital.

The chances of student tension decreasing in the foreseeable future are slight. But the opportunities for help for the student who has worked himself into an emotional corner are good. Tension will always exist on this campus as on hundreds of others, but tension can be mastered. ■

A Sayers-Warbucks Catalogue Christmas Supplement

—just for protestors!

Dear Customer:

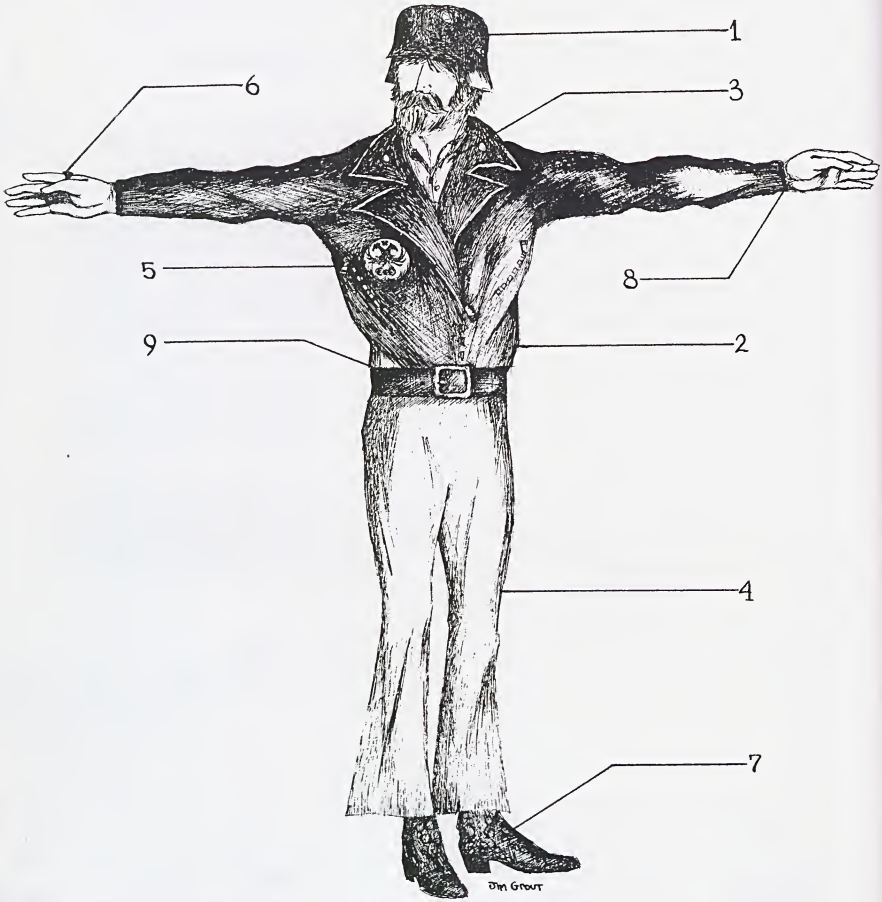
Two recent trends have prompted the publication of this Christmas supplement; one is annual, while the other is only slightly more unique. First of all, we at the company have noticed that at this time of year in particular, capital begins to be hurriedly exchanged for products which the consumer uses as gifts, intended for giving. Secondly, Gallupin polls have lately revealed that an increasing percentage of people are becoming radicals. This trend appears to be so sweeping that, excepting various isolated and provincial American holdings, such as Guam and certain campuses in the South, there scarcely seems to be an area in the United States where non-conformity is not threatening to overwhelm conformity.

Therefore, in the true modern Christmas spirit (i.e., exploitation), we have quickly responded to this financial outburst of sentiment (dubious or not) with a catalogue designed to reach the most people at the lowest possible level — made expressly, in other words, for the radicals at Christmas.

Keep your Yuletide cool.

Cincturely,
Dennis Sayers
Giovanni Warbucks
Co-presidents of the Co., Inc.

Clothing for the Entire



Family

1. This issue's featured headwear is a simulated polystyrene field marshal's helmet from the Great War. Specify single or three-pronged style. *$2.98*

2. Naugahyde jacket designed by Daniel Herringbone for kids from eight to eighty. Elastic inserts assure an easy fit. 12 zippered pockets. Decaled across back is the standard skull-and-crossbones with the phrase "Why me, Mother?" embossed beneath it. Optional zippered comb pocket on left sleeve. *$12.39*

3. From our "rare shirts" collection come these faded denim shirts used on real forced labor gangs in Mississippi. Carefully pre-laundered. Specify the Huddie Ledbetter or Mississippi John Hurt styles. Epaulets optional.
(L, XL, or cavernous) *$8.50*

4. Pale blue bell-bottoms tapered for extra slim fit. Modified shoe horn included to implement dressing. Comes equipped with pink leather belt; goes well with fruit boots. *$5.98*

5. Patches to wear or swap with your radical friends! Specify Czar Nicholas' White Palace laundry emblems, or Batista's escape squadron. Set of 3. *$2.50*

6. Reserve swatstika design of pre-Aryan origin engraved on 24-carat gold plated rhodium ring. Send finger. *$19.39*

7. A sell-out special on our fab Mod cowboy boots. Rugged black plastic uppers with 6″ heel. Stitched with facsimile of early baroque pattern recently discovered at Westminster Abbey. Set of spurs optional. *$12.29*

8. Radical's chronograph with Roman numerals that read, clockwise, XII, XI, X, IX, etc. Calendar dial included with dates given A.G.P. (After Grove Press). *$125.00*

9. Specially designed radical lighter with tilt-flame; easy to burn small pasteboard or cardboard objects in the heaviest winds. *$3.25*

10. (Not shown) Lithographed underwear designed by Andy Warhole in 65% dacron-cotton blend. Elizabeth Taylor across the back; Batman and Robin playing jacks on the front. *$.98*

Gifts to Delight Your Radical Friends

Books

Special gilt-edged gift-boxed selection of books from the "Radical's Reading List" published in the May-June issue of *Evergreen.*

The Tolkien Trilogy. Preface by Irving Stone.	$12.90
New Left Anthology. (in plain brown paper liner)	8.50
Henry Miller's Recipes.	5.00
Baldwin in Mississippi. A Critical Review	10.79
Kerouac on Needlepoint.	7.98
Wordsworth: Who Cares? by Nat Hentoff	5.80

Records

A new selection of sound track recordings on the currently discontinued Agena label.

Crisis in Journalism (recorded live at the *Village Voice* press room).	$4.98
David Blue at Carnegie Hall	5.98
Ginsberg reads Kerouac reads the Bhaghavad Gita	*8.50
Leonard Bernstein conducts the Rolling Stones	3.98

*Two records

THE STUDENT Interviews:

Miss Judith Weller

interview by
Tim Brown

Miss Judith Weller is an Assistant Professor in the History Department. She holds the B.A. from Randolph-Macon College, the M.A. from McGill University, and the Ph.D. from Columbia University. Most recently, she was a candidate of the Conservative Party for the New York General Assembly.

Q. Would you define and explain your political ideology?

A. In the first place, I do not consider conservatism an ideology. I think Marxism, Communism and Benthamism are ideologies, not conservatism. Instead, I believe it is a state of mind or an attitude which embodies the concepts of individualism, responsibility, a sense of freedom, morality, a certain religious expression, and a great belief in the sanctity of the family and of the home. I think conservatism is a state of mind where one seeks to face our multitudinous social problems of the day by conserving the best of the old values and using them as the key to reinterpret the problems of today. Naturally we realize that some of today's problems are insoluable, but we interpret all problems in light of these basic attitudes. We don't have cut and dried formulas and slogans at all.

Q. We undertsand that you ran for election on the Conservative ticket in New York City. Could you tell us how these principles that you have defined were articulated in this election?

A. Basically, these principles were articulated by our gubernatorial candidate, Dean Adams, and by our lieutenant-gubernatorial candidate, Kieran O'Doherty. And, of course, William F. Buckley, Jr. assisted throughout the campaign in bringing these issues before the public. Also, they were brought out in our campaign literature, by the standard technique of sound trucks and even newspaper articles. These articles may appear in many ways; even when no individual candidate's name is mentioned except that of the gubernatorial candidate, the article will encompass, for the voters' mind, the entire Conservative slate.

Q. Continuing from this, could you tell us how you fared in the New York election in which you participated? What offices did you run for, for example?

A. I was a candidate for office in the twenty-sixth state senate district in Manhatten. I received 6063 votes which is about five and one half percent of the total vote cast in that senate race.

Q. What is the relation of your vote getting to that of the other Conservative candidates?

A. I would say that I polled more votes for the state senate than any other Conservative candidate running in a senatorial district in Manhatten. I polled the highest percentage and number of votes, and this in itself, I think, is indicative of the trend to Conservatism. Let's say that in that particular area there is a greater trend toward conservatism than in other areas.

Q. Then you do think that these results show a trend. Could you give us some specific examples of this trend?

A. Looking at this with respect to the state of New York, I would say that we elected twenty-six people to the State Assembly and State Senate.

Q. Do you mean twenty Conservatives or are these Republicans?

A. We are a swing party. Our prime aim is not to elect individual Conservatives, on the Conservative line, but to wield the power of our endorsement, which, by withholding it, can mean the defeat of a candidate.

Q. In other words, the Conservatives are playing the part of a small party which will endorse a candidate or in its endorsement bring out issues that the other parties have not?

A. This is essentially what we say about it, and we are about to bring back one of *the major* parties to the Conservative way of thinking, which we believe is the mainstream of American political thinking. And so in this sense all but three of the candidates that we will send to the state legislature in New York will be Republicans, carrying Conservative endorsement. Those three are Democrats with Conservative endorsement. For example, it is impossible to be elected from Staten Island without Conservative endorsement.

Q. Could you tell us what purpose you feel that William F. Buckley, Jr., achieved by campaigning for the office of mayor of New York?

A. I feel the purpose he achieved was as an articulate spokesman for Conservatism. He really brought the issue home to the people. He is very good on the mass media, which, as we have said, is now beginning to dominate the political scene. He projects well on the television screen; he has an attractive style; he brings a sense of humor to it and he's very outspoken. He makes you sit up and think, and he doesn't deal in trite phrases and "the speech" which is becoming so much a part of the American political scene. As The New York Times said, "He puts a 'pizzaz' in politics." In this sense I think he made a lot of people take notice of the conservative movement, realize the issues we are presnting and se the contrast and the validity of the conservative point of view as opposed to the trite, hackneyed phrases presented by the opposition candidates.

Q. Now, could you draw some parallels from the national election?

A. On the national level, there was a marked trend toward conservatism. For example, you have the very fine victory of Ronald Reagan in California. You have the victory of Representative John Ashbrook from Ohio, a very well-known conservative. The governorship of Idaho went Conservative. Tower was returned in Texas. There was an entire series of victories like this on the national scene. When you look at the whole broad election picture, I would say that there is a nationwide trend toward Conservatism.

Q. Some people have said that this is simply either a reaction to Johnson's policies or that the Republicans are merely gaining back some of the support they lost in the overwhelming defeat in 1964. Do you think this is correct?

A. I think any reaction against Johnson's policies by their very nature, obviously has to be a swing toward Conservatism. So in a sense they are saying the same thing I am saying; they are just phrasing it a little differently.

Q. How about the theory that the Republicans are just gaining back the seats that they lost?

A. There was too marked an increase, actually. Since FDR was in office in the '30's, the gains by a party out of office have not been as significantly high as the Republican gains this year. There were forty-seven House seats, three Senate seats and fifteen governorships gained by Republicans. And after all, as a conservative, you have to remember that we do not eschew the Democratic party; we have many fine Conservative Democrats.

Q. Such as the Southern Conservative?

Reynolda Khan

(With apologies to Samuel T. Coleridge)

In Winston-Salem did a huge
And rich tobacco company,
To add some culture to their town,
A college campus once decree
Where Salem's cloistered co-eds dwelt
The repercussions yet unfelt
Of male proximity.

The company proposed its plan.
'Twas couched in language plain and clear;
"We like your school, we'll even pay
If you all will move it here."
The contract held no hidden flaws
There were no loopholes in the laws
To make the Baptists fear.

And yet they cast a jaundiced eye
At evil secular designs
To snatch their sacred college out
Of fundamentalist confines
Until the injured piety
Gave way, with much anxiety,
To urgent dollar signs.

And thus it was that now we dwell
In ivied brick tranquility
Still distant is the visionary
Wake Forest University.
Few claims to "big time" de we make
For scholarship's still first at Wake
At least allegedly.

—L. H. Moody

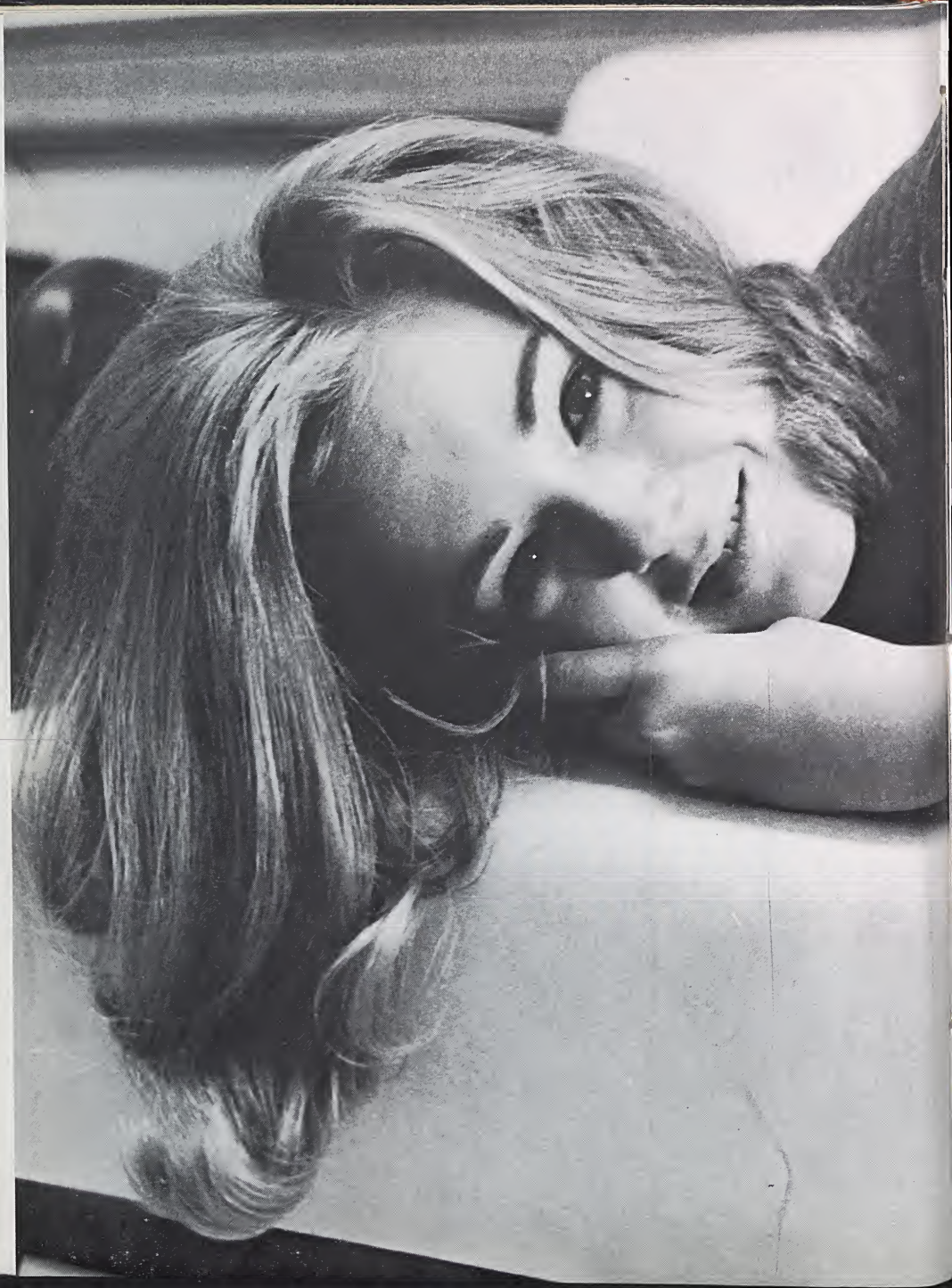
American Painting

The church is white
beneath white puffs of cloud.
The square fields
are plowed in even rows.
The black hatted man shakes a hand
while his wife straight in a chair
holds the child.
The babe in a hopeful dream
leads the lion by the paw while
in a geometric game, another dream,
the scull, the bridge, and Schylkill
are plotted into place.
Or else, the black snake
coils in the leaves.
Nowhere do the harvesters
lie out in wine dreams
their legs allowed the recline of the
earth beside opened fruit.
Nowhere do men and women
hands stained brown or feet purple
dance beneath a sky
that mixes turbulence and quiet.

—Jim Cruickshank

In the Secular City

cartoons by Laura Jordon



PLAYBOY: Liberator or Baby-sitter?

by Marty Andrews

In general you can recognize a man engaged in protest by the way he walks, the sound of his voice, sometimes even the way he smells. He's a reformer, and he can't wait. He is a stern man: if he believes at all in singing, he leads a dirge, sung by a few hundred bearded, often ragged, confederates. He is a virtuous man: there shall be no more cakes and ale. He feels he has a legitimate gripe, and he wants something done—now.

As a lively opposite to this sterotype we give you Hugh Hefner. Not only is he not virtuous; he's happy about it. He sings no dirges; he blazes out in jolly colors—red, gold, and flesh. He wants reform all right; but he'll hang around as long as 2.3 million males (and some females) continue to dish out 75¢ a copy for the magazine he edits—PLAYBOY. Of all his qualities, however, there are two which distinguish him finally and irrevocably: he's very popular, and he's very rich.

Does his magazine act as a medium of protest? Or are Hugh Hefner and his associates in Chicago just a group of lecherous old men trying to bring a little erotic satisfaction into the lives of pot-bellied executives and beer-bellied college men? If, as Hefner has repeatedly claimed, the mission of his magazine is to liberte the sexual mores of this country, how does he go about it?

First, what is PLAYBOY? Speaking biologically, it is of the genus publications, and the species monthly magazine. Speaking realistically, it is better known for its motto, "Entertainment for Men;" its monthly fold-outs of bare skin in living color; and its oh-so-true cartoons and jokes. But dozens of other magazines, ranging from the hard-core pornographic to the merely silly, run similar material. And surely they make no claims of being the liberators of American social life.

In the pages of the magazine devoted to girlie pictures and washroom jokes PLAYBOY is no medium of protest. By its obviously commerical appeal to the natural interests of its male readers the magazine does no more than insure its vast circulation. But the reader who finally leaves the center-fold to look at the rest of the magazine may be in for a surprise. PLAYBOY publishes respectable, and often excelling, fiction. Its short story writers include such names as William Saroyan, Ian Fleming, and Vladimir Nabokov; and it's common knowledge in the trade that PLAYBOY pays handsomely for fiction. But its fiction writers are, on the whole, hardly protestors.

In its articles and interviews the magazine is often more successful in speaking out for the liberalization of American culture. The interviews have featured such provocative persons as Al Capp, Timothy Leary, Norman Thomas, and Ralph Ginzburg. The articles are diverse and often stimulating. In just one issue there were articles on the Supreme Court, the Sexual Freedom League, and pigeon hunting. The stylish and well written content is a relief from the how-to-baste-a-chicken-in-three-easy-steps, what-to-do-until-the-doctor-arrives, and what's-wrong-with-today's-teenagers articles which seem to glut the other magazines on the newsstands. But being a relief from less imaginative publications is hardly qualification as a medium of protest.

There are, however, sections of PLAYBOY which do make the magazine's claim to being a part of the protest movement viable. The editors often let loose with candid and outspoken comments in the "Playboy Forum," the "Playboy Advisor," "Playboy After Hours," and "Dear Playboy." Then, too, there was the "Playboy Philosophy," that interminable monologue of Hefner's which attempted to explain his attitudes toward American culture. It was there that Hefner most viciously attacked the Puritan ethic. He once said in an interview, "America has the most oppressive sexual taboos and mores of any major country in the world today. And we have paid a very dear and bitter price for it. I am interested in the secular side of society here in America, and I think we find ourselves with a democracy in which almost every area of human activity is free except the one of the most intimate and prime importance: sex. I am very concerned about this lost freedom in our free society."

Hefner's philosophy appears to be one which argues for the value of sex as an end in itself. He sees it as an irresponsible business in which men treat women as the objects of their desires. Certainly this philosophy of freedom in sex, and by extension of freedom in all other areas, is attractive to the presumably virile males who buy PLAYBOY; but Hefner apparently fails to see any danger in placing sex on a subject-object relationship.

Evidently Hefner's philosophy has struck a responsive chord in many readers. The "Playboy Forum" is filled with letters agreeing with his philosophy against antiquated sex laws and what he considers the hypocritical mores of American society.

At the same time Hefner's "Playboy Adviser," which could be a purposeful form for dialogue with his readers about his social philosophy, often subverts his aim. In one issue of the magazine the following two questions appeared: "Does etiquette require that a fellow lace up his date's skates?" and ". . . the subject of my letter is girdles. My finance (we'll be hitched in two months) is 21 years old and has a beautiful figure. Our problem is that she has to wear a girdle because of her mother's insistence. My future wife doesn't dig them and neither do I. What's the solution?" If the males who wrote those letters are really serious and if PLAYBOY is equally serious about liberating American sex, then Hefner is not exercising adequate editorial control. There is a strange conflict in editorial policy when PLAYBOY will devote part of its "Adviser" to a serious discussion of sexual mores and part to trivia such as this.

Or is it so strange after all? Is Hefner's publication really devoted to any kind of coherent program

of social reform? While PLAYBOY often publishes outstanding fiction, it also publishes fiction for the most part by well known authors. Seldom are its pages filled by the work of unknown, if significant, authors. Its interviews are invariably with interesting persons, but one wonders at the sense of values which permits an interview with Robert Shelton one month and with Harvey Cox another and implies that their views are of equal importance. All too often the magazine gives itself away even in its articles. The long-running "History of Sex in the American Cinema," which could have been a significant sociological study, is obviously nothing more than a recounting of the "good parts" of dozens of old, and often bad, movies.

Obviously, Hefner's publication is a moneymaker. The hundreds of ads in each issue and the millions of subscribers testify to that, but according to Hefner his is a publication with a purpose besides the making of money. While one may disagree with the materialism for its own sake which appears to be at the base of the philosophy of PLAYBOY'S editor, it is a philosophy to which millions of Americans apparently subscribe and one which deserves a responsible presentation. If Hefner is serious in his desire to make his magazine a responsible medium through which a new social philosophy is expounded then the astute editor should sit down and define in one syllable words what he is fighting for.

Perhaps Hefner disagrees and feels that in this commercial way he is succeeding in his protest. As he said, "One of the reasons for the remarkable success of PLAYBOY is that the magazine reflects a particular point of view with which a number of readers can strongly identify. In this sense, it is more than a magazine and has a very real responsibility." What responsibility? Teaching someone the intricacies of etiquette, or leading the protest march for personal freedom? Hefner needs to define the point of view for which he speaks. It is contradictory in different areas of his magazine; he indulges in a fanciful social life while con demning its mores.

PLAYBOY really cannot be called a magazine published just to give a few moments of sight-fulfilling satisfaction. It is an element of protest. It should protest loudly, clearly, and uncompromisingly. ■

The Erector Set Christmas

a short story by Ed Myers

Let's just say that my old man was an engineer — a *mechanical* engineer — and I suppose that that's the reason for the catastrophic Christmas of third grade. Now, my old man was never one for coming right out with it and saying "Like father like son," but he let it be known subtly throughout my youth that he'd kind of like to see me grow up in his image; and I'm afraid I've failed him terribly. But then, we all fail one another in some way, and the catastrophic Christmas of third grade was an example of my parents failing me.

I wanted a parakeet for that Christmas — a green one that was guaranteed to talk. Now, why would a third grade kid want a green parakeet for Christmas, you say? Well, I suppose I could explain it to your satisfaction and say it was a hang-up from the movie *Treasure Island*, which we had all been herded to the school auditorium to see as a gift of the Curtis Publishing Company, for whom we had sold millions of magazine subscriptions (much to the chagrin of our parents, who would be supplied with *The Saturday Evening Post* and *Jack and Jill* far beyond their possible lifespans). But *Treasure Island* was not the real reason behind the parakeet.

Actually, I guess you could trace the whole thing back to my unrequited love affair with Sandra Hunter. Sandra was in my room in third grade. I sat near the back of the room in the row next to the wall; and Sandra sat two rows over from me and closer to the front, so that firmly impressed upon my memory is a picture of the back of Sandra Hunter's head with her right ear slightly protruding. I sat there all autumn, sweating because I was unable to think of any cool lead-in lines like Cary Grant would always say to Grace Kelly. Whenever Sandra would come near, I would quickly turn away.

And so, Christmas was approaching, and I was no further along with Sandra Hunter than I had been on the day I decided to fall in love with her. Maybe if I had been a little older, things would have been different. But it's a little hard for a third grade kid to go up to some chick he's madly in love with and say, "How about taking in a movie with me tonight, baby." For Pete's sake, I wasn't even allowed outside the house after dark! It's Frustration in the worst sense of the word.

Now that I look back on it with my cool, sophisticated knowledge of psychological factors, I suppose the parakeet was a substitute for Sandra Hunter. A parakeet is soft and warm and ALIVE, which makes it capable of LOVING — which, because of age and my lack of suavity, Sandra Hunter was *not* capable of .

I'll admit that I would've much rather had a parrot than a parakeet, but I was practical-minded enough to realize that a parrot would cost much more than anything I had even received before; and I gave up the idea, deciding to be happy with a parakeet, just as a Ford Falcon owner really wants a Continental but says that a Falcon is easier to park.

Now, my mother had never been one for secrecy. She would play the same game with my kid brother and me every year as Christmas approached. We would all be at the supper table — and I would be trying desperately to avoid staining my shirt with some falling morsel of food, although I lost to spaghetti every time eventually leaving orange spatterings on all my shirts — and my mom would say, "What do you think you're getting for Christmas?"

My old man would groan, and my mom would quickly defend herself: "I'm not going to tell them."

"But you're dying to. You're dying to," my old man would say and go back to eating, with a disgusted look on his face.

"Well, what do you think you're getting?" my mom would say. This question *really* meant: What do you *want?* And I knew it, although my kid brother was still too young to figure out these complexities of life.

"A green parakeet guaranteed to talk," I said.

My mom looked quickly across the table to my old man, but he just kept eating and didn't look at her. He refused to be a part of this game. I knew the parakeet had come to her as a complete surprise.

"What *else* do you want?" she said, which was the same as saying: You can't have the parakeet. What's your second choice?

I decided to play rough: "Nothing. If I can't have a parakeet, I don't want anything."

I HAD THEM! No self-respecting, Christian parents would let their child go without presents on Christmas!

"Well, I think you better decide on something else," my mom said. "You know how it was when you had the turtle."

The turtle! I had forgotten all about it. The smell of dirty turtle water had pervaded every corner of my room for two months until the day I'd decided to let my turtle go for a walk in the living room and my kid brother stepped on it.

"I'll take good care of a parakeet," I vowed.

"Well, I just think you'd better decide on something else," my mom repeated. And nothing more was said that night.

My mother tried repeatedly and more frantically to get me to wish for something else as Christmas drew near, but I refused to change my stand. I had decided to go down fighting, like Davy Crockett at the Alamo.

Finally Christmas Eve arrived. It was the custom in our family to open all the presents from relatives on Christmas Eve and wait until Christmas morning to get our — what we called — Santa Claus presents, which were the really big ones that my kid brother and I had been going out of our skulls over for two months now.

Now, the Christmas Eve-relative presents were never any good — clothes. Every year my cousin Susan would give me a wallet. A wallet, for Pete's sake! I now had four wallets and no money. My aunts would send me sweaters and socks. It's a funny thing; I *knew* what was in those boxes before I even opened them, yet I would be disappointed every time. And then my kid brother and I would be shuttled off to bed.

I lay there that night, silently. I could tell there was something going on out there in the living room, but my old man had turned on the television so that I couldn't distinguish any particular noises.

I knew what I was listening for — parakeet twirps, maybe a possible word or two from the parakeet. In my mind, I dreamed about how my old man had had the parakeet stashed away in the attic for a month and how every night, after I had gone to bed, he had been sneaking up to the attic and teaching it to talk, so that it could already hold an intelligent conversation and would probably greet me by name tomorrow morning.

I waited and listened. What was that? It sure sounded like a parakeet twirp. There it was again. There was undoubtedly a parakeet out there. I would wait until my parents went to bed and then go out to see my parakeet.

I waited for what seemed to be the length of twenty-five Lone Ranger shows, and still the light in the hall was on and my parents were up.

At approximately five *A.M.* I suddenly woke up, although at the time I was positive I had been awake all night, and groped my way to the living room. I stood there in the darkness listening carefully. There was no sound! No parakeet twirps! My heart thumped wildly — BOOM-BOOM, BOOM-BOOM, BOOM-BOOM. And then my mind came to my rescue: "It's asleep. A parakeet must sleep, too."

I stepped gingerly toward the floor lamp, not wanting to step on any misplaced gifts there in the darkness.

CLICK! Light flooded the living room and for a second blinded me; and then through my two squinting, sleep-baggy eyes I saw the Christmas tree, all decorated with silver tinsel and varicolored balls and candy canes made of oversized pipe cleaners. BUT THERE WAS NO PARAKEET!

I was immediately overtaken by a sickness in the pit of my stomach; the same sickness that had hit me in kindergarten when I was falsely accused of stealing a safety patrolman's badge and mercilessly dragged to the principal's office by a couple of irate safety patrolmen. NO PARAKEET!

I quickly scanned the area immediately beneath the tree to make sure my parents hadn't taken me seriously when I said a parakeet or nothing. An object caught my eye — a red metal box, and on the box was this yellow circle, and within the yellow circle was a picture of some three-year-old kid building what appeared to be the Golden Gate Bridge — an Erector Set! A crummy, cold metal Erector Set. THIS was my substitute for a warm, loving, green parakeet, which had been my substitute for Sandra Hunter. Somehow an Erector Set did not cause my heart to react in quite the same way as Sandra Hunter did, and I considered it a very poor substitute.

I stood there, towering above the Erector Set, loathing it.

"What do you think of it?"

I turned around and saw my parents standing behind me, still dressed in their pajamas. My old man had done the talking. I didn't say anything.

"Well, what do you think of it?" he asked again, and I still said nothing.

"Did you take a good look at it?" he said. I could tell he knew I was disappointed. He got down on his haunches like a catcher in baseball and opened the red metal box. Different shapes of cold metal stared up at me — long silver strips, black rods, silver wheels that were red in the center, nuts and bolts, screwdrivers, an electric motor — the whole thing.

"Isn't that something?" he said excitedly.

"Yeah," I said softly, with no conviction.

He pulled out an instruction book and started thumbing through it.

"Look at this!" my old man said. "You can build a car that really runs! And this thing here . . . It's a . . . Well, it's a thing that twirls. Isn't that something?"

"Yeah."

"Why, when I was a kid, I would've gone crazy over something like this," he said.

Suddenly it dawned on me. This whole thing was part of a plot to turn me into a mechanical engineer!

"Yes, I think this thing is just great!" my old man said.

My mother had sized up the situation and knew that pretty soon my old man's enthusiasm over the Erector Set would turn into anger with me for my *lack* of enthusiasm. She walked to the tree, bent over, and picked up another box.

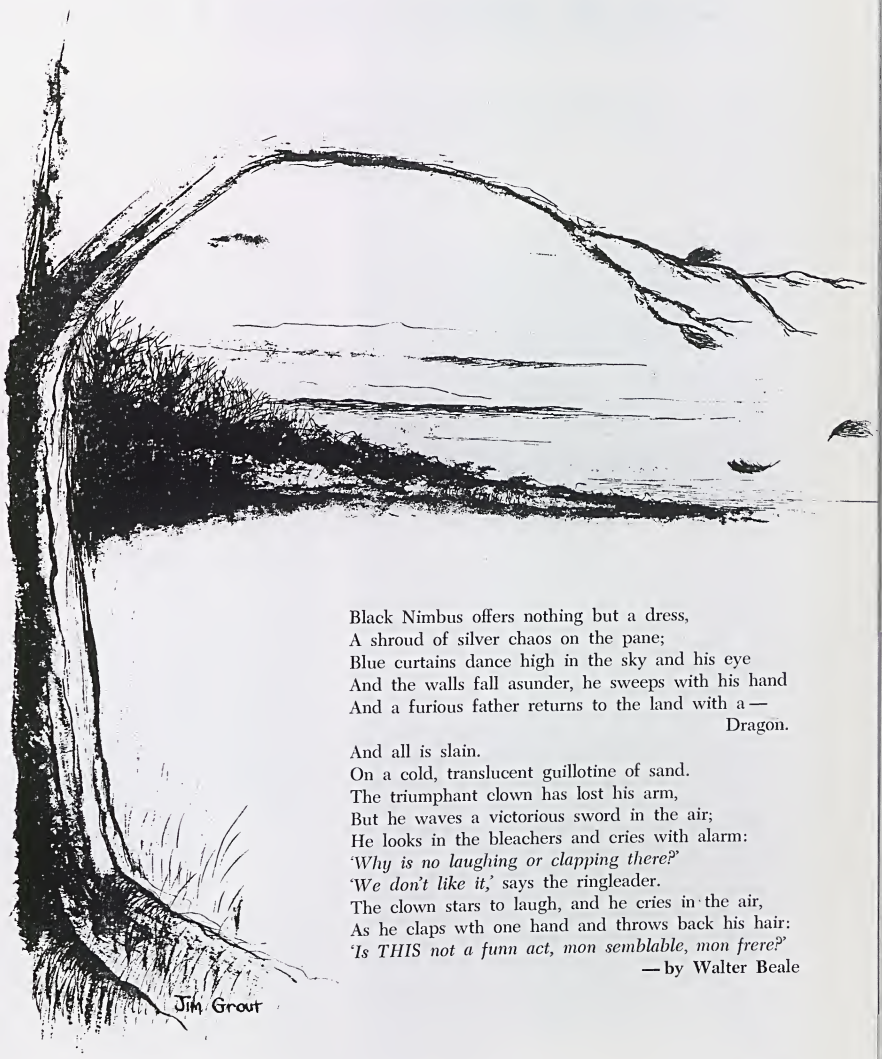
"This is for you, too," she said, handing it to me.

On the front of the box was a picture of a bearded, smiling man.

JON GNAGY DRAWING KIT

Everything was not lost. A drawing kit! My heart soared as I stood holding it in my hands.

"Yeah. This Erector Set is really something," my old man said. He had already begun assembling the thing that twirled. ■



Black Nimbus offers nothing but a dress,
A shroud of silver chaos on the pane;
Blue curtains dance high in the sky and his eye
And the walls fall asunder, he sweeps with his hand
And a furious father returns to the land with a —
Dragon.

And all is slain.
On a cold, translucent guillotine of sand.
The triumphant clown has lost his arm,
But he waves a victorious sword in the air;
He looks in the bleachers and cries with alarm:
'Why is no laughing or clapping there?'
'We don't like it,' says the ringleader.
The clown stars to laugh, and he cries in the air,
As he claps wth one hand and throws back his hair:
'Is THIS not a funn act, mon semblable, mon frere?'
— by Walter Beale

FOUR WHO DON'T COUNT

In which, THE STUDENT, *no proud publication, parodies itself, Or, rather, it parodies "Five Who Count," an article in its October issue.*

by Clyde Farr

Mr. Denture P. Dimwitty

Have you ever wondered who really operates Wake Forest College? Is it the administration, the board of trustees, the treasurer's office? Many contend that at the heart of the operation of the College there are people who are not really in the "limelight," but who, in their "backstage" positions, are playing an infinitesimal role.

"The President of the Student Body . . ." So reads the Student Handbook concerning the position of Denture P. Dimwitty. This title, however, does not suggest the few responsibilties of this "president."

Mr. Dimwitty was selected by the Wake Forest students to accept a position as their president and began to work in the Fall of 19--. Mr. Dimwitty explains that in his work he deals with "paper people." In early summer he begins working with next year's problems, which always include the buying of new waste baskets, stapling papers together, and learning to fire cannons. Mr. Dimwitty also assists the student committee in preparing the handbook which is designed to confuse all freshmen.

With the onset of the Fall term, Mr. Dimwitty is busy with the social fictions for new students, and it is at this time of year that he begins setting up and conducting individual conferences with the best-looking freshman girls. He says, "Getting to know the girls as individuals is the most satisfying part of my job."

During the year Mr. Dimwitty's tasks range from participating in the Affairs of Students Committee to going to fraternity parties. For this variety of responsibilities he feels that his job requires flexibility, objectivity, and a good sense of humor.

Mrs. Prudence Prospect

"No, it's not an easy job, but I enjoy it. I especially enjoy being able to see all the guys who come through and being able to talk to them." That's how Mrs. Prudence Prospect, house mother of Whoopee Dorm, talks about her job.

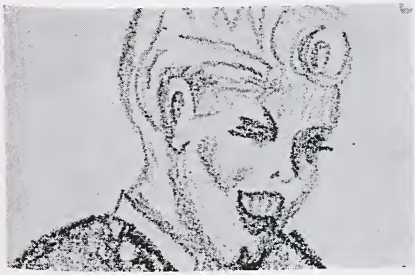
Mrs. Prospect is young enough to be taken for a coed, but in fact she is an experienced woman

who knows her job. She is a UNC-G graduate and holds a degree in hotel management from Zinzendorf Tech. Before coming to the College last year she was on the housing staff at Harvard.

She explains that she is in charge of anything which has to do with the circulation of co-eds. "I supervise about 35 assistants who help me keep tabs on who is in the dorm and who is signed out. We circulate about 500 co-eds a week and as high as 650 during a busy period like Homecoming weekend. And I am in charge of providing freshman girls for fellows who are browsing."

Two innovations that have come while Mrs. Prospect has been circulation manager are open houses and the conversion of the girls from innocent high-school sweeties to hardened women of the world. She reports that since open houses have begun use of the dorm has been much greater and the number of co-eds signed out has increased significantly. Two floors of the dorm are now used to house women of the world. All new girls are being oriented under this system, and the girls already in the dorm are being converted to it. "It will probably take a minimum of five years to do the whole job," she explains.

Behind the ready smile and good looks is a housemother of ability and intelligence and, refreshingly, a housemother who finds dealing with men the most pleasant part of her job.



Mr. Silas Dogood

In the office of Campus Good-Guy, Mr. Silas Dogood mans the telephone, filing cabinets, and appointment books in his role as super-secretary to Wake Forest College. Serving as chief agent for southerners and athletes, he performs a great service not only to them, but also to the many students, faculty members, and other persons with whom they have communication. Of all his tasks, which range from keeping personal information sheets on the students to directing misguided students, Mr. Dogood finds the validating excused sins is the only unwelcome task; for students can become very touchy about this little administrative problem.

In his many years at Wake Forest Mr. Dogood has viewed the students from a unique perspective. He comments that they are really lethargic and apathetic. Those who know Mr. Dogood will realize that in saying this he has very adequately described himself.

Mr. Chuck Coercity

In the first place, Mr. Chuck Coercity is not presently "in the public eye." As a matter of fact, he is very much behind the scenes.

Secondly, the success of the experiment of which Mr. Coercity is a part—the dirty rush program of Signa Phi Nothing fraternity—depends largely on his being not "in the public eye." Rather, he must be inacessible to IFC representatives. In another sense, Mr. Coercity's role as dirty rush chairman is essentially a public one. He says, "We want to tell the other frats about the guys we've gotten committals from, the girls they go out with, and the problems we'll give them if they try to move in on our territory."

In his position as friend, advisor, and boot-licker to a whole dorm full of freshmen, Mr. Coercity finds his effectiveness less restricted than when he was IFC president his previous year at Wake. He has found ,perhaps more quickly than many, that retiring from public office is the "great escape" that few suspect. ■

FROM THE PAST

When the Current Strikes

by A. Laurance Aydlette

Very often in its eight-five year history The Student has acted as an organ of protest, speaking out against the inequities of its time. But never has the magazine spoken more forthrightly than when in January of 1930 when A. Laurence Aydlette discussed the horrors of capital punishment. Mr. Aydlette's essay is reprinted below, slightly abridged.

"Good morning." The two words that dropped from the lips of the Negro seemed hardly to be said in the tone and manner one would expect of a condemned criminal who in a few brief seconds would pay with his life the extreme penalty required by the State of North Carolina of one who indulged in the bloody pastime of first degree murder.

The man that had entered the door was stooped low as if he were carrying a burden too heavy to bear, which he would soon shift to other shoulders. He was Hector Graham, murderer, who had killed, according to his own statement, in self-defense. The thick mustache was graying, perhaps with care; the dark skin was tinged with that curious color commonly termed the "prison pallor;" the shaven head was round and with a high forehead.

To the last Hector Graham maintained that he was innocent of the crime charged against him — willful and premeditated murder of a white man — and claimed as he took his last seat in this world that he had done the deed in self-defense — to preserve his own life.

Men who are about to meet their death at the hands of the State of North Carolina are usually deadened emotionally, so far as fear goes, by excessive and continuous instruction along religious lines that has the effect of a sedative.

The condemned man, as he sat down in the oaken chair, asked for the open Bible in the hands of his spiritual advisers who stood within the chains that kept the spectators of the tableau a safe distance from the death seat. The voice with which he read the word of God trembled a bit as he began to speak aloud, but he almost instantly seemed to get a grip on himself and forced his quaver down his throat until the words that fell upon the ears of the listeners were clear and distinct. He seemed unafraid.

When he finished reading, the prison employees had not yet finished their task of strapping him in the chair. The heavy leather belt, about three inches wide, had been pulled across his chest and the smaller straps had fastened his wrists to the arms of the chair, consequently forcing him to sit in a strained, erect position. He leaned forward above the belt over his chest to watch the operation of clamping the copper electrode to his right leg about four inches above the ankle bone. When removed after the ceremony it will have left its round brand seared upon his flesh.

The attendant leaned forward from behind the chair to bring the black leather face strap-mask over the man's eyes and the Negro looked hastily about him, taking in every detail of the white-washed octagonal room, almost stuffy now with the crowd on the other side of the chains, and perhaps

catching a glance through the narrow, iron-barred window of the beautiful world which he was leaving.

The face strap was adjusted and Graham's head pulled back against the board rest on the back of the chair; then the leather-covered, water-soaked, copper-lined cap was placed upon his head and the dangling wire inserted in the waiting fastener. Warden Norman stood back to give a brief, hasty glance at the chair and its occupant, then his eyes met those of the waiting executioner at the switch. There was no need of spoken words to remove the breath of life from the waiting man; the glance was a sufficient death warrant.

They set him down and killed him. And that was all. When he was pronounced dead the outer door was opened and the watchers were allowed to file out.

To record the feelings of one who witnessed such a ceremony for the first time would be very difficult in view of the passage of time, conflicting emotions at the moment and subsequent details of later executions. One has to have time to think over the experience and to recall the details before the actual feelings can be described.

Watch in hand, to catch the exact time of each of the successive steps in the execution, the writer had waited expectantly, somewhat nervously with a dread of seeing what he might wish later he had not seen, for the condemned man to appear.

The first man to appear in the doorway was one of the spiritual advisers. He was chanting a psalm and was well-dresed as if he were president of a bank. The writer wondered if this were the criminal, since he was unfamiliar with the blue shirt and trousers the condemned habitually wore. Gone now was the former dread of the unknown and in its place was an unexpected ease that appeared as soon as things commenced to happen. The long seconds of uncertainty were to become only a remembrance in the future.

The second man to appear was dressed similarly to his predecessor and was at once put down as not being the man to die. Then came the slumped, round-shouldered form clad in prison blue, the right leg of his trousers slit to the knee, his head bent forward, eyes flitting about as if he were uncertain about the reality of it all.

As Hector Graham went, so went many others before and since; so will go many more, and there will be comparatively little difference in the details of their going. Other men are now waiting their turn on Death Row, the short, horrible walk, from which there is no returning, staring them in the face. Citizens of the State might wonder whether there is any cruelty in their punishment.

From the small window in the warden's office one can see the other condemned men standing in the doors of their cells, their hands grasping the bars above their heads as they listen to the prayers and songs over the one who leaves that day, and which they know will be repeated before long for them.

The effect of witnessing an execution can often be observed in many fashions. The writer has personally seen jaws clenched so tightly as to drive every noticeable drop of blood from the face leaving it a ghastly pale while the owner sometimes watched the chair, sometimes peered intently at a tree or a brick on the ground outside the window in the death chamber. One man, it is said, even sat down on the octagonal floor, white and shaking, saying he was too sick to stand it.

So the State of North Carolina continues to send men into its prison in Raleigh who are never to come out again.

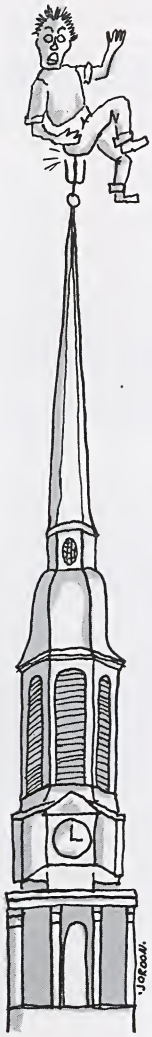
With the onward sweeping tide of humanitarianism it is possible that the death penality within the next generation will be abolished in this State and some other punishments substituted. It is not every state in the union that kills its greatest criminals, some of those in which there is no death penalty having a smaller crime wave than in those where men are sent to the chair or to the gallows.

Little effect do the executions have on the people of the State who would be likely to commit crimes that would lead them there. Shut away from the eyes of the curious, few but the six official witnesses required by law, newspaper men, and prison attendants ever see a condemned man leave the world of his birth.

Were the scene open to the public the ghastly effect might be some deterrent to the criminally minded, but it remains useless in its seclusion, reaching the eyes of the outer world only through the censored columns of newspapers that are not allowed to carry the sorded details.

Again comes the adage that "seeing is believing," and not until more of the people of the State see their punishment in operation will they change its methods of procedure. ■

TO THE POINT



Wanted: a bus and a driver, to transport carless freshmen from Kitchin Dorm and their dates to and from downtown Winston on weekends. Included in the itinerary will be a two-hour visit to the fountains in front of Whitaker Park.

. . . another service of the MRC

◆

Thanks to 742 for proving that the student government can put even their worst critics to good use, like shooting off the cannon at the football games.

◆

Our typos may be bad, but how about this whopper from the Old Gold: "Vernment stana MRFDWLY".

◆

Christmas gifts we'd like to see:
elocution lessons for Lyndon Johnson
a tin of LSD for Ho Chi Minh
some eight-footers for Jack McCloskey
an art department for Wake Forest
a magnolia-wood rocking chair for Dr. Tribble.

◆

Advertisement of the Month:
"Half Man . . . Half Beast . . . All Male. The first cologne developed for MAN . . . CENTAUR becomes you . . . you become CENTAUR. Half Man . . . Half Beast . . . all MALE!

(Aw, come on.)

◆

A recent *Punch* noted:
"It is a vulgar error to assume a square peg cannot be made to fit a round hole. Far from it, as any carpenter will tell you, for a square peg fits very snugly into a round hole because the corners splay out as the peg is driven home and everything is firmly wedged."

Leave it to the British to worry about that.

◆

Thought from the Ancients:
"Because Democritus holds the native gift to be something happier than poor rules of art and warns off from Helicon all poets who are sane, half the world take no care to shorten their nails or their beard, affect solitude, avoid the baths—for so, surely, they will win the rewards and name of poets . . . ."

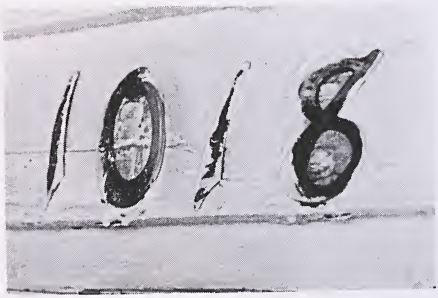
Horace was talking about ancient Rome, but it sounds a little like 1966.

◆

The president of the Carleton College student body was fired a couple of weeks ago for publishing an article in the campus newspaper calling for the dismissal of the Carleton President, Dean of Men, and Dean of Women. Now that's protest!

◆

Believe it or not, a recent news item informs us that a Mr. Grant Schaefer has been elected Chief Boo-Hoo of the Neo-American Church, with headquarters in Philadelphia. The Neo-American Church holds to a faith in "instant Nirvana" induced by psychedelic experience. The Neo-American Church has over 6,000 members.



Patterson Avenue Mission

The Quiet Protest

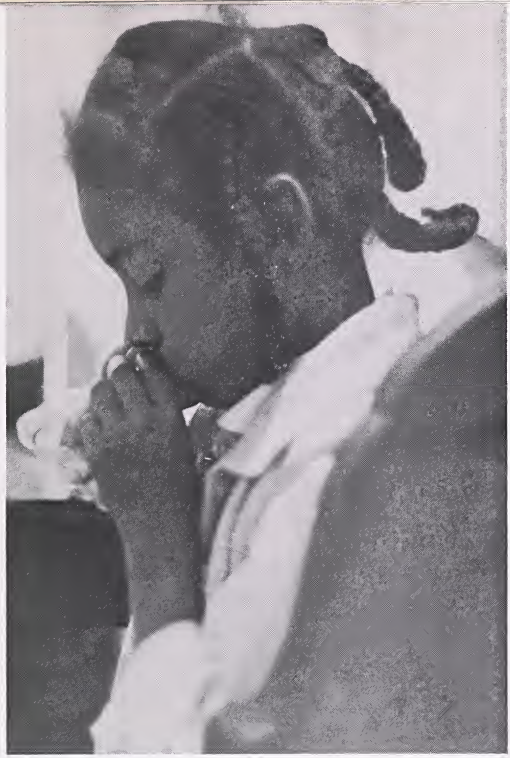
by Sharyn Dowd
and John Daughtry

"I believe that the real job of those in churches today . . is to discern where God's reconciliation is breaking in and to identify themselves with this action . . . God wants man to be interested not in Him but in his fellow man."

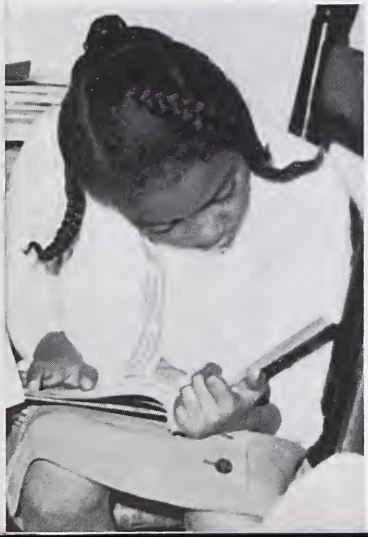
Words like these of Harvey Cox from his book *The Secular City* express, perhaps as well as words can, the spirit on which the Patterson Aveuen residence project is based. The project grew out of the conviction of a small group of students in the Wake Forest Baptist Student Union that the church in the twentieth century can best demonstrate the relevance of its message through dialogue with modern man in the areas of his need. One of these areas is Patterson Avenue.

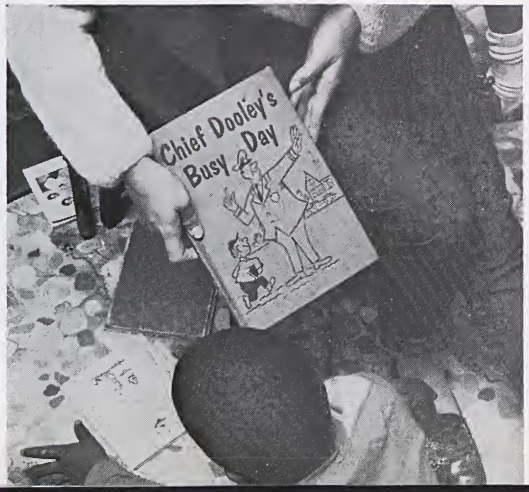
Patterson Avenue runs through a section of east-central Winston-Salem where the population is about two-thirds Negro. In the process of the transition from an all-white, middle class neighborhood approximately eight churches have followed the migration of their clientele to the suburbs and have moved out of the downtown area.

So in the spring semester of 1966 five students and an adult couple moved in. Financed primarily by the money each student would normally pay to the College for a room, the project was established in a seven-room frame house at 1018 Patterson Avenue. One room was furnished by the North Carolina Fund with children's books for use by the children in the neighborhood. Other activities of the participating students have been in recreation and tutoring. But the principal goal of the residence project has been, by the mere *presence* of the group, a demonstration of the reality of Christian brotherhood. As stated by one of the students who conceived and pioneered the project, ". . . most of all we see ourselves as neighbors." ■

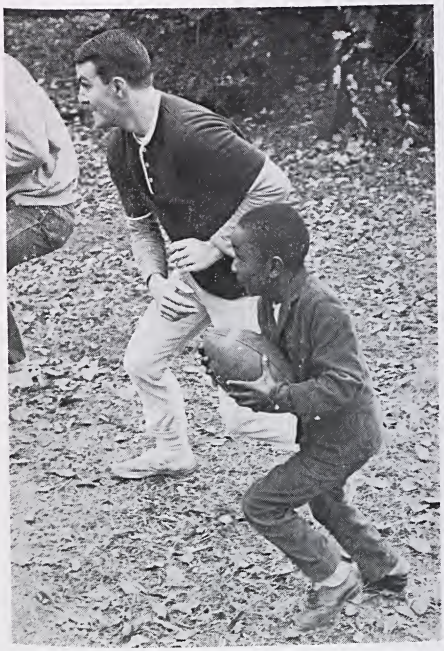


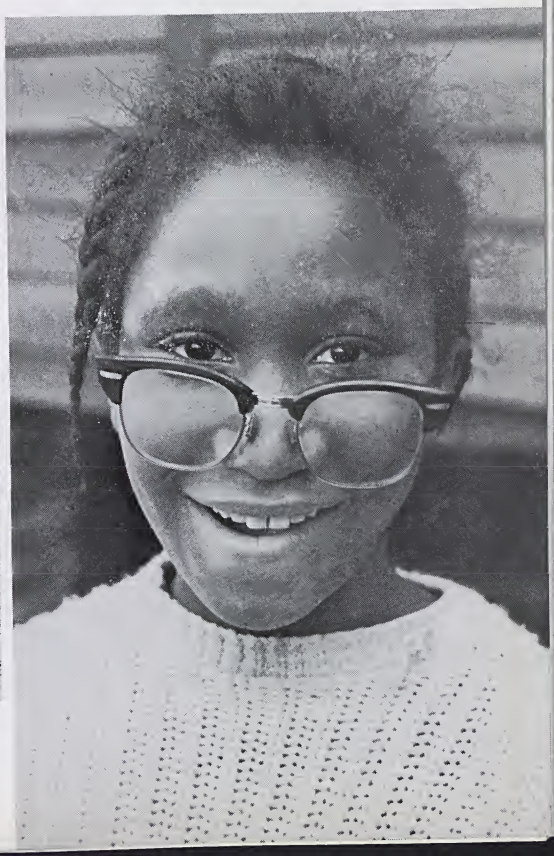
The Children





And Their Fun





S G A

A new solution to an old problem.

by Brooks Stilwell

Before student interests can ever be achieved at Wake Forest, we are going to have to create out of the array of competing student power groups a government which is comprehensive enough to encompass us all, and which is powerful enough to accomplish our goals as a distinct society in the college community.

In the Wake Forest system as it now stands, student power is divided between a variety of organizations, none of which can accomplish their goals individually. The College Union spends over $32,000 of our money annually for projects over which students as a whole have no control. The Men's Residence Council and the Interfraternity Council blindly struggle for a solution to our "social vacuum," but often can take no more effective action than to defend their own present positions in the system. The Student Government, which should be the cornerstone of the campus political system, has no real power, and is not necessarily composed of the best of student leadership.

I propose a plan for a Student Government Association, through which we will be able to approach solution sto our basic problems. Students as a group will be able to pressure isolated administrative arms of the college on such vital issues as modification of outmoded social regulations and the allotment of campus dormitory space. Students as a group will be able to support such meaningful projects as Challenge and the Attic. Students as a group will be able to elect more able leaders who will have greatly expanded policy-making powers. Students as a community will have for the first time an agency through which they can improve their college.

The Student Government Association should have as its aim the improvement of Wake Forest's social and intellectual atmosphere. To accomplish this goal, it must have the allegiance, and in some cases, the powers, of existing campus organizations.

The Legislative Branch of the SGA would appropriate funds for student activities and define the basic outlines of government policy for a given year. Its three most important committees would be Appropriations, Social Coordination, and Student Facilities.

The Appropriations Committee would draw up appropriations legislation for all student functions now encompassed by the Student Government and the College Union. The committee would provide legislative scrutiny over many programs which now are handled entirely by the non-political CU, and

would thus allow the "dues-paying" student a voice in the spending of his money. Based on the present combined budgets of the Student Government and the College Union, the committee would write the legislation appropriating a budget of approximately $35,000 per year.

The Social Coordination Committee and the Student Facilities Committee would be unusual in that their memberships would not be composed entirely of legislators. Representatives of the IFC, MRC, WGA, and ISC would be added to the groups. The SCC could be concerned with the problems of social regulations and all-campus social events. The Facilities Committee would address itself primarily to the allotment of campus dormitory space and facilities to conflicting groups. In both cases, the committees would decide upon areas for student action. The recommendations would be acted upon by the Legislature, and if approved, would be carried out by the Executive Branch.

The Executive Branch would be headed by a salaried President of the Student Body, who would be responsible for submitting a proposed budget to the Appropriations Committee of the Legislature. He would also initiate projects in the legislature and administer programs approved by the lawmakers.

A cabinet would be appointed by the President, and would be responsible for carrying out SGA projects. Departments would include Major Functions, Small Socials, Transportation, and Housing and Curriculum.

It cannot be overemphasized that the proposal of SGA is not an idealistic creation from the fuzzy minds of would-be political scientists; it is a necessary change that must come to Wake Forest if we are ever to crush the "social vacuum" and improve our intellectual atmosphere. As autonomous power groups in the student political system, the IFC and MRC will never be able to achieve a significant liberalization of the social regulations; together they could make a strong impression on the administration. Likewise, the fraternities will never achieve off-campus housing, and the MRC will never get needed space in the dormitories, until a unified student proposal is presented to the administration. If we fail to adopt SGA, the College Union will continue to spend some $32,000 of our money per year, and students will still have no effective means of seeing whether the money is well spent. Under SGA we would not only have a check on the means of spending money, but also on the efficient administration of the College Union's programs.

Without a new system the Student Government will continue to be one of the least prestigious and least powerful organizations on campus. It will continue to draw the interest and support of only "less than the best" student leaders. Thus it will continue to be the "government" of students in name only. In contrast the new SGA would not only command a greater respect from all student groups, but also would have the most power. It would hope to attract the best leaders and would become the initiator of social change on the campus. With its large resources it could do more than weakly beg for help from its "inferior" campus organizations. SGA can and must become the focal point of campus action.

One example of a specific problem and its possible solution under the new system is the College Unions' attempt to obtain a CU lounge. When the plaza store formerly occupied by Thalhimers was vacated last spring, the College Union offered to pay the same rent for the space as did the competing Book Store. The Administration (in this case apparently the Treasurer's office) awarded the space to the Book Store. Where student interests were definitely involved, students were represented by an arm of our present system which has no effective political power—the College Union. The Student Government seemingly said nothing.

Had the proposed system been in effect, the Facilities Committee could have recommended a united student protest to the legislature. It is likely that with legislative backing and campus-wide support, pressure could have been successfully applied by the student Executive Branch to the Administration to obtain the facility. In this case, a unified, legitimate student representative body would have been challenging an isolated limb of the Administration, the Treasurer, whose policy-making powers are in serious doubt.

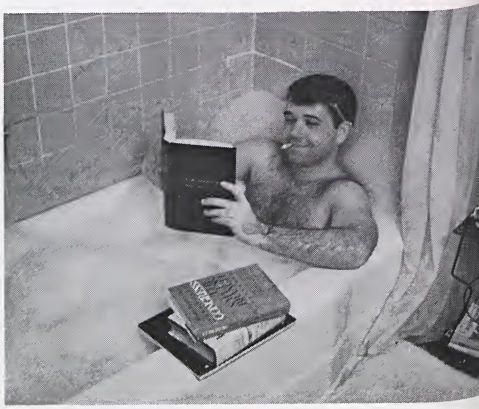
We certainly cannot solve all of our problems by creating a Student Government Association. We can, however, establish a framework in which students as a group can effectively lobby with the Administration to obtain their goals. ■

The Order of Dubious Merit

Politician of the Year: Warren L. Pate (who else), who has proven that student government can make more smoke and less fire than any other campus organization.

Believing as it does that it should be a mirror of all that is distinctive in campus life, *The Student* here presents its first Order of Dubious Merit Awards. We feel that the year is not complete without brief recognition of those people and things who have helped make life the wild and wooly adventure it is

Birdwatchers of The Year: The PiKAs.



"Thanks to the MRC our dorms have all the comforts of home."

Who are they?

"Aw, shucks."

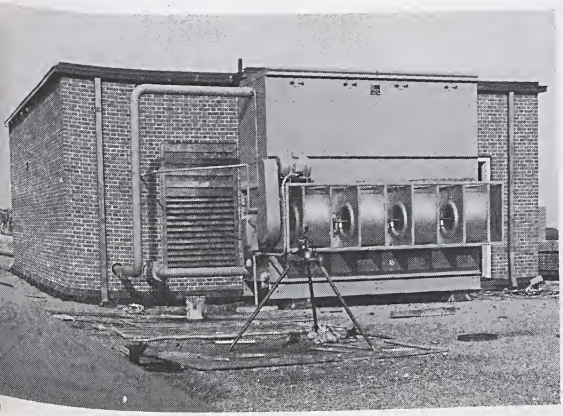
The Louis Pasteur Medical Award:
To the College Hospital for changing this year's universal diagnosis from mononucleosis to allergy.

The Religion in Life Award:
To Taylor Abbey.

A gold-plated parking ticket to:
Chip Cooper

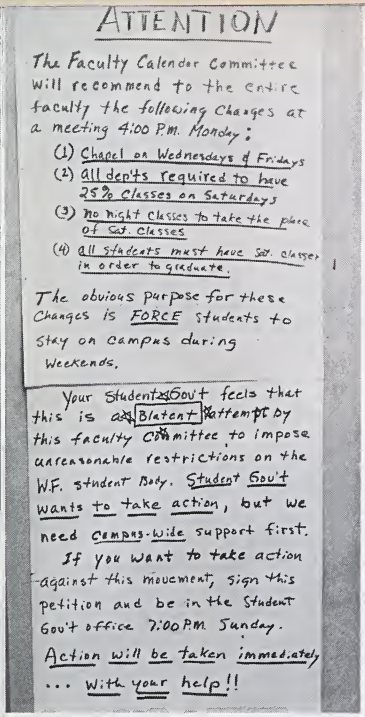
Joan Baez Sincerity Medal:
To John A. Carter, folksinger, etc.

The Duncan Hines Seal of Approval:
To the Magnolia Room whose buffets offer something for everyone, except the poverty-stricken student.



Winner of the Ero Saerinen Architecture Prize.

Course Description of the Year:
"Military Science 111, 112: Includes a study of military organizations; individual weapons and marksmanship; the United States Army and national security; and leadership. One hour theory, two hours leadership laboratory."



ATTENTION

The Faculty Calendar Committee will recommend to the entire faculty the following Changes at a meeting 4:00 P.M. Monday:

(1) Chapel on Wednesdays & Fridays
(2) all den'ts required to have 25% classes on Saturdays
(3) no night classes to take the place of Sat. classes
(4) all students must have Sat. classes in order to graduate.

The obvious purpose for these Changes is FORCE students to stay on campus during Weekends.

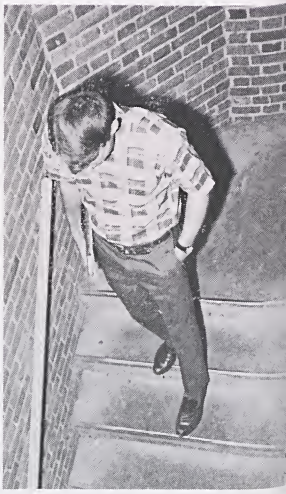
Your Student Gov't feels that this is a Blatent attempt by this faculty Committee to impose unreasonable restrictions on the W.F. student Body. Student Gov't wants to take action, but we need campus-wide support first.

If you want to take action against this movement, sign this petition and be in the Student Gov't office 7:00 P.M. Sunday.

Action will be taken immediately ... with your help!!

The Tom Paine Poster Award Winner

Somebody up there hates us, or so it appeared as we skied back to school in February.



Prudential Life Insurance Certifica
To Buildings and Grounds which h
yet to do anything about all those ni
slippery steps.

Is this the only way the College can get rid of its garbage?

Martyr of the Year:
To Jackie Murdock

"I only wish to serve here in a somewhat different way . . ."

Worst Idea of the Year:
Turning part of Reynolda Woods into a housing project and ending the chance for student study of nature like this.

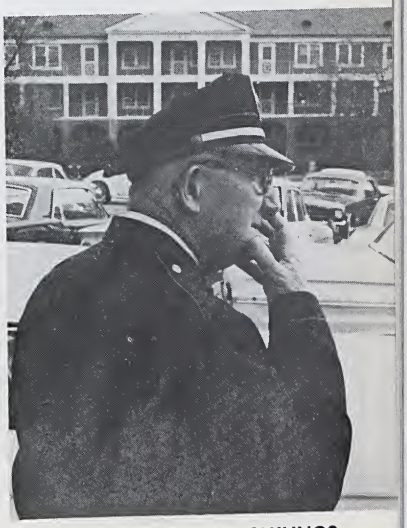
Most Ominous Portent of 1966:
the Treasurer's office wall being moved out about 4 feet last Spring.

Another Ominous Portent:
the brilliant performances of Wake's alumni on "Alumni Fun."

SOME WRETCHED EXCESSES:
1. Rocking chair jokes.
2. The Birds.
3. Parking fees.
4. Noise at the campus flicks.
5. WRAL
6. Student government investigations of Saturday classes.

Farmers of the Year:
Buildings and Grounds who have dauntlessly reseeded the Plaza grass and now sprinkle it before every rain.

Profiles in Courage Certificate:
To the College Development Committee of Student Government which has bravely taken the following action this year:
a) painted a "Welcome Alumni" sign for Homecoming.
b) operated a booth at the Carnival collecting money for the stadium.



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MOVIES:

The Little Ones

by Paul Edison

Shorts—not bermuda or madras, but movie shorts—are the subject of this month's comment on the cinema. There are five good ones making the rounds right now, and there's a good chance they will appear in Winston-Salem during the year.

La Jetée is a French film about the human race entombed in caves beneath the radioactive ruins of World War III. Cut off and facing total extinction, the survivors feel that their only hope lies in time travel, by which they hope to get food and medicine either from the past or the future. It's a science-fiction plot, but is handled with restraint so that it makes for an altogether fine film. Directed by Chris Marker, it picked up a couple of prestigious prizes at last year's Trieste Film Festival.

La Jetée's solemnity is offset by *Ai*, a hilarious Japanese cartoon currently making the rounds. "Ai" is Japanese for "love," and that is what the cartoon is about, or rather, the cartoon is about the eternal chase which love involves.

Egypte, O Egypte, another engaging short, provides a marvellous few minutes of movie-making. It was the last film Jean Cocteau worked on before his death and, as it says of itself, "is an ode to ancient Egypt, lost in the burning sands and moonlit desert."

In *Actua-Tilt*, another science-fiction oriented film, a trigger pressed on a pinball machine blows up a real battle ship, shoots down real bombers, and blasts real walls.

Another short film making the rounds is *Bondu*, an early undertaking of Jean Renoir, whose *Rules of the Game* appeared recently on the Wake Forest campus. *Bondu* was filmed in 1932, and, frankly, is pretty primitive technically. The plot-line is typically French, variations on the eternal triangle. M. Renoir's skill as a director saves it from triteness. Under his guidance it casts an affectionately ironic eye on places and people. The acting is adequate; and in the case of Michel Simon, who plays the shaggy tramp hero, it is more than that.

These films may not appeal to those who only frequent the downtown theaters, but for the discerning moviegoer they provide fiine entertainment. The CU movie committee would be donig well if it could bring some of them to the campus. How about it?

RECORDS:

From Folk to Messiah

by Richard Fallis

Once upon a time there was a pretty little girl from the mountains who became a folksinger; and one evening at a place named Folk City she and a not-to-pretty fellow from the mountains got together to record an album of their kind of music. She was Jean Ritchie; he was Doc Watson, and together they have come up with what may be the folk album of year, "Jean and Doc at Folk City" (Verve). Their solos have just enough ragged edges, especially in his strumming, to show that they are the real thing; but when they get together for duets, the result is something more than mere music. Just listen to the track of "Amazing Grace" and be grateful for Jean and Doc and Verve Records which got them together.

A couple of real curiosities are pleasant attractions in this month's offerings from the record companies. One is an album of Japanese koto music on Nonesuch. There's nothing like it in western music; and though it takes a little getting used to, it is easy to become quite involved in this gentle music from the Orient. On the World-Pacific label is an even more remarkable album called "The Folkswingers." It features Harikar Rao's sitar (an Indian stringed instrument) backed up by a rock-and-roll guitar, organ, and rhythm group. The results are unusual to say the least, but in just one album a rock-and-roll sitar makes a good impression.

Traditionally at least one recording of Handel's *Messiah* makes its appearance during the Christmas season, and this year is no exception. But this may be the last time that this tradition need be observed for Phillips has produced a recording conducted by Colin Davis that puts all the others in the shade. Purists should be pleased with this performance for in it are used the size chorus and orchestra Handel intended, a group about eighty performers. Furthermore, the soloists, including John Shirley-Quirk who appeared here recently, ornament their numbers in a proper and engaging fashion. For anyone raised on the big-choir-bloated tradition of *Messiah* performances this recording should provide a real shock. It is as good a recording of Handel's masterpiece as we are likely to have.

Also on the classical scene is a fine recording of Schubert's *Trout Quintet* featuring Jan Panenka at the piano and the Smetana Quartet (Crossroads). Panenka is a better chamber pianist than most, and the quartet with which he plays obviously knows its business.

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LETTERS:

From a Disgusted Reader

Dear Sir:

Your latest magazine was a bomb! You said in your statement called "Our Policy" that you were going to give us "provocative and well-informed articles, significant fiction, and imaginative verse." Where was it?

Those articles were not provocative, even the interview was dull. The short story wasn't significant, it was just boring. The poetry wasn't exactly imaginative, mainly derived from other poets.

Come on. When your cartoons and your statement of policy were the best things in the magazine, you flopped.

If you think I care about the length of the Hillcrest golf course, you're crazy.

Sincerely,
Disgusted Reader

The Student welcomes letters of comment or criticism. Letters should be addressed to the Editor, Box 7247, Reynolda Station, or may be brought to The Student office, 224 Reynolda Hall.

All letters must be signed, but names will be withheld upon request.

Contributions may be mailed to The Student at Box 7247, Reynolda Station, or may be brought to the office, Room 224, Reynolda Hall. The office is open 4-5 P.M., Monday through Friday. Unused manuscripts will be returned if they are accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Yes, The Student, always seeking the higher things in art is sponsoring a sonnet contest.

Sonnets may be in any of the traditional sonnet forms. Any student may contribute any number of sonnets. Two copies of each sonnet must be submitted. Entries may be mailed to Box 7247, Reynolda Station, Winston-Salem, N. C., or may be submitted to The Student office, Room 224, Reynolda Hall. All entries must be in our hands by no later than midnight, January 25, 1967.

Entries will be judged by an impartial committee including the poetry editor of The Student and two members of the Wake Forest faculty. The decision of the judges will be final.

Three cash prizes and three honorable mentions will be awarded. Winners will be notified immediately after the judging.

The six winning sonnets will be published in a special section in the March, 1967, issue of The Student.

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THE STUDENT
MARCH 1967
WAKE FOREST COLLEGE
WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

"The profs in your department may be all right, but the ones in mine are really hurting. You wouldn't believe how bad a bunch of lecturers they are."

"Would you believe that the library hasn't got one book I can use on this term paper.

(continued on page 6)

Hm . . . m, there's something about a man who buys his clothes at . . . .

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THE STUDENT

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What's behind the brick facade of the Z. Smith Reynolds Library? See page 35.

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— at Thruway Shopping Center

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College Book Store

and

Sundry Shop

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Editorial

Separation: Now or Later?

In view of the recent resumption of the traditional bickering between Wake Forest and the North Carolina Baptist Convention, it seems that the time has come for the College and the Convention to face up to the fact that neither is any longer able to afford the other. The very fact that each institution seems to use the other only as the object of its pent-up emotions is an unhappy and unhealthy state for both. Representatives of both sides protest loudly that the current misunderstanding will soon pass away and that neither has any intention of severing its ties with the other.

And yet the College can no longer afford to be affiliated with the Convention. The attitude of the Convention concerning such problems as the acceptance of Federal aid to education and the admission of persons other than North Carolina Baptists to Wake Forest's Board of Trustees is sufficient proof that the Convention is hardly in agreement with what the College considers its own best interests.

Likewise, the Convention, already overburdened with the support of seven Baptist colleges in North Carolina, is becoming increasingly aware that in Wake Forest it has created an institution which it financially cannot afford to support. And, furthermore, one senses that the majority of the churches affiliated with the Convention are suspicious of the policies and goals of Wake Forest.

It seems to be high time that the two institutions admit that complete separation between them is both inevitable and desirable. But so far both institutions have been unwilling to do so and have hidden, rather, behind pious clichés about a loosened or convenantal relationship. This relationship would obligate the Convention to support an institution over which it could not exercise control and would obligate the College to continue an association with a group with which it seems to have little rapport. So long as clichés and a sentimental attachment to the times that are past dominate the thinking of both institutions, it is impossible to believe that either will act in the other's best interest.

It would be most unfortunate if continued efforts are made for reconciliation between two institutions whose policies and goals appear to be irreconcilable. Our faith in Wake Forest and in the North Carolina Baptist Convention as institutions of good will and good sense would be vastly strengthened if each were to initiate steps to bring about the separation which is necessary to the health of both.

—rcf

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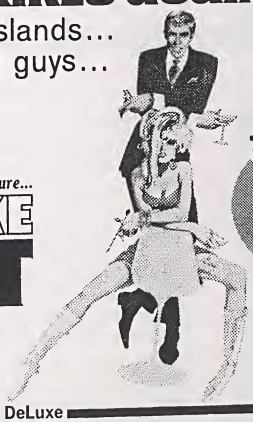

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TRAVEL:

Yanqui, Come to Juarez

by L. H. Robinson

Every year many students dream of a vacation in Mexico. For one reason or another (no knowledge of Spanish, lack of funds for a long trip, dislike of foreign accomodations) most never make the trip. This is a shame, because there is a place which can be perfectly enjoyed without the uttering of a single Spanish syllable, which can be seen in entirety while staying in a nice American hotel, and which requires no visa or customs inspection.

The perfect spot is Ciudad Juarez, right across the river from El Paso, Texas. A short drive across the bridge and the tourist is all set to enjoy the Mexican environment. And what an environment! Juarez has everything.

For shoppers, there are small native shops lining every main street, and the main market downtown is a bargainer's paradise. Tinware, strawware, cloth, jewelry, sombreros, pinatas, and almost anything else with a Mexican air can be had in the market if you are a skillful haggler of prices. Or, if you want something from elsewhere in the country, try the Casa de Oppenheimer. A bit more formal with its department store air and market prices, Oppenheimer's still has a fantastic selection of Mexican wares. And if you can't get the price you are arguing for, don't worry. The most outrageous Mexican price is better than the U. S. price.

For shutterbugs and sighter-seers, there are plenty of quaint little shops, picturesque people and buildings, and awesome cathedrals. Some of the buildings still have bullet holes made by American troops and by Pancho Villa's men.

Of course, the tourist cannot miss the most colorful of all spectacles, the bull fight. Every Sunday afternoon, the Plaza de Toros becomes the scene of incredible excitement and pageantry. Whatever one thinks of the sport itself, he cannot afford to miss the color, the music, and the ceremony of a bullfight.

But, naturally, a student on tour is interested in night life. The nights in Juarez start early in the afternoon and continue till the wee hours. Like well-known Tijuana, Juarez has something for every taste. There are literally hundreds of little restaurants and bistros in the town, all with some novel act or cuisine. The tourist can choose his own fare here.

Over on Sixteenth of September Street is a restaurant which changes its name occasionally, but is easily located at any time. The main food featured here is steak, but there is a special which is seldom encountered in the average steak house. For it is possible to order, on the day of a bull fight, a steak cut from the bulls killed in the plaza that afternoon. Although these are not quite as good as the ordinary steaks on the menu, it is something to tell your friends about. The American is welcome in any night spot, indeed is even talked to and joked with by the MC or performers in some spots.

So, if you like a foreign vacation without a language barrier, if you enjoy seeing new sights and the novelties of another culture, if you like being treated well as an American, by all means take a vacation in Juarez this summer. It is there waiting for you now.

THE DEPARTMENTS:

How do they stack up?

by Rick Harris and Al Shoaf

(continued from the cover)

"Not one book! How come they never have anything I need?"

"Yeah, I got five term papers this semester and the thing about it is, I don't want to write them and they really aren't worth writing!"

Comments like these are hardly infrequent in Wake Forest bull sessions. They reflect some of the myths by which all students live, myths about professors, the library, and term papers. But are these myths true? THE STUDENT attempted to answer this question as it asked nearly one hundred juniors and seniors to respond to a questionnaire evaluating the effectiveness of teaching and the quality of administration and facilities in each department of the undergraduate college and School of Business Administration. The survey was not an attempt to determine the best department or the worst department, but to discover the validity of the stories about teaching, administration, and facilities which are always going the rounds among students.

Unfortunately, The Student did not receive enough responses from majors in the departments of Education, Music, Physical Education, Sociology, and Speech to include these departments in the report of the survey. For the purposes of the report the School of Business Administration is treated as one department.

Rick Harris and Al Shoaf conducted the survey for THE STUDENT *and aided the staff in writing the report on it. Rick is a senior History major from Toledo, Ohio. Al is a freshman from Lexington.*

To accomplish this goal, a list of outstanding seniors (and a few juniors in the case of departments which had few senior majors) was secured. From this list one hundred names were picked at random, with the selections made in proportion to the number of students majoring in each department. A questionnaire containing about thirty questions was sent to each of these students. The students were encouraged not only to answer the questions, but to comment on many of them. The comments which follow are drawn entirely from the questionnaires.

Here are some of the myths and some of the responses for the students on the teaching techniques and their effectiveness, the administration, and the facilities within the various departments.

Myth #1: Classes would be better if they were conducted like seminars with more time for discussion.

It is true that the vast majority of professors use the lecture method exclusively. Respondents from only three departments (Classical Languages, German, and Philosophy) reported that professors in their departments often conduct seminars. And all the persons interviewed from these departments considered the technique to be very successful. On the other hand, equally high marks for teaching were given to eight departments in which the majority of classes are conducted as lecture sessions. But there may be some truth to this myth, for the three departments in which the teaching was not considered to be entirely effective (History, English, and Romance

Languages) were three in which the lecture method predominates.

It is probably true that the lecture method is on the retreat and there are many students who are more than willing to see it go altogether. One student complained, "The lecture method would be okay if the lectures were interesting and if the teachers did not try so immaturely to shock the students." Another added, "Many of the courses made me feel I was in high school and not college."

These students were among about a third of the respondents who agreed that improvements should be made in the teaching techniques of their departments. A number of foreign language majors agreed with one who said, "I feel that more conversation and lab work would be a big help," and majors in almost every department suggested that more seminars and more opportunities for discussion would be an improvement.

Myth #2: The teaching at Wake Forest is often not effective.

This myth appears to be untrue. Majors in nine departments all agreed that the teaching in their departments was effective. Some students in three departments (History, Physics, and Romance Languages) felt that the teaching was not effective, but in only one department (English) were the majority of students dubious of the effectiveness of the teaching.

Myth #3: Upper-division courses in my major are always too large or too small.

The response to the questionnaire indicated that this myth also was untrue. The students were asked to estimate the size of the average upper-division class in their major. Their estimates of average class size ranged from four to thirty-five. The class size in most of the departments seems to be twenty to thirty students, although in a number of departments the average size is less than twelve and in only one is it more than thirty.

The majors in most of the departments considered the size of their classes to be about right. The majority of the students interviewed felt that fourteen students per class was the right size. Majors in Business, English, History, Philosophy, Political Science, and Psychology felt that their classes tended to be too large, and their responses indicated that the average size of a class in one of these departments is twenty-four students. The

Is the walk to class worth it?

majority of respondents from only one department (German) felt that their classes were too small.

Most of the students who commented on the size of their classes felt that smaller clases would be advantageous. As one put it, "If all of the classes were small enough, a seminar for all courses would be much more effective."

Myth #4: Too many papers are required.

It is true that respondents from better than half of the departments said that papers of some sort are usually required in one of their courses. But majors in three science departments (Math, Physics, and Psychology) and three other departments (Business, Classical Languages, and Romance Languages) stated that papers are not usually required in courses in their majors.

Myth #5: Papers are usually a waste of time.

The questionnaire asked if the papers required were helpful in understanding the material in a course. Majors in six departments (Chemistry, English, German, Classical Languages, Philosophy, and Romance Languages) felt that the writing of a paper aided in understanding a course. Majors in History and Religion felt that papers were sometimes useful, while majors in Business, Political Science, and Psychology agreed that generally they were not. Interestingly enough, of the six departments whose majors answered that papers were beneficial in their courses, only four belonged to the group which requires papers frequently. On the other hand, two departments said to require papers very frequently (History and Religion) were also departments in which the majority of respondents felt that papers were not usually helpful.

Myth #6: Younger professors, fresh out of school, are usually better than old members of the faculty.

This myth appears to be untrue. Majors in almost every department agreed that experience makes a man a better teacher. As one English major expressed it, "Obviously, a professor who has had experience in dealing with students for a longer time will do a better job."

But it is also true that respondents in three departments felt that the relative youth of the faculty members in their departments was an asset. These departments were Chemistry, Political Science, and Psychology. One Political Science major commented, "Thank goodness mine is an especially young department."

While there were students in almost every department who would agree with the one who said, "The older professors are content with things just like they have been for years," the vast majority of the students questioned agreed that the myth of the superiority of the younger professor was just not true.

Myth #7: The facilities in most departments are not adequate.

Most students questioned agreed that such facilities as classrooms, seminar rooms, and labs were adequate. But in only two departments (Biology and German) were the facilities rated by the students as outstanding. And it is true that the majority of students in English, Physics, and Psychology felt that their facilities were not adequate. (It is worth noting that the departments of English and Psychology are housed in the two newest buildings on the campus.) The Physics majors seemed to be especially unhappy about their department's facilities. One Physics major said, "I definitely feel we have been slighted on our classrooms and labs. We need more!"

Myth #8: The library never has the books I need for work in my major.

This myth appers to be all too true. Wake Forest's libraries rank favorably in the number of volumes with most other small colleges, but only in the School of Business and the departments of Mathematics and Classical Languages did all the majors interviewed consider the library to be adequate for work in their fields. Most respondents from Chemistry, German, History, Physics and Religion cited inadequancies in their fields. Even when respondents considered library resources adequate, they often stated that the library was not as good as it should be. Specifically, science majors called for better resources for research to avoid what one Physics major referred to as "reliance on professors' own personal libraries." An English major stated that "it would be well to have more copies of standard reference works." History majors felt that the library should acquire more primary sources and microfilm of major newspapers. A more easily accessible arrangement of UN and government documents was called for by a political science major.

On the other hand, the majority of students in almost every department felt that their department was doing an adequate of job of securing better

library facilities for its majors. Only in the departments of Mathematics and Romance Languages did most majors feel that a better job could be done.

The library situation was summed up well by one German major who thought the library had its good points but complained that he had "nonetheless several times found it necessary to drive to Carolina or Duke."

Myth #9: There is little rapport between students and teachers here.

This was found generally to be untrue. The students were asked if the professors in their departments were willing to discuss work in their own courses, other college courses, plans for after graduation, and even engage in "bull sessions." The answer to all of these questions was a resounding yes on all counts. Departments in which professors were considered especially approachable included History, Philosophy, Political Science, Psychology, and Romance Languages. Of course, there was an occasional qualification to this general approval, such as the Spanish major who quipped that the profs were very approachable "when they happen to be around."

Myth #10: Most departments will recommend that a professor not be hired if he disagrees with them about the field.

Some of the students interviewed indicated that they felt there was some truth to this. Although most departments were considered open-minded in their recommendations in the hiring of personnel who held diverse viewpoints, majors in German, History, Physics, Psychology, and Religion doubted that a person who differed with the department as far as the field itself was concerned would be considered. One Religion major supported this policy for his department saying, "Since when is it a good idea to hire a Hindu to teach New Testament?" But Psychology majors seemed to be especially critical of their department on this point. As one put it, "The department is experimentally oriented. The profs it brings in, if they aren't experimentally oriented, are at least very much research-oriented. No one is interested solely in teaching."

Myth #11: Departments do not evaluate the curriculum enough to see if it meets our needs.

Many of the respondents felt this to be true. The departments of German, History, and Political

The Best Courses?

One question on the survey sent to seniors was "please list two or three courses in your major which you consider to be especially successful." In the course of evaluating the results of the survey, it was noted that some courses were mentioned again and again. The courses listed below are the ones which were mentioned by a majority of the respondents in each department:

Biology	220	Comparative Chordate Anatomy
	312	Genetics
Business	321	Money and Banking
	411	Public Finance
Chemistry	221	Organic Chemistry
	341	Physical Chemistry
English	337	Romantic Poets
	342	Victorian to Modern
German	281	Twentieth Century Prose
History	319	History of England
	323	Modern Germany
Mathematics	311	Advanced Calculus
Philosophy	241	Epistemology
Physics	211	Electricity
Political Science	239	Government and Politics of East Asia
	264	American Political Thought
Psychology	323	History and Systems of Psychology
	356	Personality Theory
Religion	227	Major Epistles of Paul
	234	Christianity and Society
Romance Languages	241	Golden Age Spanish Drama
	271	French Literature of the Twentieth Century

Science were commended for successful and frequent evaluations. On the other hand, the Business School and the department of Chemistry were felt to have fallen short on this point. A business major expressed his exasperation saying, "The School of Business as a whole would definitely benefit from a re-evaluation."

Myth #12: Most departments are not open to student suggestions about curriculum and related matters.

Again this was found to be partially true. German, Classical Languages, Psychology, English, History and Political Science majors felt that professors were indeed open to student suggestions. Majors in the other departments surveyed were not so sure of this, and even some majors in departments considered very open to student suggestion had reservations. As one Political Science student said, "Yes, they'll listen and even seem sympathetic; but they always seem to have an answer for the way things exist now and why change is not desirable or possible now."

Myth #13: Departments compete for students to major with them.

In almost all cases, this appears to be completely untrue. Almost no department was said to pressure students to major in their particular department. Only two, Physics and Psychology, were cited as competing strongly.

Myth #14: The department I'm majoring in has lost a lot of majors to other departments recently.

There were several students who thought that their departments had lost students to other disciplines recently. The departments cited as losing majors included Biology, the School of Business, English, and Philosophy, but students in these departments felt that in most cases reasons other than dissatisfaction with the department had caused students to change majors.

Myth #15: Wake Forest does not put pressure on its professors to publish books and articles in their fields.

Most majors agreed that this seemed to be true to them. Psychology was the only department in which it was felt that there was strong pressure on the faculty to publish. But students in the departments of History and Physics felt that there was at least some pressure on professors to publish. A number of students commented that the absence of pressure to publish seemed to encourage publication. As one said, "The faculty has consistently produced good books and excellent articles without that odious 'publish or perish' dictum hanging over their heads. I think that's a good sign."

Myth #16: The lack of research among professors here impairs their teaching.

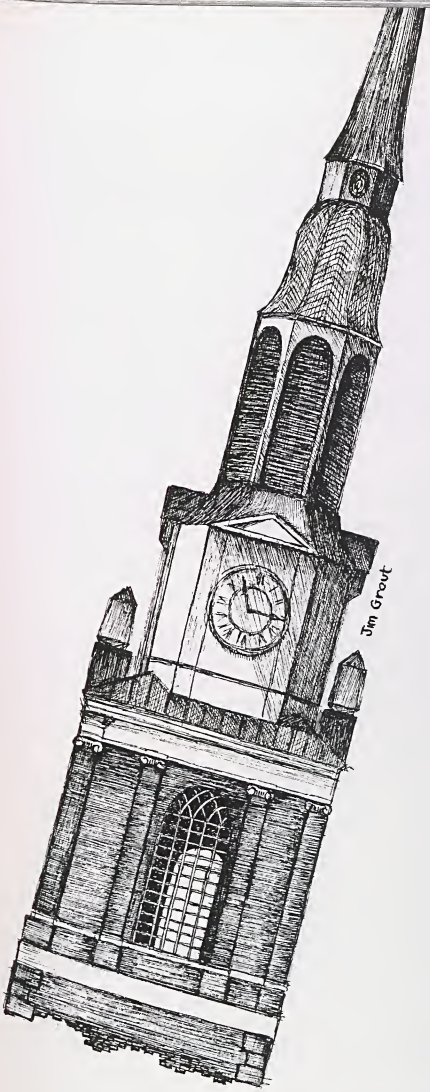
This myth was found to be false on two counts. First, most majors said that they felt some research was going on continuously throughout the College. Secondly, only in the departments of Mathematics, Political Science, and Romance Languages was the lack of interest in research, which majors thought they noted, considered detrimental. On the other hand, several Chemistry, History, Physics, and Psychology majors considered the research going on in those departments as particularly beneficial to teaching effectiveness. One student summed up the views of a great majority of the respondents in saying, "Any teacher who does research is likely to be a better, more informed, more interesting teacher as a result of his work."

Myth #17: Professors are too interested in getting students ready for graduate study.

This hardly appears to be the case. Many departments do offer exceptional students an honors program. When queried about this program only History, Political Science, and Psychology majors felt that it was particularly effective. But only three departments (Chemistry, Physics, and Religion) were thought of as especially emphasizing preparation for graduate study. Surprisingly, such departments as German, History, Mathematics, and Romance Languages were said to show little or no interest in preparing students for graduate work.

These seventeen myths hardly include all of those which most Wake Forest students believe in. But the very fact that only a few of these were really substantiated by students who have been at Wake Forest long enough to know probably indicates that any number of other myths, from who is a crip professor to who gives the worst quizzes, are of equally questionable validity.

The attitude of most respondents was summed up by one who said, "Okay, so my department, like Wake Forest, has a lot wrong with it. It has a whole lot more right with it and you couldn't push me into changing." And surely it is worth noting that not one of the majors who filled out THE STUDENT's questionnaire had more criticism than praise of his department. ■



The Day the Steeple Fell

by Hoke Smith

The wind blowed crisp against my face as I mosied through the cold, but friendly, November woods. I sat down on a old rotten stump and pulled off my boots to rest my tired-out feet.

I jumped around, and Lord, I says to myself, it's downright cold. And how that wind keeps rising! 'Bout time to get home. Well, I started off, and it got so windy that I decided in my mind to take a short cut back home. This was acrost the old college. I shuddered a little bit 'cause folks said it was hainted and the way that wind was a-howling, it could might well been true. But I struck out toward the old steeple of the church anyways. I studied it in the distance, with its four prongs looking like they'd love to reach up and just grab a hunk out of the sky. Yessir, she was going on forty year-old, and they hadn't nobody been to school there for nearly twenty years now.

Then, just as I was looking at the chapel, the old spire gave a creak that I could hear clear above the howl of the wind, and she just tumbled right down on the ground. When she hit she made the biggest, horriblest noise I reckon I most ever heard. I shut my eyes when a leaf flew up in my face, and then I opened them back up thinking I'd just imagined all that and that the old steeple would still be grabbing at the sky. But no, it was just as true as death. What I'd always knowed as a part of old Winston warn't no more to be seen.

I forgot all about them reports of ghosts and ran the half-mile to the campus just to see what things looked like. And, Lordy, it was terrible to gulp in with just two eyes. There laid the steeple, splattered all over about half the plazer. But that warn't all, them what really musta been purty collums up at the other end of the plazer had all rotted and it really looked bad.

I thought back over the years and why there warn't no more Wake Forest College. Folks said it all started back in the early 1960's when the college wanted to hire some trusties what warn't Babtists. It sounded all purty far-fetched, 'cause personally I didn't see no difference between a well-behavin' convict what was Babtist, and one what warn't. But the Babtists didn't want no trusty what warn't a Babtist just like themselves, so there they had it, round after round. The college, so folks said, had to have some what warn't Babtist so they could git on with bein' a big university; but the Babtists 'lowed they'd better get on with universitiing and quit worrying about them convicts. They said they owned this here college, and they wern't goin' to let anybody tell them how to run it. And I guess it made sense. I'd always go along with a million Babtists afore I'd stick up with them perfessors.

They all said the final blow come the second time the Babtists laid the law down 'bout them trusties. Yessir, it come about on this same Arm-'stice Day in 1964 when the Convention of all them Babtists voted that it was the last they wanted to hear about them trusties. The college, it was said, just kind of gave up after then. They ranted and raved for awhile, but then they said that it was the convention's school, and they reckoned the convention had the final say so.

But that didn't set too well then with all them perfessors. So the college dried up. It all began when the biology department took and resigned. Ever last one of 'em left. Took all their bugs and flies and fishes and weeds with 'em too. Just pulled out. Folks said just let 'em go; the college didn't need them type no how. But I reckon per'aps they was wrong, because, you see, when them 'ologists up and left then the students that was a-majoring with 'em up and left too. Said they didn't hanker a school what couldn't keep its perfessors.

And there they all started. Looked like everybody was just a-holding back 'til the biology people got gone, and then one by one the other teachers flowed out too. And every teacher took with him a few students. But they couldn't get no more Ph.'s or any other kind of doctors. Said they couldn't pay 'em enough.

Then one day the Old Man — that's what everybody called him, cause he was daddy-like and good to the very core — the Old Man took and retired, and there was a scramble for finding a new preserdent. Well, folks say they just hunted and hunted, but nobody wanted to be the preserdent. That's just the way with edicated men, I 'spose. They git so wrapped up in book learnin' that they don't hanker for a good thing when they see it coming. Why, the preserdent didn't have much to do, and the job was gettin' lighter all the time, with less students and teachers every year. It appears to me that any man in his own right noodle woulda jumped at such a honor. But, no they didn't.

Finally they did get some feller what wanted to be preserdent right sorta bad. 'Lowed he was goin' to "clean up" that Wake Forest College if it was his last act. And, from what I hear, he just about did that very thing. He fired all the faculty what wouldn't take a "loyalty" oath, which were just about every one of 'em. Now this act did in the students, for they raved and raved about perfessional freedoms, and most of what was left of 'em quit. They 'lowed they wanted no part in a degree from a school like that.

Well, when nobody would come to the college and stay there they just up and bolted the doors. Left it straight out. Nobody stayed at all except the rats what lived under the dumpster outside the lunch room. Then even they got discouraged and quit.

It was well nigh dark when I stopped gazing at the smashed steeple and the plazer. It was gittin' mighty cold as well as windy, so I started out toward the Reynolds factory and home, running at a purty fast clip, for I still had them four rabbits to skin. There was a great big hole all dug out on the other side of the Chalet, where they had almost set up the new football stadium, but now it was all filled up with trash and litter just like nothing else was to ever been there.

I hurried on by, but I did stop to look back one more time at the sky, with the new buildings all dwarfing the Reynolds and Wachovia buildings on my left and nothing on my right where the old Wait steeple had stood this very day. No, without that steeple it just didn't seem like all the town was still here. All those other buildings was lookin' down, and nowhere now was there a building reaching up trying to grab a piece of that bright, and yet somehow dark, sky above. And what's more, it didn't seem that anybody cared. Nobody, for nobody else was looking up. ■

IS HOKE SMITH POWER HUNGRY?

MRC: In The Clutches of Apathy

by Preston Hoffman
and Richard Fallis

At the beginning of the fall semester the MRC was right up there with Slater and the football team as a topic of conversation. There was much enthusiastic talk among the men in the dormitories and there were many willing to agree with the MRC's new president, Hoke Smith, who said, "the MRC is the most important and the most exciting thing to happen at Wake Forest in years."

The MRC was, and still is, supported strongly by segments of the administration and faculty, including the powerful Student Affairs Committee, and by a fairly large segment of student leadership. But by October support of the student body as a whole had begun to wane. By the end of the semester many of the MRC rank and file had written off the whole business as a bad job, and had shown their discontent by not paying house dues for the spring semester. Why has the MRC, which began so auspiciously, lost much of its support? Potentially it could be one of the most powerful forces on the campus, for the MRC represents in theory, if not in fact, 68% of the male student body. And the MRC has made not only the social life, but the entire educational process of the College its business. Its justification, if any is needed, is that no one else is doing anything.

The need for increased opportunities for social life among the independent men has been obvious since Wake Forest moved to Winston-Salem. In the dormitory rooms (or cells, as many students call them) students were brought together in one housing area, but they were at the same time isolated. The problems of the independent student were left in the hands of the Independent Council, an organization hindered by lackadaisical leadership and a lack of financial support from the College administration.

Preston Hoffman is a freshman from Hickory. He gathered the information for this article and aided editor Richard Fallis in writing it.

The Wake Forest independents responded to this situation in a normal human way. They became apathetic. Communication between the students in the dormitories was never established, as there was no powerful institution to create it. Students need to know the people they live with in order to feel like a part of the institution, but many observers feel that the administration seems not to have fully understood the enormity of the problem. In any case, space in the dormitories which should have been allocated for the use of the independent students who live in the dorms was given instead to businesses and fraternities. By the fall of 1965 the situation had so deteriorated that almost 600 independents had no lounges or other social rooms in their dormitories whatsoever.

At the same time that some independent students were becoming disgruntled with the lack of social life and the lack of space for social life, others, and some members of the faculty, too, were becoming increasingly concerned with what they felt was intellectual apathy among the independents.

As one faculty member put it last year, "We don't really expect too many of the fraternity boys to be bright, but we do think the independents ought to get some intellectual stimulation, and we know they aren't." Lack of adequate study space, lack of contact between teachers and students, and lack of an atmosphere which was conducive to the intellectual process were all criticized by students and faculty members who campaigned not only for a better social life for the independents, but for a more stimulating educational life as well.

They argued, and apparently with good reason, that the results of the apathy which had developed among independents was all too clear — too many graduates had too little love for dear old alma mater. As one professor put it, "Where is the money that was going to build the football stadium? It should have come in a large part from the alumni. But it hasn't. The majority of the alumni just don't give a damn about what happens to Wake Forest, or at least they don't care enough to shell out cash."

The MRC proposes to do something about this situation. It wants to give the independent man more identity and social life than he could secure for himself, and more intellectual stimulation as well.

Kitchin House before . . .

But the MRC has been beset by many problems. At the beginning of the fall semester enthusiasm was raised among the students with talk of a greatly expanded social program and basic changes in school policy. Freshmen, who make up 53% of the dues-paying members of the MRC, became excited about prospects for its future. About 250 students paid the five dollar dues and many of them became involved in the round of meetings, lounge construction groups, and parties which characterized the MRC during its first burst of enthusiasm.

and after.

MRC leaders promised the moon. They didn't deliver, and so . . .

MRC members plan improved facilities.

But almost immediately the MRC was beset by its first problem. It had requested specific space facing the Plaza in Davis and Poteat Dormitories for use as lounges. The space in Davis Dormitory was eventually alloted to the College Book Store; that in Poteat remains vacant. The house men had to be satisfied with other space in the dormitories.

The problem of lounge space for the houses and the fact that some of the space which the College's administration finally permitted the MRC to use was not particularly satisfactory pointed up a major problem for MRC leadership. Too often leaders within the MRC, both last year and this year, promised things that they could not deliver immediately. As one disgruntled house man put, "Hoke Smith and the other MRC leaders promised the moon. They didn't deliver, and so I quit this semester." Of course, the MRC's leadership became bogged down in administrative red-tape. They could not deliver everything they promised; no one could have. But, as another ex-MRC man put it, "they shouldn't talk about making these changes and improving our conditions unless they can come through."

The appeal of the MRC was also lessened by the charge that it was trying to be a second-rate fraternity. The MRC intends to give the independent some of the advantages of a fraternity man, but, of course, it is impossible to give these advantages on an equivalent scale. The houses rejected decisively a proposal to have house pins similar to fraternity pins because the house men argued that they needed an identity of their own and traditions of their own.

The MRC has also been hit with charges of being "boy scout" and, more recently, with charges of trying to over-intellectualize the student body. In part these charges stem from the support which the faculty, particularly the Student Affairs Committee, has given the MRC. More than once there have been charges like that of the Delta Sigma Pi business fraternity member who stated, when his group agreed to give up their space to Poteat House, "We felt that the Student Affairs Committee might force us to move."

But even with the criticism and the failures in the program, the MRC has been as much of a success this year as anyone could reasonably expect. In some fields it has been very successful in overcoming the apathy which it was founded to combat.

The first tool to be used in changing the Wake Forest attitude was dinners in the House Lounges with faculty members. MRC president Hoke Smith says of these dinners, "I would have to say that this activity has been a real success. It brings together students, faculty, and others in a unique social and educational experience. It is my feeling that such an event can take place only in a house. If students were invited to meet with faculty members for a meal and discussion in Reynolda

Taylor House leader Jim Poston encourages his men.

Hall you would have a complete flop. The house seems to be the natural setting for interaction."

The MRC has also sponsored a social life of a variety and quality which has never before been available to independent men. The Red Garter dance, house parties, and other activities have been extremely successful. The MRC has also achieved its objective of creating closer personal relationships between men living in the dorms. In part, this has been the result of the necessity of building the lounges. The lounges, each quite different, were built almost entirely by the men themselves. As one senior MRC man put it, "Building the Davis House lounge was a great experience. If nothing else, working on it and having something to do worth doing gave me a sense of satisfaction I have never had before at Wake Forest."

President Tribble lauds MRC successes.

The MRC's campaign to change the educational process and the intellectual atmosphere at Wake Forest has naturally moved more slowly. To charges that the MRC is trying to "over-intellectualize" the student body, a faculty member who has been a sponsor of the organization replies, "Well, of course, we're not trying to over-intellectualize anybody. But we do feel that a house system will give an impetus to intellectual life here that has been sadly lacking. We assume that our students are just as bright as the boys at Harvard or Yale, which have very successful house systems, and we think Wake Forest students would benefit as much as students at those two institutions have from a house system. The tendency in the past has been for Wake Forest to compartmentalize education; you go to class, you go to your room, you go to a party, and you never assume that the three having anything to do with each other. We think that a house system could help to unify the experience of Wake Forest students and make them fully educated men. If that's over-intellectualization, then Wake Forest is in sad shape."

The MRC, like almost any organization, has been through some rough weather and, no doubt, there will be more to come. Many MRC members feel that one indication of how much the College is willing to back a program which they feel is essential to Wake Forest will be the amount of financial support the College will give. President Tribble has stated that the MRC, "can fully expect the administration to support the MRC program with funds next year. The men had the enthusiasm, got things started, and are following up the start with responsibility and enthusiasm. The men have demonstrated interest and a readiness to persist. The administration is now willing to do more."

The MRC received $5000 from the College last year to support its program. It is said by reliable sources that next year's budget request will be about $25,000. Naturally, whether or not the College will be willing to commit itself to the MRC program to this extent remains an open question.

But as one MRC leader put it, "Everything hasn't come up roses, but we think we have made very significant progress this year. I think next year we will do better, and the year after that even better. The MRC is here to stay and it is really going to change this campus." ■

The Baptists: Consensus Or Conflict?

by Tim Brown
and Bill Twyford

For one reason or another most Wake Forest students think of "the Baptists" as a monolithic group in complete agreement about the College and its future. But, as a matter of fact, there is as much divergence of opinion about the function of Wake Forest College among "the Baptists" as there is among any other group. To find if differences of opinion about the College did exist among the members of the Baptist churches in North Carolina and their leaders, THE STUDENT talked with leaders throughout the state of North Carolina, influential Baptists, and Wake Forest trustees in an attempt to determine the opinions of these persons on questions of prime importance to the future of the College. Their comments were compared with the responses received by Dr. Donald Schoonmaker of the Political Science Department when he polled at random, on similar questions, some rank and file messengers to the 1966 North Carolina Baptist Convention. Both of these surveys were admittedly non-professional in their methods. In regard to the Schoonmaker survey, for example, the interviewers had no previous instruction in interviewing techniques. Although the interview sample can be considered representative, it was not drawn according to the canons of proper sampling techniques. In other words, interviews were not pre-arranged, but held on an instantaneous basis. Nevertheless, these surveys have pointed up significant cleavages of opinion.

For example, the vast majority of the leaders polled by THE STUDENT favored the proposal to make Wake Forest a university. Dr. Schoonmaker's survey indicated that rank and file messengers to the Baptist State Convention also supported this proposal, but a significant minority had reservations. Likewise, the majority of the leaders polled by THE STUDENT agreed that Wake Forest should accept federal aid to education in the course of achieving university status. However, only about a fourth of the messengers interviewed at the Convention favored the acceptance of federal aid.

Thus it is apparent that a serious gap exists between the opinions of leaders in the state and rank and file Baptists. It seems obvious that the position of Wake Forest and of many of the leaders of the Convention (that the College must be permitted to accept federal money) has not been accepted by the rank and file Baptists. The traditional position of most Baptists has been that Wake Forest should seek aid from foundations and avoid federal money, with its overtones of federal control. This point of view was reflected in the responses of the leadership in the state, who

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Tim Brown, sophomore from Richmond, Virginia, and Bill Twyford, sophomore from Nashville, Tennesee, are assistant editors of THE STUDENT. *Tim is majoring in Political Science; Bill in Religion.*

all suggested aid from foundations and alumni as an alternative to federal aid.

Most of the persons THE STUDENT quizzed emphasized that the election of non-Baptist and non-North Carolina residents as trustees would be imperative to obtaining these grants, as this policy would tend to broaden the base of the College's support. However, one prominent Bapist minister objected, pointing out that trustees of Wake Forest are officers of the North Carolina Baptist Convention and, therefore, would have to be North Carolina Baptists.

But most of the leaders interviewed by THE STUDENT cited the fact that Wake Forest has ceased to be merely a North Carolina institution. They made such comments as, "Wake Forest is more than a North Carolina institution," or "I favor the election of out-of-state trustees because the College is not, and cannot be made to be, a parochially North Carolina institution," in arguing for a broadening of trustee membership.

On a comparable question in the survey conducted by Dr. Schoonmaker, 116 of 165 respondents supported the election of non-North Carolina Baptists to the Board of Trustees of the College. In light of the defeat of such a proposal at the Baptist Conventions in 1964 and 1965, it may be that these responses indicate a change in attitude. Maurice Hill, chairman of the College's Trustees, has argued that such a change has occurred, and the comments of leaders in North Carolina and the Convention messengers interviewed in the Schoonmaker survey indicate that this may indeed be the case.

The question of representation on the Board of Trustees is a part of the larger question of the proper relationship of the College to the Baptist Convention. The results of the Schoonmaker survey indicate that there is a great division of opinion among average Baptists over this question. About a third of the respondents to the Schoonmaker survey stated that the Convention should possess the controlling power, while about half favored a "spirit of cooperation" between the two bodies. The remainder wanted the College to control itself. Most of the leaders interviewed by THE STUDENT also urged a loosened relationship which would result in a "spirit of cooperation." A typical comment was that the Convention should act "only as an interested and helpful institution, with a minimum of control and influence in the affairs of the school." Most others spoke of a "covenant relationship" which would "sustain marriage" between the College and the Convention.

To ascertain the drift of opinion concerning the major function of the new president; i.e. administrator, educator, or fund-raiser, THE STUDENT asked the opinions of the leaders it interviewed. The majority expressed the desire for an administrator who would also be at least minimally capable in the areas of education and fund-raising. However, division of opinion existed. A sizable percentage felt that the role of the educator was the most important. These respondents emphasized that in order to gain the confidence of faculty and students the president must be most competent in the area of education. But most agreed that a president had to be first an administrator, one commenting, "To operate an institution the size of Wake Forest, the president must be an administrator."

THE STUDENT asked, too, if the Wake Forest student had, in their opinion, become stereotyped in the public mind. The vast majority of the leaders said no, but one said, "They have become stereotyped to the extent that they think it is 'camp' to ridicule Baptists." Leaders were asked if they felt that an admissions policy of creating a more-or-less homogenous student body would be helpful or harmful to the development of Wake Forest. Those polled responded rather definitely to this question, though not with any sign of unanimity. Most felt that an admissions policy of this sort would be harmful to the College's development, particularly in view of its aspiration to become a university. The reply, "Don't we already have such?" can be interpreted as an acquiescence to the homogenous student body concept. Yet, this reply, "It is already heterogenous and should be more, not less that way!" is obviously opposed to such a structuring of the student body.

Divergency of opinion does exist among the Baptists in North Carolina. There appear to be many North Carolina Baptists who are sincerely convinced that Wake Forest's plans for its future are commendable and should be encouraged; there appear to be as many, or more, who disagree. The members and leaders of the North Carolina Baptist Convention hold strong opinions about Wake Forest, but their opinions are hardly in agreement.

A Sheaf of Sonnets

The Student's first sonnet contest revealed that the art of sonnet writing is hardly a dying one at Wake Forest. Entries were received from members of every class. The sonnets entered were written not only in the familiar Shakespearian form, but in the Italian form, and even in the "sprung rhythm" of Gerard Manley Hopkins. And to prove that, as in the Renaissance, gentlemen still write sonnets to their ladies, the majority of the sonnets received were written by men and were written to their lady-loves.

The seven sonnets included in this special section include the five student entries which the judges considered to be the most meritorious. The judges found it impossible to pick winners in the contest and instead have directed that the prize money be divided between Walter Beale, Bernie Schweid, and Susan Thomas. Honorable mentions were awarded to Augie Ahn and Sharon Dinsmore.

Two sonnets by members of the faculty are also included in this sheaf of sonnets. One is the sonnet by Dr. Judson Allen of the English Department. The other is the sonnet on writing a sonnet by Dr. Edgar E. Folk, The Student's adviser, which is printed on this page. Perhaps reading it will encourage other campus poets to become sonneteers.

— The Editors

A sonnet is a salient thought or mood
Imprisoned in a verse of fourteen lines
Of five iambic feet. Two main designs
Of rhyme scheme are the English which is brewed
Of quatrains with a couplet to conclude,
And the Italian model which inclines
To stricter measures, for the plan confines
To such a scheme as is herein imbued.
The octave often brings a surge of thought
And gives the question in the poet's mind;
The sestet brings an ebbing and is fraught
With resolution out of doubt refined.
Thus by the poets is the sonnet wrought
To charm and stir and sensitize mankind.

— Edgar E. Folk

Feral Song

You've shown me how to live behind this sky,
To touch this earth, to quell the loneliness,
To feel, to see, to turn to your caress,
To know this land this love and not to die.
You can't refuse me now against earth's thigh.
You can't bring me this close – to touch then press
Until, almost, I reach a holiness
And then withdraw to gently ask me why.
And yet, the trees have gone from on the hill.
The best, the last new leaf has lost its gold.
And here the wind blows on yet seems so still.
I fiercely reach toward seeds I cannot hold.
The tall grass nods in peace against my need.
The one, the still, the pale and dry milkweed.

– Susan Thomas

A Private Unicorn

(seen on an unlooked at tapestry in a New York museum)

That tapestry so ancient hangs there yet.
Its gallery's antiseptic, air-cooled,
And museum-goers soon forget it.
By brighter baubles are their fancies ruled.
But in its meadows, fading easy green,
True knights yet pursue a unicorn;
The falcons sense a quarry yet unseen,
And *belles dames* wait the hunt's returning horn.
But by this scene where gilded huntsmen ride,
The crowds rush on to seek more famous prey.
Beneath it, tourists hustle side by side
At five, to find a hotel-bound subway.
The quarry's there, but while the crowds pass in scorn,
It's the sewn-men's own private unicorn.

– Bernie Schweid

Sonnet to the Tree

What savage splendor Nature's mocking hand
Did, screened by midnight cloak, on you array!
Her frosty fingers, draping pearly strand
In ice embraces upward creeped, to lay
A diamond diadem upon your head;
Her laugh of scorn your cumbered limbs then lashed
Till hanging racked in torture, clad with lead,
They shuddered, shrieked, careened, and plunging smashed.
When now at last your golden love aflame
Has loosed your crystal sheath in crumpled heap,
And warm caresses salve your wounded frame
A blissful hour in lulling arms of sleep,
We men who pass but softly smile and bow
To lift with trembling hands your shattered bough.

— Sharon Dinsmore

The Fan Dance

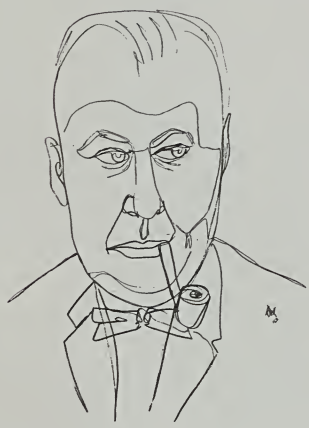
And now, we will watch, you and I, that fan
In the window; those three grimy blades,
When electric passion of the summer evening fades,
May, perhaps, come to life, again.
    You have seen, when I pulled out a cord,
    How what was once an animated maze
    Of heated thoughtless gray, became assorted
    Disparate specks of dinge in discord.
Now, now, lose you cool, and see,
Now, the cooling breeze give breath to three
Separate fans of Red, Green, and Blue;
Now, turning, slowly, no single hue,
And yet not three, begin to play by chance,
Bobbing and weaving, inseparable, the eternal dance.

— Walter Beale

On Looking at a Diamond Through a Jeweler's Glass

With lens in reason's raptured eye I peer
Into that maze of mirrors where the fires
Of ideal light rage coldly blue. The clear
Bright flames have silver tongues, and choirs
Of Sirens sparkle-voiced insist that mind
Is light and therefore might. The mirrors whirl
Infinity of angles. I go blind
With seeing.
A Siren is no girl,
I say, and throw some coal into the fire.
Diamonds are for looking. You may taunt
Me with perfection if you wish, but you're a liar.
Your hall of mirrors is a cheat. I want
The fire. I want the sudden, glowing, rash
Rejoicing. And I'll take the late white ash.

— Judson B. Allen



A Poetic Justification

It is a taste of modern gentry bright
To chew some poems after dinner time,
To shut off music like a bathroom light
And not to fret upon their daily rime.
They associate Imagination most
With female faculties — all sensitive
To things appearing, vanishing or lost
But blind to "real taxes" that outlive.
If moderns strive for scientific life
In patterning — as did Pythagoras
Who whetted a most mathematic knife
To sharp some mystic strains on man's bias,
So does the logic of all poetry
To spring cathartic life in symmetry!

— Augie Ahn

The Inconspicious Grad

by Carrol Johnson

Remember the time that you blithely announced to the class that by taking the initial letter of every eighteenth line of Whitman's "Song of Myself" you had discovered an anagram which, properly deciphered, read "Come back, Bill, all is forgiven"? Well, the girl beside you who you thought had muttered, "There but for the grace of God am I," said just that; she was a graduate student. After your earthshaking announcement you may not have noticed that the prof exchanged a very knowing look with a guy on the other side of the room; he too was a graduate student. If you have ever noticed and thought about any of those knowing glances then you will begin to understand the definition of the term "graduate student." He is one who has willingly chosen to ally himself with the man on the other side of the lectern in the never-ending fight against the creeping undergraduate menace.

To be more specific, a graduate student at Wake Forest is one of that group of about one hundred and forty holders of the degree of Bachelor of Arts or Bachelor of Science who has decided, for reasons known only to himself and the admissions office, to earn a Master's degree. To do this, he is in the process of earning twenty-four hours of graduate credit, passing an examination in one foreign language, and writing a thesis.

Now these may sound like rather simple requirements for a Master's degree, but there are hidden traps along the way. One of the major problems of the graduate student at Wake Forest is the fact that he is often compelled to take classes in the company of (shudder!) undergraduates. There are not enough graduate-level courses in any one department to satisfy the course requirement for the MA degree. Hence, the graduate may spend as many as half his class hours in undergraduate courses.

The graduate student in these undergrad courses lives in mortal fear of the first meeting of the class. After his introductory remarks the professor generally dismisses the class but asks the graduate students present to remain behind for just a moment. After the undergraduates skip merrily out of the room leaving the cringing grads to their inevitable fate, the prof, in a uniquely fraternal gesture, forsakes the Olympian heights of his lectern and moves a few steps closer to the grads. He reminds them that they are graduate students in an undergraduate course (Had they forgotten already?) and that he will, of course, expect a little extra something from them in the way of work. They are then dismissed. This short speech may be translated into the vernacular as follows: "I am hereby giving you fair warning that even though this is going to be an undergraduate course, directed to the undergraduate level; even though I am going to give you no extra attention; even though I shall in no way attempt to motivate you, I am going to expect you to turn out work

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Carrol Johnson is a graduate student in English from Statesville. After graduating from Wake Forest in 1964 he served two years with the Peace Corps in India.

which, both in terms of quantity and quality, will be commensurate with your standing as graduate students."

But, fortunately, this is by no means the total picture. The professor, as hinted at before, is well aware that in a few years the grad student may be operating on his side of the lectern and so will go out of his way to provide each grad student in the class with at least one knowing glance per week.

Every grad student, though, will have at least a few graduate level courses to choose from each semester. These courses are most often set up as seminars in which the professor does not lecture, but rather guides student discussion. Each student is encouraged to bring his special problems, his views, and, occasionally, his ideas to class where everyone can bat them around. In other words, each student is given the opportunity of making a fool of himself in front of everybody, an option which in the undergraduate courses is usually available only to the professor. In some departments, history for one, the seminars rarely meet. The student is expected to use the extra time to work on a term project which will be presented to the entire class in the final weeks of the semester. This is a fun sort of thing to do. Everyone gets to play critic for a day; and, if he is really lucky, he may actually find a point in a peer's paper which he can use for a demonstration of his prowess before the professor at the expense of his fellow student.

Besides a B average in his courses, the graduate student at Wake Forest has two other hurdles to clear. The lesser of the two is the language qualification. By the time the student is granted his MA or MS he is expected to have demonstrated to the satisfaction of one of the language departments that he can, with the use of a dictionary and within three hours, translate some one thousand words of a foreign text into fairly reasonable English prose. The various language departments have set up certain non-credit language courses especially for the grad student. With a view towards keeping him off the streets and away from the dinnertable, the courses are scheduled from 5:00 to 6:15 twice a week. These courses, known generally as the graduate-moron courses, are set up with a dual purpose. For those people who have taken a foreign language exam once and failed it, the courses are intended as fiendish punishment designed to induce the student not to make that same mistake again. For those students who decide not to take the reading exam until after a semester of these sessions, the courses are designed to give the blasé, what-the-hell outlook towards the exam which has been found to be the mental attitude most conducive to a passing mark. There is one bit of advice which any graduate student will freely offer to the aspiring undergraduate. Never ask any questions about the language examination which begin with the word "why." Meaningful discussion of the language qualification totem is strictly taboo.

The major hurdle facing the graduate student is the composition of a thesis. Finding a thesis topic is not nearly so difficult as most people think. At least it is not difficult once one grasps the first principle of thesis topic selection: a thesis topic must not necessarily be good; it just has to be one that no one else has done. Hence, obscurity is the watch-word. Needless to say, as thesis piles on top of thesis, it is getting increasingly hard to find a topic which has not already been worked to death.

Physics grad conducts experiment for thesis.

Graduate student discusses work with faculty adviser.

Grad students will go to almost any length to find the ideal topic. I know one who spends her waking hours counting the number of times the word "bird" appears in the novels of William Styron, hoping desperately that something can be made of this information once it has been gleaned. Other students are at the present time gathering the necessary information to prove to the world that Thomas Love Peacock was a major writer or that Rasputin was a transvestite. It does not matter, you understand, that Peacock was definitely not a major writer or that Rasputin did not own a single feather boa; all that counts is that no one else has ever attacked these particular problems. After the scholar has finally found a thesis topic, the writing of it is one of his lesser tasks.

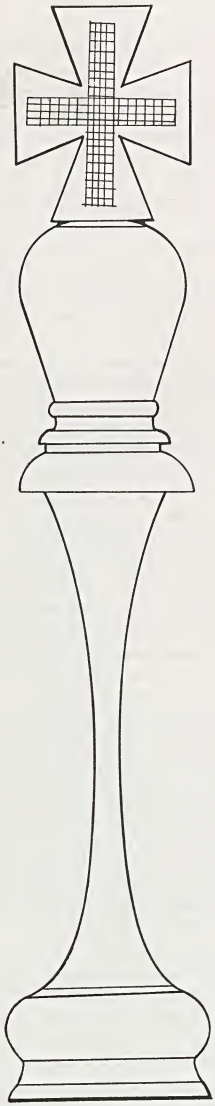
All that the writing actually requires is sequestering oneself in one's carrel for a semester and grinding it out. Did you know that there are carrels in the library? You can see their doors along the walls of the stacks sections. There are a limited number of them, but almost any grad student who wants one can manage to obtain one for his use. They are tiny, airless cells; but they have one great advantage not often seen at Wake Forest: their walls are not made of cinder block.

Well, one spends several months tossing off the *magnum opus*, trying extremely hard to include as much as possible of the varied advice which you have gotten from the three faculty members whom you have talked into reading the completed thesis for you. Of course, it is to be remembered that not one of these readers is going to like the thesis as it stands. Who knows how many times it is going to have to be retyped? But who cares. The end is drawing near.

I certainly do not mean to give the impression that the graduate life is all work and no play. It is impossible, however, to generalize about the social lives of graduate students. I feel that I must give you a little background information about the two types of graduate students: those in the sciences and those in the humanities. So far as I can tell, the science students seem to spend their free time drinking, talking loudly, scratching, playing with slide rules and polishing their attaché cases. Graduate students in the humanities also drink, and they talk too — not loudly but a lot. In fact, a math major once muttered to me that he had the sneaking suspicion that people in the humanities are all talk. This may or may not be true, but it would make a wonderful thesis topic.

Graduate students enjoy parties as much as the next person. Their parties, however, are a little more sedate than the undergraduate variety. After all, professors are often there. Graduate student party talk often concerns the world about them. They are interested in modern American social issues, ("How much does a director in the poverty program make?") and, like normal human beings, they are concerned about Vietnam, ("If they try to send me there I'm going to cut my Achilles' tendons.")

That, basically, is the grad student and his world. He is really no better or worse than the average undergraduate college student — he has just been there a little longer. Perhaps he is getting a little tired of the whole set-up, or, then again, he might be one of those people who is already looking forward to getting his doctorate so that his voice may ring in the academic halls forever.



KING

I am the King. A monarch to whom all the powers of jurisdiction are given by his obedient and faithful subjects. Ha! If they only knew how little power I actually have. Sometimes I feel I have no power at all over the management of my kingdom, and at other times I am convinced of that fact. I am a symbol of power and unity. In me they place great significance, and I feel so insignificant.

Mine is a lonely office. To whom does the monarch turn in his despair? He should show

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Paul Sinal is a January graduate of Wake Forest. He is currently an Instructor in the Department of Classical Languages.

A Short Story by Paul Sinal

strength, and for the sake of his subjects conceal any sign of weakness before it becomes visible. I can, and do, turn to those around me for advice. Mainly, I just use them as a sounding board for my own thoughts, and watch for their reactions to tell me the wisdom of my works. But they just stand there as wooden figures and conceal their thoughts from me. They hear my words with approval. They do my bidding. They are no reassurance whatsoever.

I could isolate myself in my little tower apart from the machinations of the day, apart from the main action. I could withdraw from the dangers that threaten me, but such is self-abnegation, such does not befit a monarch. A leader. Ha! I despise the word. I see others around me with far more ability. Others with more freedom and fewer restrictions placed upon them. And they make me king? Why is my life to be ruled by the accident of my birth? I, the ruler, am ruled more than anyone else.

Soldier at arms! Come to me. You are one of my valued aides. You have stood near me in times of peril and have gone off to fight wars in the field for me when a higher command made me stay behind. You have a talent for going among people discreetly. Your dealings are not straight-forward, but you have never compromised your dignity. Your valor has been proved many times over, and for this I have dubbed thee "Sir."

As you know, my country and my people are at war. I am commissioning you to go to our enemy and tell him that we do not want to fight this war. It is being forced upon us by powers greater than ourselves, and I doubt seriously whether it is to the advantage of either of us and deem it probably against both our desires. There is enough land for both our peoples. It is certainly not over territorial gain that we fight. Is it over ideals that we feud? We were happy once, let it be so again. Or do the gods themselves inflict this war upon us? Are we the mere objects of their sport and folly? If so, let our priests temper them. If the gods suffer from neglect, it is because the priests themselves might fight the wars of state. Or is this war the conflict of race? So what if they are of a different color! Are their bodies not the same shape as ours? Are their motivations not the same, and the ultimate desire the same? Wherefore do we quarrel? I cannot fathom it.

Therefore, hurry unto him now, in your peculiar way. Tell him to cease his attacks against our fortifications and to cease his plots against us, and we shall do the same.

Come to me, Bishop! You are of my wife's church, and I would have word with you. You know my wife; she is a woman of varied abilities. Her interests extend in many directions. When she is not by my side she is out protecting my interests. She is respected by all. She is a comfort to me and a source of great strength. Truly, a fine woman.

But I would talk of other things. Nor would I speak of predestination, although the topic interests me. The gods seem so remote and far-removed at this moment.

My people are at war, and I am at war within. The war without bespeaks another, hidden. Consider first the people. I gaze out of my tower window and behold the outlying peasant village. They go about their tasks. They move straight ahead in life and suffer their individual fates at the hands of other individuals. Are they cognitive of anything beyond the four corners of this earth? Or are they so involved in their own purposes that they have lost sight of a higher purpose? I have often thought that in their own circles they too must be kings. They have their duty to others. They have an ambilvalent position of authority and service and their own constitutions to defend. They weave their intricate little patterns, and none are duplicate. Oh yes, they all start out the same. But their movements are those of individuals, blurred in the whole. Yes, they are kings. But what is a nation of kings? A king is an individual and the peasants are a class. I see them *en masse*, and *en masse* they lose their kingship. I may isolate myself, and they may isolate themselves, but we have engaged in this grand game together.

I have sent them off to war, and they cannot know why, for I myself do not know. Yet they do their duty, and they die, and they die. Their numbers are diminishing.

But so what if they die? There is no fixed terminus for life. It goes on as long as the struggle continues, and no longer. The peasants go off to war. They are the first to be sacrificed. But what did they leave behind? Their stationary, static lives. Their subjugation. Their fields. They work one field and let the other lie fallow, only to see it trampled by the knights. Frustration, a certainty. Submission, a must.

Perhaps it is the dichotomy of life itself that tears me in halves. Or is this dichotomy something I have super-imposed on life? Why must people be assigned compartments of black and white, friend and foe, priest and monarch? If duality pervades the universe, are there two gods? Two heavens? Two hells? Two two's too? Such is ridiculous. Duality is an illusion. A semantic and linguistic illusion. By sheer accident our speech shapes itself as subject-verb-object. And the object is but another subject and the association continues as long as life itself.

Excuse me, Bishop. I have just received word that my messenger to the enemy has fallen in the line of duty. Poor man! What has be become with all his devious maneuverings? Does he not now rank with the dead peasant? You must excuse me now, Bishop, while I withdraw to my chamber. I have enjoyed talking with you.

I am writing this alone now. I am sitting in my private little tower, en-walled in my own thoughts. O Tower! to think that I should be surrounded now in stone. You are my last defense. A dungeon in the sky. I laugh (a hollow laugh) as you grope feebly up at the sky. Did you expect to get to heaven? To see the gods? Do you expect to avoid that pile of stones, which is your ultimate fate? Alas, I feel at one with you, Tower.

My queen is gone! Murdered by the black beasts. She was my strength, my power. Now that she is gone I know my end is near. Oh Queen! I will not profane your memory with words. You were life itself.

Let this, then, be my last will. If ever I have approached truth during this life, it was an accident. If I have guessed rightly in my conjectures of the universe, I know it not. I have borne the heavy scepter as far as I was able, and know that I am not the powers that be.

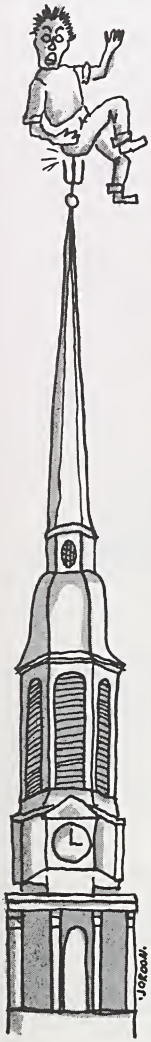
The shadows are very dim now. I am alone. I think I see God in the distance. He is reaching for me. He grasps me in his hand, and looks across at his opponent. "Checkmate," he whispers. ■

Dona Nobis Pacem

Athene trusts to faithful Mars
While learning halts,
But Mars is all for peace
And plays her false.
And Liber leads the Celtic rout
To rape the couch
Of Holychurch, because the watch
Do swordless crouch.

— Judson B. Allen

TO THE POINT



Quote of the Month:
Richard G. Tristman, an English professor at Columbia who was recently fired for giving all of his students "A's" said, "To grade students is, in a sense, to treat them like products in a meat market.

◆

Did you happen to see the visiting Playmate over at the Theta Chi house last month? Sorta shot your faith in Playmates didn't she?

◆

American University in Washington announces its First Annual International Turtle Derby. All the universities in the world are being invited to enter racing turtles to find which university has the fastest. The rules stipulate that during the race turtles may not be encouraged to move faster by greasing their bellies or by being excited by "using sexual stimulation." This seems like a logical race for Wake Forest's turtle-speed student government to enter.

◆

Seems like the College Union is having a pretty rough time with entertainment attractions cancelling out on them. By our last count five different groups have cancelled out on the courageous CU boys. Maybe the time has come to cancel out the College Union?

◆

Regular readers of this column will be happy to know that Mr. Eric Frost has been elected Assistant Chief Boo-Hoo of the Neo-American Church.
No kidding.

◆

Secular City Department:
Nuns in England have been permitted to raise the hemlines of their skirts ten inches — so they will be safer when riding motor scooters.

◆

The William Randolph Hearst Award for Yellow Journalism has been awarded to *The Old Gold and Black.* The award will be given by Mr. T. T. Armenaki in special ceremonies in the Magnolia Room.

◆

Congratulations to Bruce Reeve and Bob Smith, co-winners of the recent WGA bridge contest. Our faith in male superiority is vindicated!

◆

A recent study of one Southern state's penal system revealed that almost half of the persons then in jail in that state were Baptists.

◆

According to our calculations the extra $150 per student that Wake Forest will be charging next year as an "activity fee" ought to pretty well make up the $200,000 or so loss the College incurs each year in athletics. Seems to us that $150 is an awful lot of money to pay for seats at the home games — especially the *three* (count 'em, three) home football games scheduled next year.

A MOD PROPOSAL

by Wallace Finlator

Ever suspected that you have heard the same speech twice in chapel? We have too. Since it seems that most chapel speakers say the same thing anyway, we make the "mod proposal" that the following speech be used by the rest of the speakers on this semester's schedule. It will save them the trouble of writing a speech, and, once you've read it, save you the trouble of going.

The speaker for the day, clad in tennis shoes and madras coat, bounces up to the pulpit, leans long and heavy over the podium so that one languid-tense fist hangs over at the audience. Deep, suffering eyes sweep the chapel congregation.

"I am here," begins the speaker cheerily, "to talk about something that's been bugging me, and you too, I bet, for a long time. Yes, maybe you won't admit it to your closest, palsie-walsiest buddy, but it's true. I know from experience, only I'm not afraid to admit it. And that's what makes the difference between you and me. I'll admit my — what the Germans call *Angst* — and you won't. I'm no coward. I may be sick and stupid and very much afraid of death and all those unknowable last things, but I'm no coward.

"Nobody can say I'm a coward. I remember when somebody did when I was a little boy. I had what modern psychiatry calls a traumatic experience (he pauses here). Jimmy, the next-door neighbor kid, called me a coward — all because I wouldn't sail a paper airplane from the church balcony (He waits for chuckles; the boy in front of me turns to the sports pages of his High Point *Enterprise*. But you know, I just pitied that boy, 'cause he had just manifested how empty and shallow his understanding of cowardice was. He was what the French call *borné*. Because you know cowardice is so much more than that. The word cowardice has a so much fuller, enriching, profounder, and relevant meaning, significance, and implication than that.

"What does it mean? (There is a palpable pause.) It means," continues the speaker in a barely audible

hiss, "it means, in my larger sense, fear of the unknown. Yes, fear of the great unknown. That is what is tearing our veritable innards asunder. These awful things we don't know, that won't let us know them."

Point number one being made, the speaker sweeps quickly through his sparse, meticulously uncombed hair and trips to point two.

"Now I know in these days it is virtually a truism that college students go through their IC's.[1]

The psychologists have made clear to us today how much goes in our minds which we're not even the least bit aware of. Each one of you is privately asking him or herself, whichever the case might be, one is asking what am I doing here? Why am I here? What's all this for? I know. Let me tell you. 'Cause I've asked myself those same questions, too. I've struggled and suffered and cried out in anguish and despair. I admit it! Are you surprised? Are you surprised that I should be letting you in on this? Revealing to you the dark recesses, not school recesses — ha, ha — of my burning soul? I'll tell you even more. I'll surprise, shock, and amaze you even more with my next sentence. (There is a heavy pause in which the speaker sprawls almost full-length across the podium.) Yes, just between you and me and the lamppost, I'm still asking myself these same questions! I'm still asking myself who I am, what I'm doing here, what this dawgone, crazy little old world is all about.

We've lost the numinous dimension. Brokenness, the absense of myth, has become our myth. The facts of our existence have become the problems, a lamentable state of affairs. What are the probs? I'll be direct in answering. The problem in our time, the bane of our being, the matter with our millenium is *Deus in absentia.* We live in the age of *post mortem Dei.* The pressing protestant question, after Kierkegaard, has become "are you *croyant*?

"The medieval dance of the spheres has become the modern *isolato Tango. Imago Deum* has become *Iago Reum.* But are you perhaps wondering if I am not talking over your heads?

"Up to now," continues the speaker for the day, "up to now, I've been pretty general. Now I'm going to get specific. I know it may hurt a little. It hurt me too. But it's gotta be done. Now I'm going to talk about you; about you and your lives and that thing we call, for lack of a better word, life.

"Face it. All the hurly-burly, topsy-turvy nature of the modern existence still can't cover up those root questions. They pop up when we least want them to. Embarrassing isn't it? That's the way they are, those pesky little questions. They don't come at our convenience. They seem to have a will all their very own. What do you do when these hidden realities arise? Do you suppress them, brush them aside like I'm always tempted to do? Do you go drinking beer and engage in sex like so many young college students of today? Is that what you do? I know you are all looking for your MR's[2], your relief through companionship, relief from your anguished soul. But this way?

"If so, you will have discovered how limited in scope, how unsatisfying these quite superficial escapes are, like I did. That's how I know.

"Why are you looking at me like that? I don't know any of the answers. I have only my personal experiences to rely on, and as you well know, personal experiences are never revealing of the whole truth. Yes, the whole truth is what each of you is looking for. Something tangible you can hold onto, and feel as real — feel as real, that's good — something you can clutch in your little hot paws and say 'I know, I know.' You yearn to be able to say, 'Now I have comprehended the whole.'" (Silence reigns supreme in the assembly hall.)

The speaker for the day assumes his most penetrating look.

"At this moment, my young friends, you will, as they say, have lost your innocence. Your encounter will drive you forth from your Garden of Eve. You are now exposed to existence. Your childish shields are ripped, reft, and removed. You stand, naked before life, like Kierkegaard, Buber, and so many others. You are experiencing the human situation in all its hurricane intensity. Your soul will be plagued; your heart and hair torn; your base cleft. You are a house divided against itself. You are alienated, estranged, and alone. And in this moment, yourself almost despising, perhaps, happily, you will think upon . . .

"No, I cannot give the answer. Much as I might like to even if I could. And even if I would, I shouldn't. You will have to blaze your own frontier trail from here.

"I'm here only to put tenderfoots on the right scout trail!"

There is a rustling of papers, then a hub-bub of confusion as the chapel audience, having received its bi-weekly inspiration, goes out to face the world. ■

[1]*The speaker's term for "identity crisis."*

[2]*The speaker's term for "meaningful relationship."*

WAITING IN THE MORNING

Any day now the doctor says. Any day now the old man will breath fast a couple of times, relax, roll sideways off that old armless wooden rocker and thump on the porch as he falls. I've been waiting patiently, too.

Rocking back and forth, back and forth. Day after day that same slow, unending creaking. When the creakings stopped, he will have stopped: run down like a great grandfather clock. Then I can be on my way; I never meant to stay so long.

"Old man? — Say, old man?"

"Yeh?"

"Would you like some coffee? I can smell it. It must be made by now."

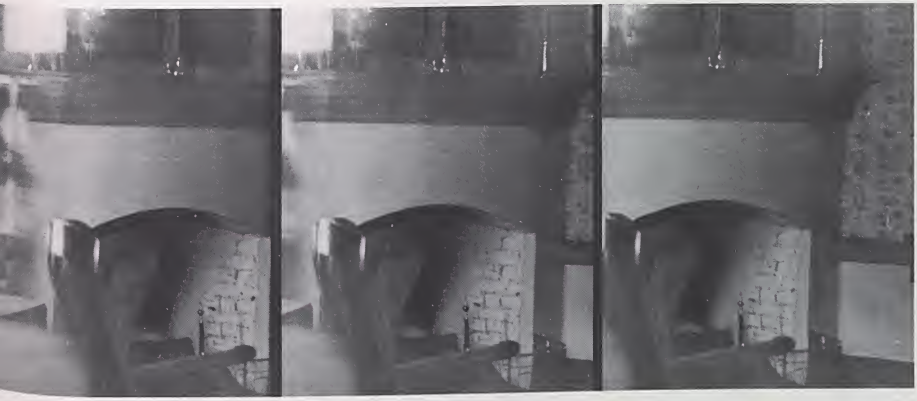
"Yes — coffee."

So I'll get up for the coffee and put a little brandy in it. The folks told me he liked that when the weather was crisp.

"Son, I'm sorry. I mean it's bad for you to stay here with me. But a elk will come. Any minute now. I'll shoot him, clean in the heart. Then we'll both go join Chris and the children. It'll be a proud day, then. You know I never shot one of those — a elk I mean."

"Sure we'll go. Any day now. Let me go in for coffee."

Of course I could tell him there'll be no elk. He must think he's in Michigan. And he'll not see Chris because any minute he's going to fall off that rocker onto the floor. Chris shouldn't have left;



fiction by Jason Andros

no son ought to leave. Hell, you stupid old fool, don't you know I'm being paid for this? Paid to watch what no one else will. Why don't you just die? Then it'll be all over for you.

"I'm goin' inside now, old man. Be right back."

I can't stand this place! Why didn't I just keep moving? If I'd gone on to the next farm . . . But there ain't no farm . . . Just woods . . . I should have left with Chris, damn it! Screen door with a ball of cotton stuck on it with a hair pin. Stinking thing's suppose to keep bugs away. But it's not going to keep no flies away. They smell you rotting, old man . . . If this floor screeches again, so help me God I'll scream. How Chris ever managed to live in this place, even now with the depression . . . And this fool stove: all it wants is wood and more wood, none of it even chopped. Nothing fit to eat. The coffee's even bad. For God's sake, you old fool, go on and die!

"Here's your coffee. I put a little brandy in it. Watch you don't burn yourself."

Now I have to watch him drink it. It's going to get in his beard. If he fell now, I'll bet that coffee would spill all over me.

"Young man, go get Chris for me."

"Chris is gone. And you know that."

"Gone to town? Well, bring Katy. I've got somethin' to tell her.

"She can't come now old man. Maybe she can later when she's not so busy." *He doesn't even remember they're gone . . . no, he knows it. I know the lonely old fool knows it.*

"Katy's busy with the kids, eh? She's a good wife. You know that? You should do as good as my Chris."

"Yeh, Chris is lucky all right."

"Say, son . . . Ed, why ain't you out doing chores? Hired men are hired, you know . . . even if we can't give you more than food an' a place to stay. Chris oughtn't to feed you an' let you sit around all day just drinkin' coffee with me."

"It's Sunday old man. No work today." *Of course it's Friday. And I am doing my job, you poor old fool. Come on now just one big convulsion. You'd be doing both of us a favor. Both of us.*

Lord, it's chilly out here. The mist — there it goes melting away. Just like back home before I left. Same bridge . . . same woods . . . same house and fields, almost . . . almost the same old man setting around waiting to die. A old man should just disappear. Nobody deserves to live that long. Miserable old fool, there ain't been elks here since there was Indians.

"Son, did I ever tell you about elk?"

"No, pop, you didn't." *Of course you told me: yesterday, the day before, and the day before that. Every morning since I come over that bridge a week ago you told me.*

"Well, see, I never shot a elk. Never. Oh, I shot deer, and bear and almost ever'thin'. But not a elk. Ever'body ought to shoot one . . . a big stag, two thousand pounds, with a rack like a black oak tree . . ."

"That's why you sit out here ever' mornin'. To shoot elk."

"Hmmh."

"Pops, there are no . . ."

"Hush, boy. I'm talkin'. Any mornin' now one's gonna come trapsin' out of them woods, pretty as you please. Then I'm goin' to shoot him square in the heart. Lord, won't Chris be surprised when he comes back from town! He'll say, 'My old man done that. He's just as good a shot as he used to be.'"

Hell, he dropped the coffee cup.

"Old man, want more coffee? Can't you hold on to anythin'? Put your hands on your knees so you'll quit shakin'."

"No. No more . . . Did you know I'm dyin', son? I know. Soon as the doctor come, I knowed. Never had a doctor before. I guess Chris and Katy and the kids know too."

"Yes, we all know, old man."

"Son . . . son, that's why I'm gonna sit out here in this chair in the mornin' and shoot a elk. Never shot one before, did I tell you that? I learned about elks a little too late. So that's why I gotta get one. Some things you never learn too late. Remember that, son."

"I'll remember, pops." *Go on and shoot! Shoot a rabbit and I'll swear it was a elk, and then you can die. You poor old fool!*

"This gun, did I ever tell you about it? I bought it back in '95, right after they come out. Right here I got my name engraved. Says, 'To Ollie Johnson, from Ollie Johnson. For shootin' elks. Christmas, 1895.' You see I gave it to myself. I'd let you see it, but that elk might walk out of them woods any minute now. Then I wouldn't have no gun to shoot with. I hope you understand, boy."

"Yeh, I understand."

"Old man, you want somethin'? I'm goin' back inside to get my jacket."

"Just a tad of apple brandy son. Just a tad."

I guess those dried-up old fingers supposed to show how much he wants. What does it matter? He'll spill it before he gets it down anyway.

The jug, where'd I put the jug. Oh. And a glass, two dried-up, rotting fingers deep. That's how much you get old man. Funny . . . the screeching old chair's stopped. Old man, are you . . .? He's standing up, stooped over, aiming at . . . My God! It's a doe!

Kkracht!

"Old man, you just shot a . . ."

He missed the chair!

"I got him son, I got him. By God, I got him. Did you see that? Big as life he come out and I got him! . . . Raise me up so's I can see him. Is he kickin' or did I hit him square?"

"You hit him square, pops." *What the hell am I saying?* "I'd raise you up, but he's hid in the tall grass down by the creek and you can't see him."

"Clean and straight! Quick, help me up son!"

"Just lie still, an' . . ."

"Lie still? No, help me up! Hurry, I want to see him!"

"Well, here. Easy, lean on me. No, no. Let's not try to go down the steps. You might fall."

"Yeh. Let's go. Gimme your arm. I want to see him!"

What the hell can a fella say? How can you make a doe look like a elk?

"Don't get so excited, old man. You're shakin' like a leaf. It's just a . . ."

"It's not just a anythin', boy! It's a elk. And when Chris gets home I'll . . ."

"Don't get so excited, old man. You'll kill yourself." *Quit jerkin', damn you! I can't hold you up no longer. Easy, old father. Lie still. Wait, I'll get the brandy . . . Don't worry, old man — you hit him square. Don't die old man. Don't die, please don't an' . . .* ■

A UNIVERSITY LIBRARY?

Open stacks for searching and studying.

A book is readied for circulation.

An old cliché has it that the Library is the heart of a university. Wake Forest's "heart," housed in one of the most confusing buildings on campus, is already working for the achievement of its own university status — not in any outer recognition, but in actual fact. The changes have been so gradual that many have been almost unnoticed, but in the last few years the Z. Smith Reynolds Library has been growing toward the fulfillment of a dream of quality and accessibility.

The dream belongs to Dr. Merrill C. Berthrong, Wake Forest's Director of Libraries, who considers the library "one of two indispensible resources" for higher learning. A university must have a good faculty; it must also have a good library. With these two (and adequate laboratories) it has the facilities to pursue the truth "wherever it leads."

Dr. Berthrong believes that students should see, handle, and use all the books possible. Open stacks, browsing lounges, and study desks in the stacks show that he also has faith in the maturity and responsibility of those who use them. His faith has been justified: From an inventory taken last summer he estimates that only about 300-500 books are missing, a "tolerable loss" in an imperfect world.

According to Dr. Berthrong the Library is now "a good college library for a school of this size," but the graduate program will require more specialized materials. The two current strong points are the Baptist Collection and the North Carolina Collection. Tentative beginnings have been made in the collection of the works of certain selected authors, like William B. Yeats. There is already an extensive Thomas Wolfe collection. The aim in this field is not the acquisition of museum pieces to be displayed under glass. It is, rather, the accumulation of materials which could be used by the graduate student in writing his thesis.

The task of repairing.

A university is a place where questions are frequently raised and sometimes answered. One answer leads to more questions, and the finding of one book may also lead to a dozen others. Dr. Berthrong feels that "A student in a college such as this will probably never again in his life have such an opportunity to handle books, to become exposed to them, as now." All the Library's new openness and freedom is designed to "entice students," and to encourage them to use what should be a vital part of their education. If the basis of a university is its library, then students who want to be a university must demand and use a first-class "heart." ■

Periodicals for research and browsing.

Graduate student uses microfilm reader.

Continuity for the picture story was written by Becky Wall, junior English major from Asheboro. Pictures are by THE STUDENT'S *Photography Consultant, John Daughtry.*

Bob Beamer, Manager

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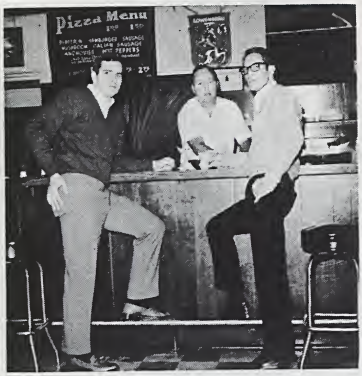

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MOVIES:

A Judgment

by D. J. Lemza

Let's just say that the moviegoer is not being treated well these days. The onslaught of junk without motive and reason has been at an abnormally high level. Most movies now look like carbon copies of *What's New Pussycat?* and all seem to star Ursala Andress, Peter Sellers, Peter O'toole or Julie Andrews. Not only has Hollywood reached a peak of boredom, but the works of the phalanx of foreign moviemakers (once considered the last hope of the cinema) have also gone sour in attempts to reach a wider audience.

However, in the midst of all this junk, there are a few flicks which are successful in the major areas in which a movie must be judged: the quality of its story, direction, and acting.

Some films such as *The Knack* and *La Dolce Vita* get by without the aid or hindrance of a formal plot. Others, such as *Virginia Woolf* explore one situation closely until the situation envelopes and consumes the viewer. That the plot need not be fresh or even palatable, is shown by Andy Warhol's *Chelsea Girls* in which everyone has some type of perversion, but the handling of the plot and the honesty with which it is treated in its production are what counts. It is on just this point that too many movies fall apart.

Movies are so constructed in their dialogue, picture composition, editing, movement of actors, and general supervision, that the individual craftsmanship of many people is necessary, but there is only one boss on the assembly line — the director — and his ability, or lack of it, can make or break a film. With his immense power to create a story and transfer it to the screen, the director holds the key to audience reaction. Direction can be sloppy (Terence Young's *Thunderball*) or tight (Sidney Fury's *Ipcress File*), omnipresent (any Richard Lester film) or intensely personal (Sidney Lumet's *The Pawnbroker*). In fact, the director's job is to keep the audience under control; and when he falls short the audience lapses into boredom and the film becomes a flop.

Finally there is the matter of acting. The superior actor's contribution to a film is measured in more than monetary units. For examples, take a look at Burton's beef-up of *Virginia Woolf*, Paul Newman's single-handed rescue of *The Outrage*, Rod Steiger's brilliant performance in *The Pawnbroker*, and Paul Scofield's portrayal of the wise and virtuous Sir Thomas More in *A Man For All Seasons*.

Movies have come a long way in story, direction, and acting since a western bandit fired a shot into the audience point-blank in the 1905 production of *The Great Train Robbery*, and so has the fine art of looking at a flick. Get some fun in your life, and see a movie tonight!

RECORDS:

Think Classical

by Richard Fallis

So you're finally fed up with the Beatles, sick of Bob Dylan, and even becoming a little jaded by Dave Brubeck. How about some classical records for your collection? "But," you say, "classical records are expensive and how do I know I will buy something I like?" Leave it to THE STUDENT to help you out.

To aid the buyer who wants a basic collection of classical recordings, but who isn't sure which records to buy and who wants to save some money while enjoying good music, the following list of recordings (all available in mono or stereo) has been compiled:

Bach: *The Brandenburg Concerti;* Karl Ristenpaart conducts the Saar Chamber Orchestra (Nonesuch).

Bartok: *Concerto for Orchestra;* Fritz Reiner conducts the Chicago Symphony (Victrola).

Beethoven: *String Quartets #1 and #9;* The Lenox Quartet (Dover).

Beethoven: *Piano Sonatas #8, #14, #23;* Rudolph Firkusny, pianist (Pickwick).

Beethoven: *Symphony #3;* Pierre Monteux conducts the Vienna Philharmonic (Victrola).

Beethoven: *Symphony #7;* Sir Adrian Boult conducts the London Promenade Orchestra (Vanguard).

Brahms: *Symphony #1;* Josef Krips conducts the Vienna Festival Orchestra (Vanguard).

Chopin: *Four Ballades;* Gary Graffmann, pianist (Victrola).

Debussy: *La Mer;* Charles Munch conducts the Boston Symphony Orchestra (Victrola).

Haydn: *Symphonies #103 and #104;* Mogens Woldike conducts the Vienna Opera Orchestra (Vanguard).

Mozart: *The Marriage of Figaro;* Soloists, Chorus, and Orchestra of the Dresden Opera conducted by Otmar Suitner (Seraphim).

Mozart: *Piano Concerti #20 and #24;* Dennis Matthews, pianist, with the Vienna Opera Orchestra conducted by Hans Swarowsky (Vanguard).

Mozart: *Symphonies #29 and #41;* Sir John Barbirolli conducts the Halle Orchestra (Vanguard).

Puccini: *Madame Butterfly;* Soloists, Chorus, and Orchestra of the Rome Opera conducted by Erich Leinsdorf (Victrola).

Rachmaninoff: *Piano Concerto #2;* Byron Janis, pianist, with the Boston Symphony Orchestra under Charles Munch (Victrola).

Schubert: *"Trout" Quintet;* Jan Panenka, pianist, with the Smetana Quartet (Crossroads).

Stravinsky: *The Rite of Spring;* Pierre Boulez conducts the French National Radio Orchestra (Nonesuch).

Tschaikowsky: *Piano Concerto #1;* Emil Gilels, pianist, with the Chicago Symphony under Fritz Reiner (Victrola).

Tschaikowsky: *Violin Concerto;* Henryk Szeryng, violinist, with the Boston Symphony under Charles Munch (Victrola).

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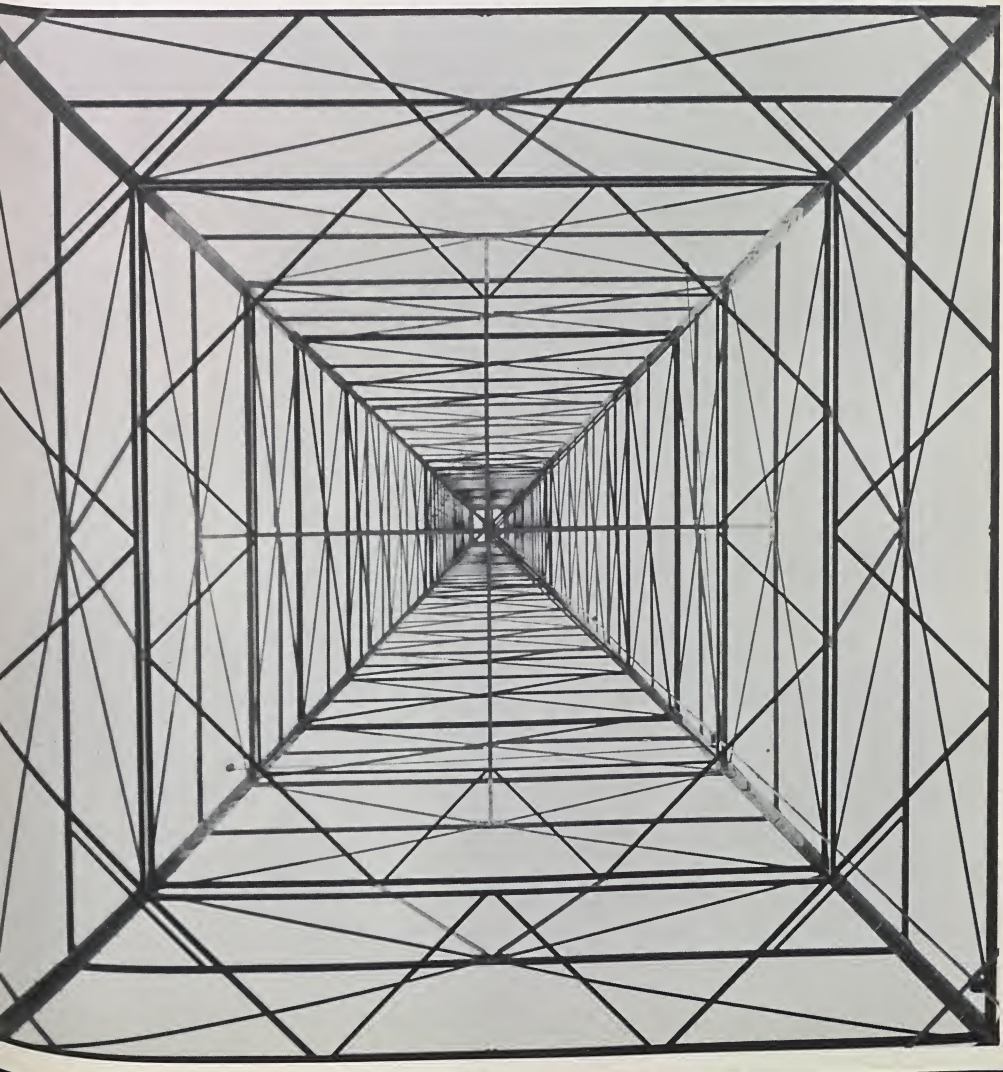

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THE STUDENT

April, 1967 • Vol. 80 No. 4

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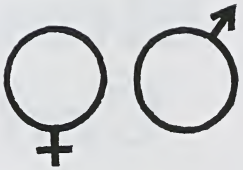

Our Cover: This striking photograph, made looking up through the WFDD tower, is by John Daughtry, whose work is featured on pages 17-20 of this issue.

See page 21.

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Editorial

Turning Profit to Service

Griping about high prices at campus businesses has been a pastime at Wake Forest for years. And perhaps no campus business has come in for more criticism than the College Book Store.

There is no denying that service and selection at the Book Store are excellent; there is also no denying that prices are high. They must be this way, argues manager Richard T. Clay, if the Book Store is to make a profit.

But is it really necessary for the Book Store to make a large profit? Is the College Book Store supposed to act as a service to the Wake Forest community or as a profit-maker for Wake Forest College, which owns it? At the moment, the Book Store is attempting to do both. Its rather healthy profits (amounting to around $75,000 in a recent year) are justified by the College administration as a contribution to the College's general operating fund. But the Book Store's profits account for only about one percent of the College's income in an average year, while at the same time Book Store prices continue to deflate student pocketbooks.

It would seem that if the Book Store is to be an integral part of the College's operation, it should provide service to the College community first and profit to the College second. Perhaps one solution to the present problem, and one way of expressing the Book Store's basic nature as a service organization, would be to transform it into a Book Store Co-operative.

Under this scheme, students would pay a certain fee to join the Book Store Coop and then receive a 10% rebate at the end of each year for their purchases in the Book Store.

As an illustration of how this might work, let's assume that the average student spends $100 a year in the Book Store and Sundry Shop. Thus in a four-year college career, he will spend $400 in the two stores. Now if he pays $10 to join the Coop, and receives $40 in rebates, he will be $30 ahead at the end of four years. Of course it is true that by giving this rebate to its students the College would stand to lose about half of the profits it makes each year off the Book Store, but it would seem that an institution with an annual operating budget in the millions could easily afford to cut this relatively small sum from its income.

This sort of cooperative venture has been tried with success at several other institutions. It has been most spectacularly successful at Harvard, whose Coop has recently had to build a four story annex to accomodate its customers.

A Wake Forest Coop would probably not need to build an annex any time soon, but its lowered prices would surely please the students who feel their purses are now being pinched. And, what is more important, the Book Store would become an operation whose first concern would more truly be service to the Wake Forest community.

— rcf

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TRAVEL:

Europe Cheap

by Bob Clark

Europe?
On my budget?
Why not?

A trip to Europe is still not as cheap as a trip to Myrtle Beach, but every year it becomes a little cheaper, and every year thousands more college students go. To help prod you into the decision to go on and go, this column and the one next month will contain hints on how to go on your budget.

The most expensive part of the trip is still the transportation from New York to Europe. Airline and shipping fares are down, but they are still expensive. However Icelandic Airlines will fly you from New York to Luxembourg this summer for $389 round trip. You won't fly in great luxury on Icelandic, but the line has an outstanding safety record; and since all Icelandic flights to and from Europe stop in Rekyavik, the capital of Iceland, you do get a stopover in a country few Americans have visited thrown in free of charge.

The student ship *Aurelia* provides a relatively inexpensive ocean voyage for those who want it. The *Aurelia's* fare is a bit more than Icelandic's and the accomodations are not exactly luxurious, but the chance to sail to Europe with hundreds of other college students (ship-board romance and all that) is something to think about.

But a warning: because the *Aurelia* and Icelandic Airlines provide about the most inexpensive regularly scheduled transportation to Europe, they are booked up early. For information on Icelandic Airlines, write to their American office at Rockefeller Plaza, New York. For information on the student ship, write to the Council on Student Travel, 777 United Nations Plaza, New York. But you'd better write fast; the Icelandic office informs us that they are already just about full for the month of June, going to Europe.

And while you're checking into ways to get to Europe, don't forget to begin planning for the trip. Remember, you'll need a passport, light-weight luggage, easily laundered clothing, and all that.

Next month: some places to stay once you're there.

MOVIES:

Observing What?

by D. J. Lemza

A couple of months back, I went with a friend to a midnight showing of Fellini's "La Dolce Vita." Walking into the dimly lit theater, I recognized a large portion of the College's male population sitting in the audience. I said to my friend, "This is great. At last some people are interested in films." My friend agreed, and we sat down to enjoy the semi-documentary on the Roman jet-set filmed by Fellini. The management decided to show the film with an intermission; and although this ruined the film somewhat, it gave me a chance to observe the reactions of my classmates. I gasped for air as I saw 90% of the viewers sleeping (the other 10% were in the first couple of rows engaged in waving flags and devising new names to call Marcello Mastroianni). Stunned as I was, I enjoyed the rest of the movie but was very disturbed. The next day the student viewers' reactions were not much improved. Examples: "I came to see a skin-flick and not symbolism, and it grossed me out." "It grossed me out, and anyway I believe what Dino says (another Bosley Crowther): 'If you can't understand it, why make it!'"

Needless to say, the College Union has enough problems with its own organization without having to organize some time of police force for its own film showings. While participating in a recent showing of "The Guns of Navarone," I heard one brawny young man roar his head off during the credits, showing that he preferred the MGM lion to Columbia's woman and torch. Also, between the showings of this movie, the wildest charge of young bulls occurred since the buffalo stampede in "How the West Was Won." This caused one visitor in the projection booth to remark: "If I ran the movie, I'd throw them out!" But this would not solve the problem of observation.

The point of contention, I believe, is not whether one likes or dislikes a movie but whether or not he is able to recognize what is happening on the screen. To a careless observer, bad movies become great movies ("What's New Pussycat?") and good movies are destroyed (most of the Orson Welles' films recently shown). Understanding the moviemaker is like appreciating music: liking of the composer's work should come after a realization of what he is trying to express. Many people did not like "Virginia Woolf" because they thought that household problems should be dealt with in the house and not on the screen. Many movie-goers say, "Entertainment must reign supreme, and only enjoyment can be allowed." In a way I agree, but these people block themselves from the cinema's best potential to express life.

Yet, on goes the endless train of remarks which point either to ignorance or blindness on the part of the speakers (That Ann-Margaret was great! Just like a Doris Day-Rock Hudson movie. Clean sex!) It seems to me that most of the audiences that frequent movie theaters today are there for something other than that for which the movie was intended.

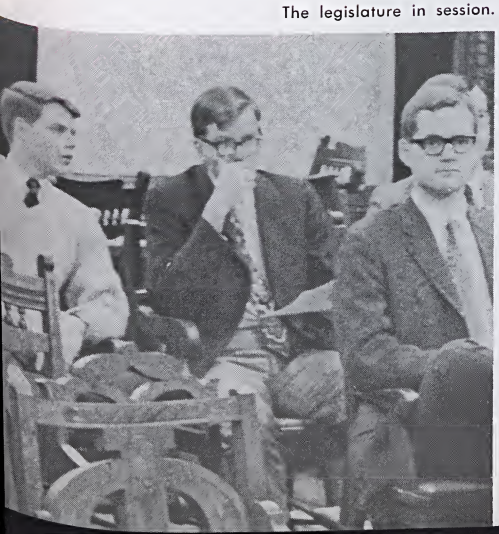
A Cure

Mess in

for the Room 230

by Tim Brown

The legislature in session.



"Leadership? I doubt if Student Government knows the meaning of the word!"

"Our Student Government hasn't done anything in so long some students aren't even aware that it exists."

Many students agree, as the above statements attest, that the Wake Forest Student Government as a dynamic and constructive legislative body is something of a farce. The principle reason for this ineffectuality is the decentralized and, to a certain extent, chaotic organization of this body. In addition, the Student Government has been plagued by a succession of somewhat passive student body presidents, elected by a constituency disillusioned by the caliber of leadership available to it. As a result of this lack of leadership, potential solutions are stymied at the committee stage of the legislative process. Thus students are unable to present a united front in support of specific constructive programs to the College's administration.

In short, Student Government needs a major revaluation and reorganization. Since a turnover is presently occurring in the College administration, now is the time for Student Government to act.

For the Wake Forest Student Government to rebuild itself into an effective organization, it must begin at its electoral foundation, the party caucuses and campaigns. First, party organizations should be tightened up. As it now stands, anyone, regardless of his party affiliation, may attend a party caucus (for a small fee in the case of the BPOC and for nothing in the case of the SAM). Any practical politician should realize that a concentrated effort by the opposition at a caucus could result in the selection of an inferior candidate whom the opposition felt it could defeat. For example, in this election three SAM members, one a candidate for a class office, literally joined the BPOC to "help" in the selection of BPOC candidates.

It has also been suggested that the Constitution be amended to permit rising juniors to be elected to the office of president. This would, perhaps, eliminate the complacent attitude of the typical Student Government president who, as a second semester senior, tends to lose interest in his position. In conjunction with this proposal, it has been suggested by past student leaders that the terms of Student Government officers should run from February to February.

Tim Brown, sophomore of Richmond, Va., is editor-elect of THE STUDENT.

A dynamic student government?

Others have suggested that the president and vice-president should be paid salaries for their work. This would, some feel, attract a higher caliber of candidate, not one who accepts the job because, as a former president said, "It will look good on my record whether I do anything or not." It is also maintained that such remuneration would encourage the appearance of candidates who do not fit into what has been called "the Wake Forest mold."

But other factors have been blamed for the appearance of candidates who conform to this mold. Dr. Jack Fleer of the Political Science Department has remarked that the likeness of candidates is due more to the lack of diversity within the student body than to the selection process of the parties. But it is true, on the other hand that the selection of candidates for both parties tends to be dominated by the fraternities (Lambda Chi, Kappa Alpha, and Sigma Chi in the case of BPOC and Kappa Sigma and Theta Chi in the case of SAM) whose members make up sizeable elements within the parties.

Several improvements can be made in the generally dull nature of the campaigns. For instance, who cares whether one party or the other favors trivial things such as ice machines for the men's dorms or barbecue pits for the women's dorms? Basically, the campaigns should deal with more important issues. As Dr. Fleer has remarked, "The campaign debate should be more relevant to the College and the community. The administration could not fail to recognize a student government or a student campaign which discussed issues involving the conduct of College affairs." Campus political parties need to recognize that College policies are not sacrosanct. In addition, Dr. Fleer advocates a change in the conduct of the campaigns. He supports "more open campaigning, such as mock rallies in the dorms" and other conscious efforts to enthuse and involve the student body in political activities.

At present, all the constituency has to rely on for information about the candidates are the campaign speeches in Chapel and a single bull session in which the candidate comes to the dorm room to plead his case. Chapel speeches may be easily rigged to achieve the required dramatic effect and only a pitiful few issues are mentioned in the bull sessions which usually last about ten minutes and seem to be designed so that the candidate can impress everyone with his taste in clothes. In sum, campaign debate is too structured to be meaningful.

The presidential candidate should present a specific and well developed plan of action during the campaign. Too many leaders take office with no idea of what policies to advocate and therefore become weak executives, in spite of any potential previously shown. If a program is previously planned the office of president can be converted into a powerful post, for the president will be able to sway legislators to his position.

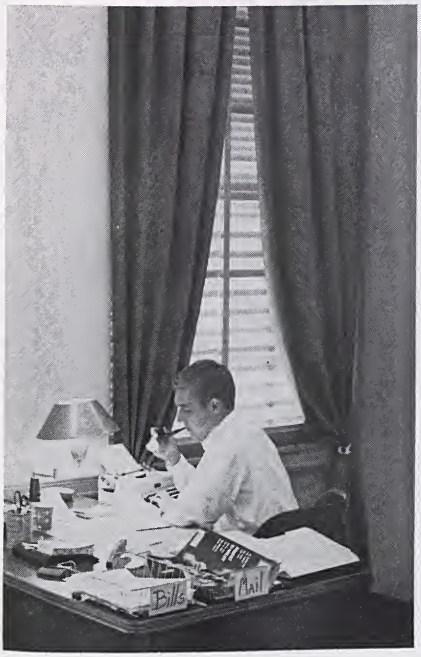
A restructuring of the electoral procedures of the legislature has also been suggested. An outgoing student leader has proposed that the legislature consist of class officers and a set number of delegates from each dorm. Also, the idea of allowing organization such as the MRC, IFC, and ISC to send representatives chosen from their membership to the legislature has been suggested. A danger in this plan is that block voting could paralyze the legislature completely.

Whatever the representation formula, it is evident that Student Government must be an all inclusive organization if it is to survive. For example, from the student's point of view, the MRC will soon have the potential to control the entire campus including Student Government (especially since it has received administration backing to the tune of $32,000).

At the present time, too much in-fighting exists among the bodies which possess student power. For example, the *Old Gold and Black* continually

criticizes Student Government for what usually can be considered trivial matters. A policy should be devised which would allow both organizations to actively deal with administration rebuffs. One way to achieve this is for Student Government to give the *Old Gold and Black* advance notice of the proposals to be made to the administration. Any journalist is delighted to have news served to him on a silver platter. With this advance notice, the *Old Gold and Black* can propagandize Student Government's position and thus raise support for the proposals. Then, if administration opposition appears, Student Government and the *Old Gold and Black* can bring concentrated pressure to bear until a possible compromise is achieved.

It is general knowledge among student leaders that it is the policy of the administration to encourage as much disagreement and disorganization as is possible among student groups. However, the balance of disorganization previously achieved has now been disrupted by the support given the MRC. If Student Government incorporates MRC demands into its own it will be in a position to achieve results instead of just talk. As Dr. Fleer has correctly noted, Student Government has "a problem because of the centralization of leadership in the administration; few points of access exist."



Pate works for what?

Actually, the reason student leaders receive vague answers is because no one but the President of the College and the Board of Trustees has any real power. What can student leaders expect from a member of the administration who cannot speak authoritatively on the policy of the College?

Student Government should structure its demands in order to achieve something worthwhile. A worthwhile goal for Student Government would be the placing of representatives on relevant faculty committees including Curriculum, Student Affairs, Absences, Athletics, Buildings and Grounds, Orientation, Publications, and the Schedule Committee. The placing of student on these committees would aid in overcoming the charge of institutional hypocrisy which has been levelled against the Wake Forest administration for its practice of claiming that Student Government represents a manifestation of maturity and yet not allowing the students to have a voice in affairs which affect them directly.

It would also be of value to revamp the committee structure of the Legislature as it now stands in the constitution. For example, the duties of such standing committees such as College Development, Community Relations and Student Relations could easily be fulfilled by a single committee with a broader definition of powers. In light of their achievements, the other standing committees, School Spirit, Communications, Student Facilities, and Intercollegiate Activities are of dubious value as individual committees. Actually, the Student Body president needs committees specifically designed to impliment his program. Committees such as the above tend to become institutionalized and bogged down in unimaginative solutions and programs each year. A committee to devise a set of student proposals for the revision of the curriculum, for example, would be capable of producing an imaginative and also relevant program.

If the above suggestions are put into practice, a dynamic and productive student government will result.

Old Gold and

★ ★ "Covers The Campus Like The Magnolia

Students Indifferent

ors 'Fed Up'

Legislature Passes Motion To Probe OG&B Charges

Legislature Drafts Resolution

Pate's Proposal Receives Endorsement, Criticism

Mos

The feud which has been brewing for the past few years between the leaders of the student government and the campus newspaper seems to be growing more intense, and I feel that the time has come for a definition of the problem involved and an attempt at its solution.

As the Publications Board is now set up, the *Old Gold and Black* and other publications are allowed as much freedom of the press as a college can allow. The editors and business managers are elected by the outgoing board and are approved by the faculty publications committee. After their election, editors cannot be removed except by the college trustees.

Brooks Stillwell is a junior political science major from Savannah, Ga. He is editor-elect of the HOWLER.

The question which faces campus leaders is whether the newspaper, which is supported by student fees, should be subject to any kind of student control. I believe that the problem can be resolved only after we examine more closely what the function of a newspaper is, and whether the *Old Gold and Black* fulfills this function.

A newspaper, in the opinion of *Old Gold* co-editor-elect Henry Bostic, Jr., exists for two purposes: "to supply the readers with impartial, uncolored facts about the happenings which directly or indirectly affect them, and to interpret, comment, and make suggestions concerning this news." The fact that *Old Gold* has won fifteen consecutive All-American awards seems to indicate that this professional definition of functions has been consistently upheld.

Black

★

Can Student Politicians Live With It?

by Brooks Stillwell

To these functions, however, student government leaders would add another: the newspaper should speak responsibly as a representative of the college. It is this responsibility which the leaders charge is not being fulfilled. As MRC president-elect Doug Twiddy has said, "This isn't a college paper — it isn't responsible to anyone but its own staff."

The point that everyone seems to miss is that *Old Gold* is not designed to be a "representative of the college"; it is supposed to be a newspaper. Co-editor-elect Ralph Simpson points out that "if student leaders here wish a different concept of journalism, they can't call it a newspaper. If they want it to be an arm of the Legislature or of the College administration, they must call it the *Wake Forest Organ.*"

Journalism professor Bynam Shaw agreed with Simpson: "The *Old Gold* should be as professional as possible. Unless journalism students learn professional journalism on campus, they will not be able to perform as professionals in later life." Thus, in the opinion of the journalists themselves, they can perform much more competently later if they are allowed to learn in a realistic situation (where there is no real control over editorial policy).

I believe that the solution to the feud is for student leaders to accept the *Old Gold and Black* as they will have to accept professional newspapers in later life. For what purpose does student government serve if it is not to train politicians? And how could a realistic situation exist if the politicians could control the press? What good does college training do for rising politicians if they can be free of fear of the press?

The existence of a "professional" newspaper gives politicians the opportunity to learn the ropes of political maneuvering. It gives them the opportunity to learn how to use a newspaper, whether friendly or hostile, as an efficient tool of communication. It is in college that they should learn that a good politician uses newspapers to his advantage; he should not allow newspapers to use him to promote their causes.

In an open disagreement between politician and journalist, it should be remembered that the politician is always at the advantage, since he must do something before the newspaper can print anything. He is always in a position to seize the offensive.

There is only one drawback to having a truly "professional" relationship. It places the more able combatant at a great advantage. I believe that if our student leaders would stop bickering and start working in a realistic manner, they could compete in a very satisfactory manner with a good newspaper. If they refuse to accept the terms of the "professional" relationship, they are only admitting their inability to compete.

Accepting the *Old Gold and Black does not* mean catering to its demands. Accepting the *Old Gold does not* mean agreeing with its editors. Accepting the *Old Gold does* mean a much higher level of training for all campus leaders.

SNAG

by Peter Lane

From Berkeley to Harvard, student unrest has been sweeping the country. We take you now to the campus of a well known Southern quasi-university where a group of student leaders has gathered to discuss ways of gaining student power.

"I want an ice machine in every dorm," demanded Poke. "Independents need them for their, uh, identity."

"They need that, all right," said Renny Promise, smiling cynically. "But we fraternity men need identity, too." We want off-campus fraternity houses."

"Fraternity houses! You want fraternity houses! Well, in my opinion, you need to recruit some men

Peter Lane is the pseudonym of two well-known observers of the campus scene.

for your fraternities before you demand off-campus houses. How do you think six hundred women like to sit in their rooms seven days a week waiting for real men to be admitted to this college?" shouted Mandy Nun, leader of the female constituency.

The first SNAG (Student Non-Violent Action Group) meeting had begun. The organization was the brainchild of student leaders who had decided the time had come to get together and talk out their problems.

Warren Tate banged on the table and asked for order.

"Well," he drawled, "we seem to have some diverse opinions here. But at least we have some opinions for a change."

A young lady in the corner, dressed in bright yellow, interrupted. "That's why I'm here, Warren," she said. My newspaper, The *Old Mould and Slack*, is tired of forming all the activist opinions on this campus. We've been doing all your work for you. Look at my hands! They're worn to the nubs from conflict."

"Well, Miss Slinger, better that you're for us than against us," replied Warren Tate.

"Yeah, for a change," muttered Bray Flemrick.

"Listen here, Bray, we stand for truth and light! What does your College Union stand for?" snapped Maud Slinger.

"Cool it, you two," said President Tate. "We all agree that there have to be some changes made. We have to work together. We need action, not talk. That's why we've invited Pal McFluffy. He's the greatest activist on campus. His underground, 769, hasn't accomplished anything, but it has at least been active. Take it, Pal."

"Well, first of all, you guys will have to fill me in. I spend all my time being an activist and I don't really know what your problem is."

"My problem is the Men's Residence Corps," answered Poke Snith. "I'm president of the largest group on campus, but I can't get anywhere. Too many people want to be independent and I just study. They did promise to give our program thought if we could get a wall to sit on, like the group. They just want to stay in their rooms and unless we tear down the bookstore. And, too, we PiKAs have got. But there aren't any walls left, can't organize them. They don't want to be a

need more furniture for our lounges. Goodwill has given us two and a half chairs, but that doesn't go too far with my army of twelve hundred.

"Why don't some of your men join fraternities?" interjected Renny. "Then they'd have a wall and furniture and status and parties and pins."

"They just aren't fraternity material," snapped Poke. "For one thing, they like coeds. Besides, they're shy and non-aggressive. And some of them even study. What they need is some spirit."

"What about an MRC panty-raid?" shouted Mandy Nun. "No, I guess not. Then there wouldn't be any independents."

"What about my problem?" whined Renny Promise. "If we're ever going to escape from the administration, we've got to move off campus."

Pug Smokes, heir to Renny's throne as president of the Idle Fratty Clubs, had been silent as long as he could be.

"We've been powerless long enough," he thundered. "Why not assert some of the power we're supposed to have?"

"Yeah," said Renny, "student power!"

"Sure," said Mandy, "student power!"

"But," laughed Warren, "we just don't have it."

"Agreed," said Pal, "so why not revolt?"

"Before you gentlemen decide to revolt," interjected a voice hazy with cultural superiority, "I would suggest that you find an adequate cause for revolution. Are your petty, little problems worth revolting about? I would propose that the relative disadvantages you have heretofore mentioned are as nothing compared with the dearth of intellectualism, the stultifying atmosphere in the classroom, and the absolute feeling of anonymity one discovers within the Neo-Georgian sweat shops one finds on this campus."

"Now what does that all mean?" Bray asked, stalling for a moment to do the impossible — interpret the words just spoken by campus intellectual Sylvester Simile.

Poke turned to Sylvester, who was by then ostentatiously jingling his Phi Beta Kappa key.

"Sylvester," he said, "what strategic methods would you use in overcoming this tactical problem in the educational system here?"

Sylvester scowled disconcertedly at Poke and then resigned himself to offering a plan.

"Establish more small seminars, encourage classroom participation, demand student initiative, exchange an outmoded grading system for a pass-fail system; that sort of thing."

"Hey, I've got an idea," said Warren Tate. "Why don't we all stop going to class until the professors brighten up their lectures? Hey, how about it?" Tate began busily to pat himself on the back.

"How would you determine exactly when this point had been reached?" querried Phi Beta Simile sternly.

Tate withdrew his patting hand.

"Why don't we appoint Sylvester to discuss these problems with the administration? They always listen to new ideas," suggested Sam Happy, president of the Taoist Student Union.

"Good, Sam," Tate said immediately.

"Excellent," everyone chimed in chorus, pleased to have solved their college's academic problems with a minimum of effort.

"Okay, you guys," said Mandy Nun. "Now that we've wiped that problem off the map, listen to my story for a while. The girls here really have a problem."

"Are you telling us something new?" interjected Renny Promise.

Mandy Nun's face turned scarlet as she bore for her sisters the curse of being a coed.

"That's typical of your attitude," Mandy charged hotly, "and we can't help it."

"We know, kid; God made you that way," Renny chirped.

"Well, that's not the only problem we've got," Mandy retorted. "At least the administration lets you guys act like adults, which is more than you deserve. The girls on this campus have about as much voice as a snake. All we can do is hiss when the administration turns down our requests. The girls are treated like squirrels: give them enough acorns to keep them happy and keep them from rattling their cages. You'd think we had the moral mentality of four year olds."

Mandy gasped for breath, and then continued, "Has it ever dawned on you guys in Student Government that if you were interested in our problems, instead of that silly monkey-business you fool with all the time, the girls might have more power around here? And might be more attractive, too."

"I was waiting for that," Tate grimaced.

"Get on your armor now, before the attack begins," Bray warned.

"Well, you boys know our charges are justified," said Maud Slinger. "It's no wonder you never do anything when you have to wait thirty minutes to get a quorum in legislature meetings."

"The CU boys aren't free from trouble, either," added Alka Setzer, editor of the campus yearbook, the *Growler*. "How many people show up for those lectures? Why aren't we having a Magnolia Ball this year? How much money did Homecoming rake in?"

"Twenty questions," Bray sighed.

"They both have a point," Happy conceded. "The fraternities don't seem to have any problem soliciting interest. But it seems that Student Government and the College Union always do."

"How do you get students interested in anything?" Maud snickered. "We go crazy trying to make up news for the *Old Mould and Slack* and then nobody reads it."

"All they do is look at pictures in the *Growler*," Alka asserted. "But the only pictures they look at are their own!"

"Maybe we could have a pool or interview students on why they lose interest," Tate suggested. "Or even better, we could have a resolution passed by the legislature."

"Lots of good that will do," squealed Maud. "You must have passed a hundred resolutions this year and look how much has been accomplished."

"The problem is definitely with the students," interjected the editor of the *Growler*. "But where does it start? Some of the blame has got to go to the people who let them in — the admissions office."

A murmur of agreement swept around the room.

"You see," Alka shouted, "we're beaten before we begin. The coed, for instance, is selected for her intelligence and all-around superiority."

"She may be smarter," snapped Renny, "but that's the end of her superiority."

"Don't be so defensive Renny," smiled Sam. "The lady has the floor. Let her finish."

"It occurs to me," continued Alka, "that the standards for admission should be equalized. Either lower the level for women or raise the level for men."

"Oh, come off it," said Pug hotly. "If you raise the level for men what will happen to our teams?"

"Probably nothing would happen to our teams," Alka shot back. "What would be hurt would be your fraternities."

"Wait a minute," retorted Pug.

"Well," added Maud Slinger snidely, "isn't it true that the average fraternity QPR was just a little above a 'C' average last semester?"

"Maybe so," said Renny Promise, "but the boys were busy with other things."

"No doubt," chorused the girls.

"Okay, cool it everybody," said Tate. "Alka, you equalize admissions requirements; then what will that do?"

"Well," answered Mandy, "it would undoubtedly improve the social situation. Even though there's not much to do around here, at least boys and girls could do it together. Maybe girls could go out once a month with a little luck — even to the Pool Room."

"I hate to bring this to your attention," commented Sylvester Simile, who had been reading *The Collected Poetry of T. S. Eliot* during the preceding discussion, "but by my count you ladies and gentlemen have now wasted forty minutes in a rather fruitless discussion of problems of which we are all aware. You have concluded nothing beyond the obvious propositions that you are not completely content with this institution. Might I be so pragmatic as to inquire, what, if anything, you propose to do?

"Well, we've finally gotten around to that," said Tate. "The whole purpose in forming SNAG is to set up an organization to represent all the students — to help them get what they want. Now to do this, all you people have to do is agree to let me exercise all the student power. Let me run all of your organizations and then together we can confront the administration and get something done."

"All right," the new SNAG members said in chorus.

"But, of course," added Maud Slinger, the *Old Mould and Slack* can't afford to have anybody tell us what to do. After all, we have to control our own editorial policy."

"And naturally," intoned Bray Flemrick, "you can't use any of my organization's money."

"And I don't want anybody telling me how to run the *Growler,*" added Alka Setzer quickly.

"Naturally the Taoist Student Union will have to stand for separation of church and state in this organization," smiled Sam Happy.

"And I feel sure that none of you, um, leaders will be able to cope with the educational problems of this institution," purred Sylvester Simile.

"Are you sure this scheme has anything to do with total education?" asked Poke Snith. "Somehow, I think that if the MRC is to achieve identity, maybe we'd better not join SNAG."

"Yeah," added Renny Promise, "if this thing isn't going to get us off-campus fraternity houses I don't want to have anything to do with it."

"And if it's not going to get the apartment rule abolished, I don't want to have anything to do with it," warned Mandy Nun.

"But, but, but," stuttered Warren Tate. "We're going to do what we can; after all look how much we've already accomplished this afternoon . . . ."

But Warren's protests were lost in a sea of noise. Mandy Nun and Pug Smokes were shouting at each other about the dating problem; Maud Slinger and Bray Flemrick were back to their old bickering; Renny Promise and Poke Snith continued to argue about housing for the MRC and the fraternities.

And Sylvester Simile began to read aloud from the works of an ancient philosopher, "Power devolves to those who, by demonstrating their ability to exercise it, deserve it."

Love Song

Busy Delhi, keep your scented
Sikh woman.
I have a love who smells of dal and onion,
And makes me cry out at night.

Wealthy Bombay, keep your fair-skinned
Parsi woman.
I have a love who oils her ebony skin,
And makes me cry out at night.

Sweltering Madras, keep your haughty
Gownder woman.
I have a love who sweeps my earthen floors,
And makes me cry out at night.

Crowded Calcutta, keep your learned
Bengali woman.
I have a love who reads only my passion,
And makes me cry out at night.

— *Carrol Johnson*

Swans

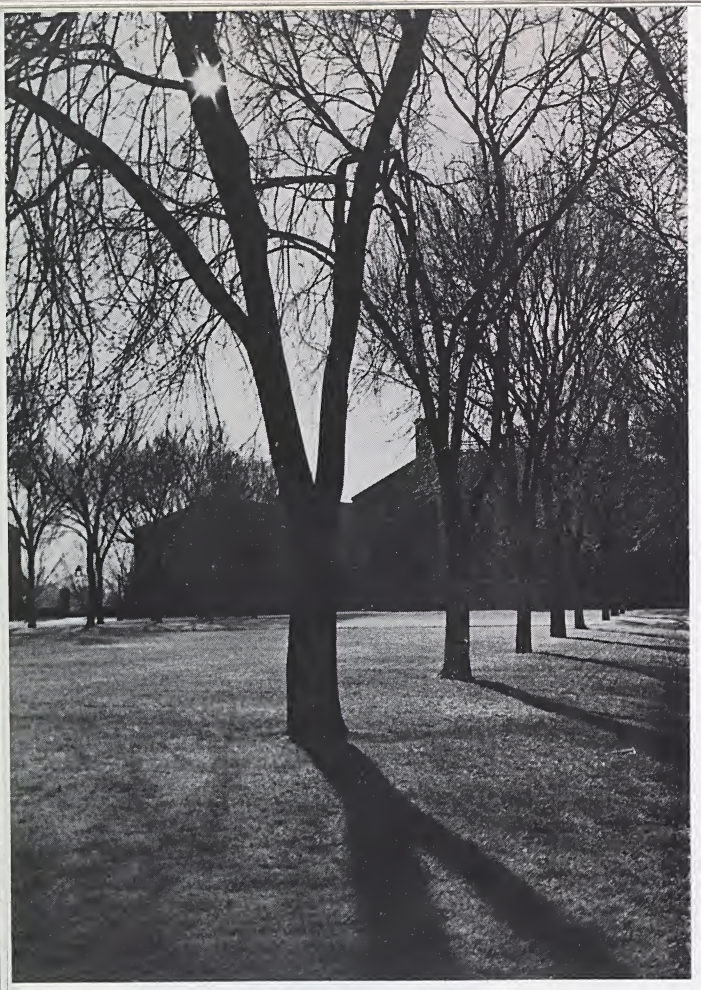
Be silent, black swans screeching for the now,
ignored by white swans which do scoff, jeer, hiss.
Do not straighten your twisted, broken necks;
silent sing, sing your proud and willful song.
Native chords bear towards an inner serenity.
white swans
we see with closed eyes
only our past delusions
we feel webbed feet warm
only
with maggots in frantic feast
we hear with deafened ears
the now time extended
we sense our own stench
the now stench
of death

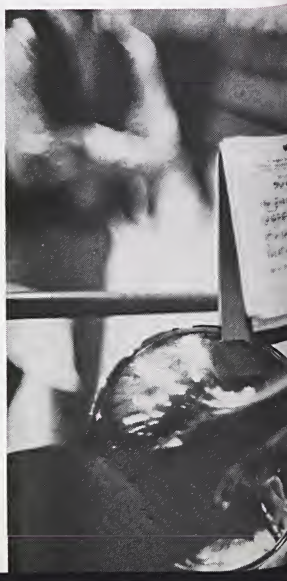
— *Grieg Leonard*

A WAY OF

SEEING

The work of John Daughtry, THE STUDENT's photography consultant, is familiar to many of our readers. But, unfortunately, many of John's pictures which have been used in the last two years have been of a purely functional nature. "A Way of Seeing" is an attempt to present John as an artist with a camera.

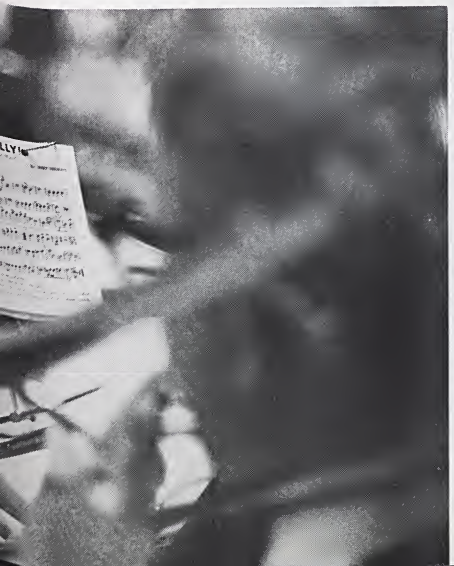


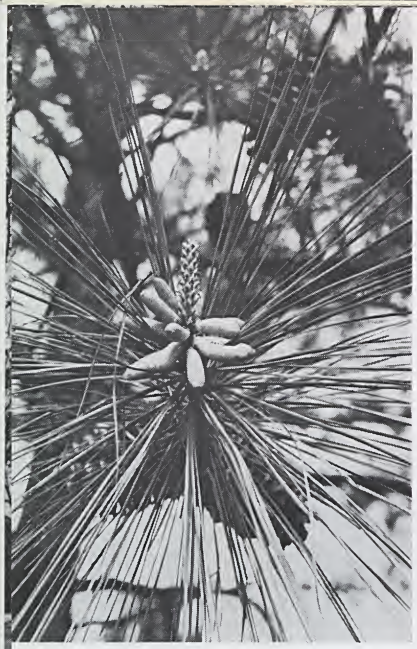


John says of his work:

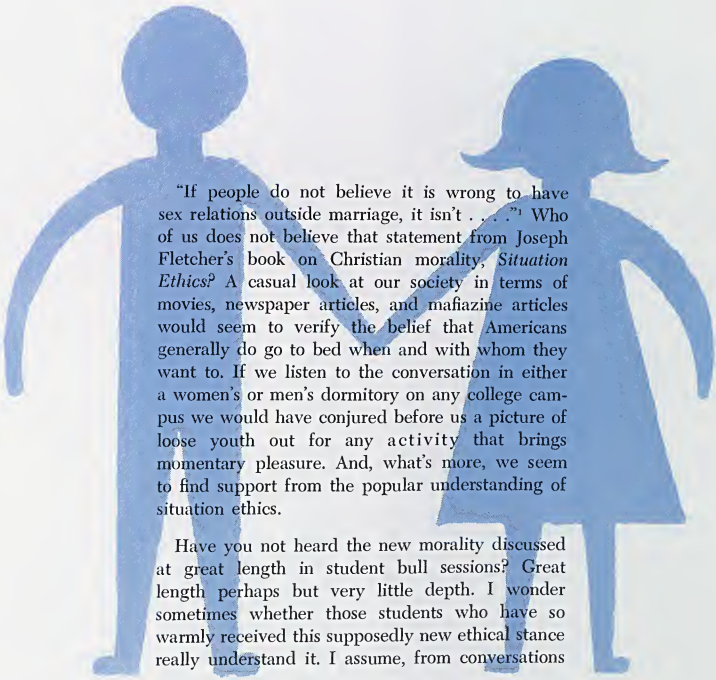
"The day of the thousand word picture is gone. The world cannot appear the same to everyone. Few can sufficiently describe what they see. Thus the photographer's goal is to show life as it is. He must capture the dramatic exchanges between men and with nature. Quickly the racing shutter must catch the transient glow of youth. Softly the eye must see the beauty and warmth of common things.

"Man will always seek to retain the image of his fleeting years. To 'see' is to live. The changing world moves on and leaves man clutching the fragile record of his past that is a photograph."





A Case For
PRE-MARITAL Chastity



"If people do not believe it is wrong to have sex relations outside marriage, it isn't . . . ."[1] Who of us does not believe that statement from Joseph Fletcher's book on Christian morality, *Situation Ethics?* A casual look at our society in terms of movies, newspaper articles, and mafiazine articles would seem to verify the belief that Americans generally do go to bed when and with whom they want to. If we listen to the conversation in either a women's or men's dormitory on any college campus we would have conjured before us a picture of loose youth out for any activity that brings momentary pleasure. And, what's more, we seem to find support from the popular understanding of situation ethics.

Have you not heard the new morality discussed at great length in student bull sessions? Great length perhaps but very little depth. I wonder sometimes whether those students who have so warmly received this supposedly new ethical stance really understand it. I assume, from conversations

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[1]Joseph Fletcher, *Situation Ethics* (Philadelphia, 1966), p. 140.
[2]Ibid.

David Riffe is chaplain to Wake Forest's Methodist students.

with students, that the above quotation very neatly and succintly captures the essence of the thought of the book. I think we very readily accept this point of view because it bolsters a stance we have already assumed in life. That stance is that a thing may be right or wrong depending on the particular situation. What is right for an American may be wrong for a Swede. So, the quote above simply supports our contention that a thing is right or wrong as we believe it to be. And, this correlates with a kind of "pleasure now" principle which seems to have been adopted by most of us. Whether it is sex, an automobile, or an education, many of us seem unable to see this goal in any other perspective than that of immediate possession.

Fortunately, this sentence from Fletcher's book is set in a context. Let me quote the rest of the sentence: ". . . unless they hurt themselves, their partners or others. This is, of course, a very big 'unless' and gives reason for many to abstain altogether except within the full mutual commitment of marriage."[2] This article intends to deal with that "unless."

Let me say first of all that this is being written for those students who value what it means to be human. It is for the person who is serious about becoming a more mature, responsible member of society. The whole question of sex is tied up with our own identity and our understanding of and appreciation for persons. "Any responsible man is likely, whatever his actual practice may be, to acknowledge to himself that sexual satisfaction divorced from affection and respect for the other person is debased and unnatural in a human being."[3]

So, we find this article is for the student who wants to use sex in a responsible manner. Let us look now at the traditional objections usually given for abstaining from sexual intercourse before marriage: infection, detection, and conception. We have been told that scientific technology has erased these objections.

In its early stages a shot of penicillin will cure venereal diseases. This is a scientific fact. But because this is true it has led to a false sense of security. "At present venereal diseases are rampant in epidemic proportions in thirty major American cities. Cases of syphillis in persons under twenty years old are estimated to have increased by 200 percent between 1960 and 1965 . . . According to the Surgeon General of the United States, 1,500 young Americans contract venereal disease every day in the year."[4] So, although venereal diseases may not be considered a deterrent, they are definitely a factor to be reckoned with.

With the advent of the automobile it is true that the matter of detection is not so great as it once was, It is, no doubt, self-evident that a couple who want to engage in premarital intercourse may do so unknown to the rest of society. However, even in a motel, these conditions do not make for the best atmosphere for expressing love. There is always the nagging feeling that someone will find out.

"The pill has arrived — we are emancipated!" This is what we have heard, isn't it? Why it is then that one out of every five girls who have intercourse before marriage becomes pregnant?[5] Probably it is because they say, "It couldn't happen to me." Except for those who have committed themselves to uninhibited promiscuity, most girls do not plan far enough ahead for the pill to be effective. "Moreover, it must be remembered that unwanted pregnancies are more likely to occur among those who are least promiscuous. Those who plan consciously to go all the way normally take the necessary precautions. But many students, of both sexes, who really want to avoid intercourse, fail to plan for the eventuality because such premediation runs contrary to their best intentions. They are then carried away by high passion after an enjoyable evening

[3]Richard F. Hettlinger, *Living With Sex: The Student's Dilemma* (New York, 1966), p. 125.

[4]Ibid., pp. 126-7.
[5]Ibid.
[6]Ibid., pp. 127-8.

together and take a risk which proves disastrous."[5] Then if pregnancy does occur the question arises of what to do with the baby. Three choices are available: abortion is illegal, involves a risk to the life of the girl, and brings into question the taking of the life of an unborn child; marriage begun in these circumstances is always less than the best — though it is not frowned upon as it once was; having the baby and putting it up for adoption is psychologically quite difficult for the girl and often for the boy.

Infection, detection and conception are not the deterrents they once were, but I suggest that they are not to be removed from consideration when two persons contemplate premarital intercourse.

If the external restraints no longer carry significant weight what kind of restraints are there? Apparently there must be some kind of internal restraints. Although this is where the answer lies, I am aware that the concept of internal restraint has very little meaning for most of us. We live in a time when there are apparently very few internal restraints of any kind.

"Sexual intercourse involves a kind of knowledge about ourselves and about the other person that

can be communicated in no other way . . . In the sexual act we discover what it means to be a man (or a woman) and we also help the other discover what it means to be a woman (or a man). We discover, for the first time, in a decisive way, the meaning of our sexuality . . . We know ourselves in a new way . . . If it is true that sexual intercourse mediates a unique kind of personal knowledge, it is clear that a very special status must be given to the first experience of the sexual act . . . A man, for example, would seem to be bound in an irrevocable way — because of this interchange of knowledge — to the woman who first helped him understand himself as a man . . . If a man is bound in a permanent way to the first woman who shows him what it means to be a man, this is a strong reason for defining the sexual act as one that is possible, at its best, only within marriage."[7]

Every act that we commit, every word we say, communicates something to others. We know how difficult it is to write letters and be clearly understood. We write the letter out of one context and it is read out of another. To communicate feelings to another is extremely difficult. In order to communicate most clearly we must observe some of the conventions of society. If a professor is to make a point he must use words that have unambiguous meaning to him and to his students. Only in such a manner will the point be made. Words are symbols used to convey meaning.

Sexual intercourse is a symbol. What does our society understand it to be a symbol of? An even more personal question is: "What does my girl friend (or boy friend) understand it to be a symbol of?" There can be no doubt that we are products of the society of which we are a part. To be responsible we must be aware of the meaning that society has attached to the act of sexual intercourse, and to say that different sexual patterns are practiced in New Guinea and that we can practice these here is to be unrealistic. We must live and act within the framework of our own society.

"Sexual intercourse is a symbol of a relationship . . . All of our physical acts and gestures carry a kind of built-in meaning, independent of the words we speak along with them. This is supremely true of sexual intercourse, which can express only a certain sort of relationship. So we must look very carefully at the sexual act itself and ask of it, Precisely what does this gesture express, and what does it symbolize? Doesn't it portray a most complete and radical kind of self-giving — complete commitment of one to the other, concern only for the other and not for the self? Humility, trust, selflessness — these are all surely implied in the act. Therefore, unless the act is entered into with the inner intent to show forth something of this humility, trust, and selflessness, it is inappropriately and dangerously used . . . When it is used apart from marriage, the participants know it is dishonestly used. The fear

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[7]William Hamilton, *The Christian Man* (Philadelphia, 1956), pp. 59-61.

and guilt and shame that can spring from this kind of dishonesty can affect their personalities very profoundly indeed. Marriage is the only man-woman relationship that is able to contain the powerful meanings of the sexual act without injuring the characters of the participants. In marriage alone can we honestly verbalize all of the depth in the man-woman relationship that the sexual act symbolizes in gesture."[8] We must be very careful that what we say in the sexual act is what we intend to say and that it is understood by the other person in the same way.

What effect does pre-marital intercourse have on the subsequent marriage of the couple either to each other or to others? The wide-spread impression, attested to by the Playboy Forum, is that the Kinsey report says there is "a significant correlation . . . between premarital sexual experience and successful marriage."[9] "But this . . . is not justified by the facts, and Kinsey drew no such conclusion . . . Hamblin and Blood argued that a more careful analysis of the Kinsey data showed that experience or inexperience in premarital intercourse shows no consistent causal relationship to sexual adjustment in marriage. Burgess and Wallin, in an independent

study, *Engagement and Marriage,* concluded that on the whole a husband and wife without experience of premarital intercourse have a higher chance of marital success."[10]

Although Kinsey's reports are often marshalled to support extra-marital intercourse, Hettlinger indicates that "Kinsey noted two negative considerations which should make the advocate of premarital intercourse hesitate. In the first place, it is quite clear that unsatisfactory or unsuccessful experience in coitus before marriage is very likely to make sexual adjustment after marriage more difficult for the woman . . . In the second place, Kinsey found a marked correlation between premarital intercourse and extramarital intercourse. To put it bluntly, the girl who goes to bed before marriage is about twice as likely, according to Kinsey's figures, to go to bed with someone other than her husband after marriage."[11]

We do live, undoubtedly, in a land where a double standard is observed. We do not register surprise that a boy is not a virgin when he gets married but we do expect a girl to be. Studies indicate that most men expect the girl they marry to be a virgin or that she had only slept with him. "This means that the man who persuades his girl to have intercourse, and doesn't eventually marry her, often puts her out of the market for the kind of marriage he thinks most desirable."[12] If he doesn't love her enough to worry about that prospect, he doesn't love her enough to take to bed!

Hettlinger points up two other considerations that are appropriate here. "First, I would ask whether the act of intercourse, with all its unique quality and justify intimacy can be rightly or meaningfully experienced apart from the permanent commitment of marriage. Does not love, in any profound sense, remain unfulfilled until the couple are actually responsible for each other? And if so, can the act which expresses and seals the unity of love be justified in advance of that moment? Should the man who has not yet taken the decisive step of commiting his future to a girl ask of her this risk to her future? If he does not yet share his economic and domestic life with her, is he ready to share this unity of body with her."[13] There is a great difference in a couple professing love for each other in a secluded spot away from the pressures of society and that same couple doing this in a marriage ceremony before society. In the latter there is the social, legal, and personal responsibility which each submits to. How can a boy or a girl be certain they really love the other until they are willing to make this profession before society? "It

[8]Ibid., pp. 61-2.
[9]*Playboy Magazine,* September 1965, p. 86.
[10]Hettlinger, pp. 131-3.

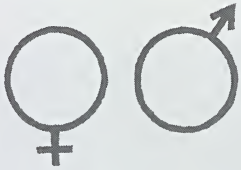
[11]Ibid., p. 133.
[12]Ibid., p. 134.
[13]Ibid., p. 137.

is exceptionally difficult to be objective about one's own sexual life."[14] We may rightly question our own motives if we are not ready to make a full commitment to the other person. This commitment involves full responsibility for the other.

The second consideration by Hettlinger is "that the radical disociation of coitus and reproduction involves a distortion of human sexuality."[15] This is not to say that reproduction is the only or primary reason for sexual intercourse but "it is one of the proper and fundamental implications of any true sexual union . . . To enjoy coitus in the safe period, or with the safeguard of contraception, within the context of a married relationship in which the responsibility and privilege of parenthood are accepted . . . is one thing. To clutch at the immediate pleasure of intercourse while one of its natural ends is absolutely renounced is quite another."[16]

There appears to be a tendency, on the part of some girls, to feel that by giving in and going to bed that the relationship will be thereby strengthened. This may be a conscious or subconscious effort to "snare" the boy. There is no evidence to support this contention. On the contrary, "Kirkendall concluded that unless the relationship was of long-standing and the couple of more than average maturity premarital intercourse was more likely to be damaging than beneficial."[17] There is no evidence to support the belief that a lasting relationship can be built on a sexual relationship alone.

"Once moral absolutes are abandoned — as they already are in this field among students — there is a danger of complete chaos and untold disaster unless those who claim to order their actions by love rather than by law are absolutely honest in examining their motives critically. If it is followed with real integrity, the principle 'love makes it right' will not be less but more demanding than the legalism it has replaced . . . The added criterion, 'so long as nobody gets hurt,' is extremely difficult to apply with any consistency. The decision must surely take account of the effect not only upon the girl and any possible child but also upon the parents and friends and classmates of both parties . . . The private needs of one couple . . . must be assessed in the light of the possible effect upon society as a whole."[18]



I do not feel that what I have stated herein arises out of a moral absolute of any kind. My own feeling is that couple who contemplate engaging in pre-marital intercourse must be aware that they do not live atomistically. We do not live apart from society and whatever act we may commit with another person necessarily becomes a social act and is of concern to the persons we live with. A responsible person will be aware of who he is and what value he places on the other person. He will take a critical view of his own past and the events that have raised the question of pre-marital intercourse. And he will, as objectively as possible, look at the possible consequences of the act he contemplates, although, as with any act, it is impossible to anticipate all of the consequences. After these questions have been raised it is then up to the couple involved to decide for themselves the value they see in engaging in pre-marital sexual intercourse.

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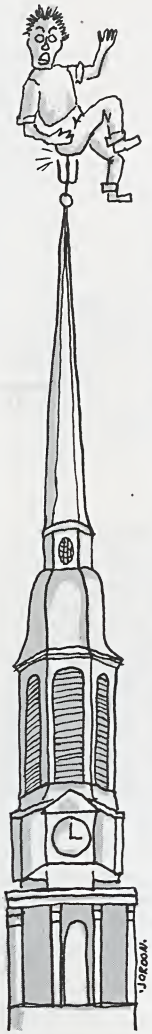
[14]Ibid., p. 142.
[15]Ibid., p. 138.
[16]Ibid.
[17]Ibid., p. 141.
[18]Ibid., pp. 141-2.

[19]Ibid., p. 142.



TO THE POINT

We've tried to keep quiet about the Viet-Nam war this year, but we couldn't help taking note of a recent statement of Lyndon Johnson's: "I chase after each peace feeler from Hanoi like one of my beagles chases after a squirrel."

We didn't know beagles chased squirrels for the purpose of negotiation, but live and learn.

◆

THE STUDENT is not supported by the CIA.

But if they'd like to give us some money we'd take it!

◆

Quote of the Month:

John Kenneth Galbraith, the Harvard economist, in describing a situation now long past at that institution said that "Harvard no longer needs to assure parents that their more retarded offspring have the supervision of men of the scoutmaster type who, however ineffectually, try to protect them from the natural penalties of indolence, alcohol, or lust."

We would hope that day will come for Wake Forest eventually.

◆

The Springfield, Illinois, chief of police, Ross V. Randolph, has warned that the new teen-age clothing fad in his city "will probably get some kid shot." No, the chief isn't out after Mod fashions; he's concerned because the new fad is prison clothing.

◆

Academic Breakthrough:

Temple University has decided to allow male students to wear blue jeans to the evening meal at that institution's dining halls. But socks and shirts with collars will still be required.

◆

A student is the device a qp uses to keep its tribe from being increased.

◆

With Spring and all that at hand, we present for your edification a few thoughts on love and all that from the great philosophers:

"The magic of first love is our ignorance that it can ever end."

—Benjamin Disreali

"Men are always wooing goddesses and marrying mere mortals."

—Washington Irving

"Marriage—the state or condition of a community consisting of a master, a mistress and two slaves, making in all, two."

—Ambrose Bierce

"Love is what men fall into when there are no open manholes around."

—Jack Benny

"The first sigh of love is the last of wisdom."

—Antoine Bret

There was a poem that made no sense written on one wall and everyone on their first time to the joint would read the poem and pretend to know what it meant. It would not be until your third or fourth visit that you would know the poem meant nothing and that the poet must have been crazy.

The room was illuminated only by the candles that sat one to a table and by two small spotlights that shone down to a platform where the singer would perform. But the singer was not there. He had been arrested on a narcotics charge the night before. At least, that's the way the story went. There was another story, not as popular as the narcotics one, that said the singer had been beat up by a couple of thugs because he had welshed on a bet.

Lew leaned over the table and stuck the tip of his cigarette into the candle flame. He inhaled, then blew the smoke to the side of the table away from Al and Keith. Lew had sleepy eyelids and clear eyes that you could look through and that could look through you.

"Look, you guys," Lew said. "If there's anything I can't stand, it's bad poetry, and that thing on the wall isn't worth a damn."

"I think it's supposed to be a protest," Al said.

"Against what?"

"Against whatever was bugging that guy when he wrote it. From what I can gather, his toilet wouldn't flush."

"Well, from what I can gather," Lew said, "this guy was trying to obscure everything he had to say because he suddenly realized he didn't have a damn thing to say. "Lew took a drag on his cigarette, then continued matter of factly, "Let's set fire to this place. Just take this candle and set the tablecloth on fire. Get rid of that damn poem."

Al and Keith laughed.

"I'm serious," Lew said. "I'm goo and sick of that poem. I just wish we could get the guy who wrote it and wrap him up in the tablecloth before we set fire to it."

"I'm getting hungry," Keith said. "Where's the waitress?"

"Don't know," Lew said. "Owner probably fired her and didn't bother hiring a new one. Figured the only reason people come here is to contemplate the damn poem or to admire their own paintings. I know the girl who painted this picture nearest us — that one of the bullfighter. She never saw a bullfighter in her life. Just paints a stereotyped bullfighter and she thinks she's an artist. Edith Daniels. Went to school with her. First class bitch."

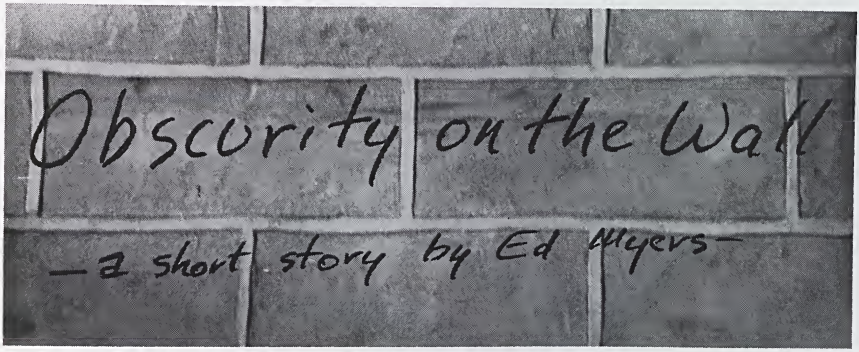
"All girls can go to hell," Keith said.

"There is one I would give a reprieve," Al said.

"Who?" asked Keith.

"What does it matter? You've already condemned her."

"That's true. I have condemned her. I am God." Keith sat up as straight as possible and mockingly looked down his nose at Al and Lew.



Ed Myers is a sophomore from Landisville, Pa., and a steady contributor of short stories to THE STUDENT.

"The hell you're God!" Lew shouted, and a few people at surrounding tables turned to see if there was going to be a fight, then turned back around when they saw there wasn't going to be one. "*I'm* God."

"Prove it," challenged Keith.

Lew looked to Keith and in all seriousness said, "It would be damned foolish for me to prove I'm God right here in front of everybody. First thing you know, newspapermen and people from television would be down my neck, hounding me all the time. The thing is, no one would believe in me no matter what I'd do. I could probably perform a million miracles, but some damned scientist would come up with a scientific explanation for everything I did. Oh, people would have a helluva lot of respect for me, all right. Probably all the big time countries would try to buy me off so I'd work a miracle to get rid of all the other countries, but nobody would really believe I'm God. Just a damned smart son of a bitch, and pretty soon all the churches in the world would get together and crucify me for being God."

"And then it would be all over," Keith said. "No more God."

"No, it wouldn't be over," said Lew. "I'd just climb my marble stairway to heaven, maybe take the escalator if I got tired. Probably would take the escalator because of my knee. I'd just put on my gold-sequined outfit and sit up there on my foam rubber-padded throne and make out with the angels. Every once and a while I'd spit and it would rain on earth for forty days and nights. Send everybody scurrying around. Whole world a national disaster area." Lew puffed on his cigarette. "Don't want to die yet, though. I want to stay mortal until I can write a good book."

"How are you doing with your, as they say in the business, work-in-progress?" Al asked.

"Ripped up twenty-five pages yesterday. That means I'm back to the original ten. The original ten are great, though. Best stuff ever written. You'll have to read them sometime. Or have you already?"

"No. You've been saying you would bring them over, but you never do."

"Keeps slipping my mind. Too busy with the job at the bakery plus all the responsibilities of being God. Almost too busy to write, and I haven't painted a picture for three months. If I had some brushes and paint here, I'd paint a picture of eighteen Jews chasing after eighteen niggers who are chasing after a white girl. Paint that picture right over top of that damn poem." Ashes from the last of Lew's cigarette fell to the tablecloth. Lew reached into his breast pocket and pulled out another cigarette. His hand was shaking as he put the cigarette to his lips and then bent over the candle for a light. "There's a really beautiful girl sitting at the table behind you, Al."

Al turned around slowly and looked.

"Who do you mean?" Al asked.

"The girl looking toward you."

Al turned again. "Are you kidding? The one with the glasses?"

"Yes."

"She's not beautiful. As a matter of fact, she's close to being ugly."

"Ugly! You've got no taste, Al. No damned taste at all."

"I don't know what you see in her," Al persisted.

"Look at her again," said Lew.

Al turned around for a third time, and as he looked, Lew spoke: "Now just imagine her without the glasses. Look at her nose, how perfect it is. And her forehead, wide. And her eyebrows."

Al turned back around: "Her eyebrows are too thick, and she's too fat. Doesn't take care of her hair, and her mouth's too small, with a weak chin, no definite angles in her face."

"You miss the whole point. You have to ignore the bad points and imagine them improved, the way they *could* look."

"But that's not how you measure beauty. Everybody's beautiful if you look at it your way. Beauty means nothing your way," Al said.

"Right," said Lew. "Beauty means nothing. Exactly right. Nothing means anything. Except me, because I'm God. No kidding. Now, if that beautiful girl behind you knew I'm God, she'd be over here in a second. That slob of a guy she's with doesn't deserve her, anyway. He doesn't even deserve to live, the unartistic son of a bitch. I hope he burns up in the fire."

"What fire?" asked Al.

"The fire we set to burn down that poem."

The waitress entered at the back of the room, and Keith motioned to her with his hand.

"What will you boys have?" she said.

"It sure took you long enough," said Lew. "You're new on the job, aren't you?"

"No."

"I thought the old waitress got fired. I'm sure I heard that somewhere. Did either of you guys hear it? Al? Keith?"

"Yes. You said it earlier tonight," Al said.

"Oh, then it's true," Lew said. "Then you *are* a new waitress."

"No, I'm not."

"I said you are, so you are. Do you know who I am?"

"No."

"I didn't think so. If you knew. Sister, if you only knew."

"Well, I don't know," said the waitress. "So what will you have?"

"Two cups of immortality," Lew said. "With plenty of sugar. I want it to be as sweet as possible."

"Just bring us each a cup of coffee, and a ham sandwich for me," Al said.

"Add a turkey sandwich for me," Keith said.

"And another ham sandwich," said Lew. "And if you make it good, I'll remember you when you die."

The waitress turned and left.

"You were pretty rough, Lew," said Al.

"She deserved it. She's as unartistic as that damned poem. Unartistic as hell. That's the only reason I like you two guys: you got some artistic feelings. You write in your spare time. Nobody else does. Nobody else is artistic. I should damn them all, except if I'd do that, I wouldn't have any readers for my book. But these unartistic creeps probably wouldn't understand it anyway."

Lew crushed his cigarette butt on the tablecloth and nervously lit up another cigarette, again using the candle: "And I said, 'Let there be light.' And there was light. And I saw that the light was good; and I separated the light from the darkness. I called the light Day, and the darkness I called Night."

"You're out of your mind," said Al.

"The mind isn't always such a good place to inhabit. I moved out long ago. Moved out the day I learned — Well, you'll have to learn it for yourself, but let me tell you, it's the loneliest lesson in the world." He looked to the wall with the poem and stared at it for a long time. "That thing stinks worse everytime I look at it. It's hypocrisy to art. Hyprocrisy!" he shouted, and leapt to his feet, grabbing the candle in one hand and pulling the tablecloth off with his other. The people at the surrounding tables turned around once again, but this time they stayed turned around.

Lew was making his way toward the wall with the poem, lighting one corner of the tablecloth as he went and shouting for everyone to hear, "The Catholic Church excommunicated my old man, but I've news for them: *I'm* excommunicating the entire Catholic Church!"

He held the burning tablecloth in his hand and wiped it back and forth against the wall, trying to burn the words away, sweeping it over and over, the flames burning higher and hotter, and then burning the skin on his hand and then his shirt, and you could smell it.

Al and Keith ran to Lew, but he held them back, threatening to burn them if they tried to stop him. His face was red and shaking, and you could no longer look through his eyes and they could no longer look through you. He stood for what seemed a long time, gritting his teeth, then he screamed a cry that chilled everyone in the room. And then he fainted, and Al and Keith smothered the flames with other tablecloths. They looked down at their companion, his right arm pinky raw, bubbly, and stinking.

Lew regained consciousness for a short time before the ambulance arrived, and then fainted again without speaking.

As they watched Lew being placed in the ambulance, Keith turned to Al and said, "I was over to see Lew last night. I saw his book. He has ten pages all right. Ten pages of complete obscurity. Worse than the poem on the wall. I know now why the poet was so bugged about not being able to flush his toilet. It was Lew's book that was in it."

"It's a shame," Al said. "Lew's a smart guy."

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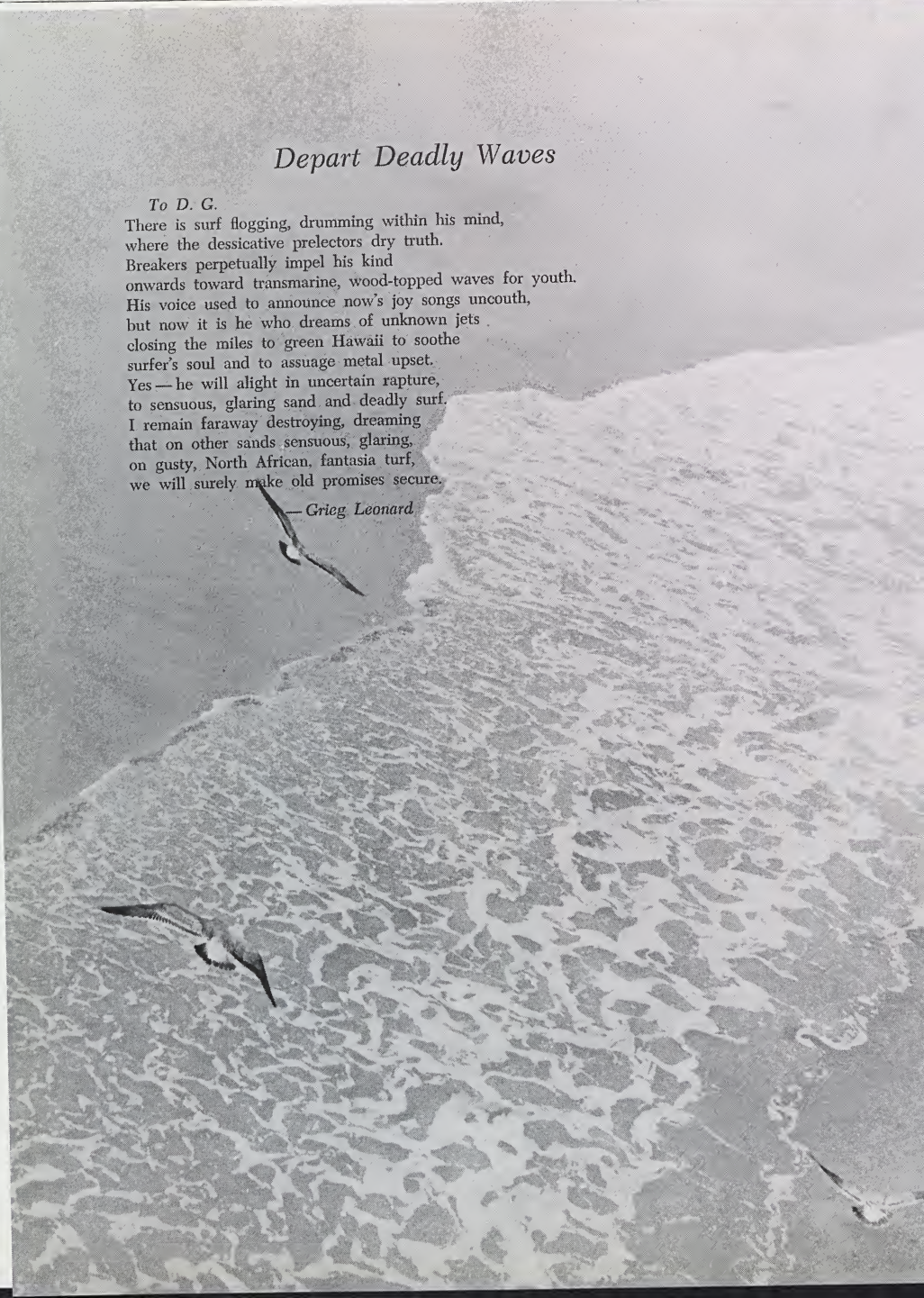
I remain faraway destroying, dreaming
that on other sands sensuous, glaring,
on gusty, North African, fantasia turf,
we will surely make old promises secure.

— *Grieg Leonard*



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BOOKS:

A Collegiate Faust

by Walt Dickinson

The novel of college life is not precisely a new development on the literary scene; but a novel about a college student which is more than merely a reminiscence of the good old days or an angry young man's view of the end of his adolescence is something worthy of note.

John Hersey's *Too Far to Walk* is an intriguing, if not completely successful tale of the "adventures" of a college sophomore. John Fist, the sophomore, seems a common enough fellow; he is a dutiful son and respectable citizen, he senses that this is not enough. John rebels (doesn't everyone?), but his rebellion is different; he sells his soul neither to a fraternity nor to the "beat generation", but to Chum Breed, who is older and wiser than he.

At Chum's urging, John becomes embroiled in sex, arguments with his family, and finally LSD. John becomes a disengaged man, for whom even the walk to class each day is "too far to walk."

Unfortunately, it seems, Mr. Hersey has felt obligated to throw his plot line into the cast of the Faust legend. (Young Fist is Faust and Chum, his tempter and sometime deliverer, is Mephistopheles.) And it is in doing this that the author fails to create a satisfactory artistic whole. His tale is too transparently "Faustian" and far too didactic. It is all too clear that in *Too Far to Walk* the old legend is rather mechanically put through its paces again. The novel fails not because the Faust legend is invalid, but because the interpretation which Mr. Hersey puts on it is slickly superficial.

The book could have been the very moving story of the struggle of a college student for understanding; but instead it is artificial and somewhat silly. But for the collegiate reader who senses a bit of Faust in his own character, *Too Far to Walk* could make interesting reading, not for its artistic merit, but for its vague "it could happen to me" quality.

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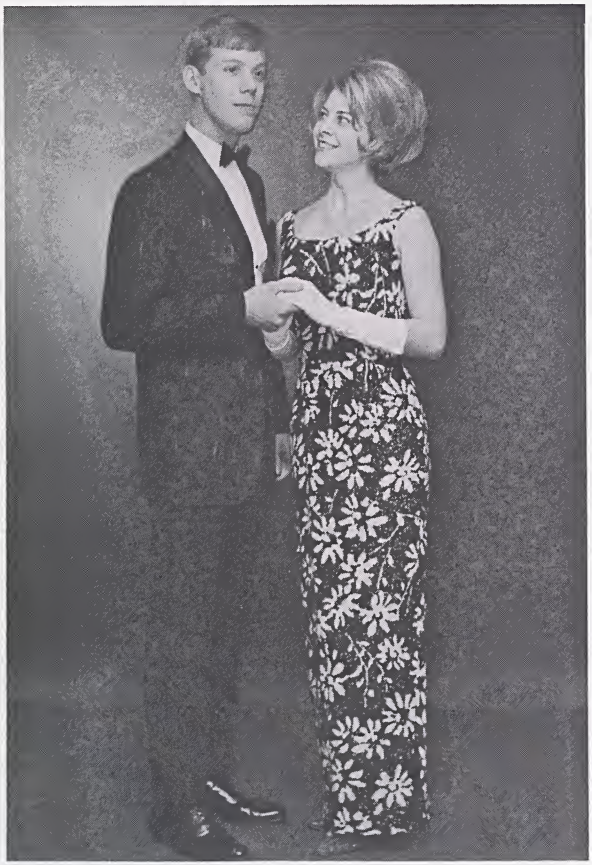

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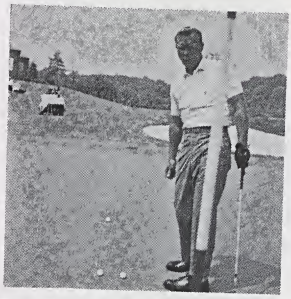

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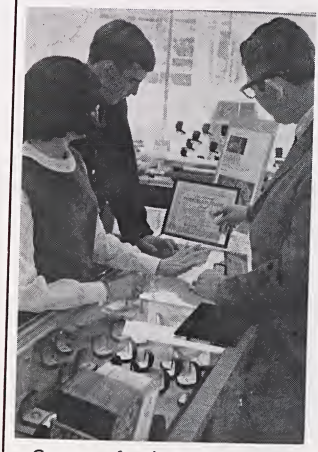

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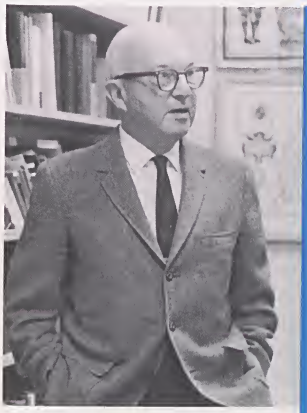

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THE STUDENT

MAY, 1967 • VOL. 80 NO. 5

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Our Cover: An era ends at Wake Forest in June as President Harold W. Tribble, Dr. Edgar E. Folk, and Professor Forrest Clonts retire.

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IS ARTISTIC AMERICA DEAD?

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Editorial

Of Colleges and Men

There is a strange disease which seems to spread among college seniors at this time of year. It is, of course, "senioritis," that ailment composed of laziness and nostalgia. In a way, it is one of the few healthy diseases; for, in its nostalgic aspect at least, it is the beginning of that gentle gloss of forgetfulness which eventually convinces all former undergraduates that the college days were the best of all.

Nostalgia pervades some of the articles in this issue of The Student. There are no editorial battles being fought in this issue, for at this time of year there is really no need to find out who really runs Wake Forest or expose the pop generation or investigate teaching in the College or even defend pre-marital chastity. Instead, this is the proper time to reflect.

But this issue is intended to be something more than a mere exercise in nostalgia. It has been said, too many times perhaps, that this is a transition period for Wake Forest. A president is retiring; a new president is preparing to take his place. The College is changing its name to "university;" and, if nothing else, the change in name is bound to have a psychological effect on the institution. There are important changes taking place in the administrative structure and in departmental chairmanships. Two beloved professors are retiring, leaving a gap in the faculty which can never really be filled.

The institution will, of course, survive it all. But will the institution's philosophy survive? Will "Pro Humanitate" remain as something more than a motto?

That remains to be seen, of course, but in a way it is the point of this issue to remind the Wake Forest community of some of the men and values which have made this institution what it is. No matter how many men retire or how many names are changed, certain things will remain the same here. Classes will continue to meet; the lawns will still be manicured carefully at all seasons; students will continue to cram, make love, and talk, endlessly. But somehow things are bound to change as well. There will be a president in Reynolda Hall to praise and blame, but his name will not be Harold Tribble. There will be a white-haired man teaching journalism around those apparently ageless tables, but he will not be Edgar E. Folk. There will be students crowding into courses in the history of the ancient world and England, but their teacher will not be Forrest W. Clonts.

What this all boils down to is the perpetual human concern over mutability. Things do change; men do come and go, but certain things, Wake Forest being one of them, remain. And Wake Forest will do more than merely remain so long as it stays true to the respect for the intellect and the respect for individuals which is the best of its tradition. This was the sort of thing a professor of another day meant when he said of Wake Forest, "I don't care if this place never turns out a scholar, if only it can turn out men."

— rcf

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FILMS:

Motivations And Results

by D. J. Lemza

Esquire's new film critic, Wilfrid Sheed, recently made one of his more interesting observations, and it was not about the movie scene: "A new critic is like a man who walks around a room screaming." Since coming to THE STUDENT about three months ago I have found that opinions are the hardest things to defend. While wandering over to the campus movie I have countless times been stopped and asked the same lifeless and pointless question: "Is the movie any good tonight?" And often a ventured opinion has provoked immediate and very violent reaction. It is to the goal of clarifying my committments that I dedicate this column.

In an avalanche the following movies have hit Winston-Salem theaters; *Georgy Girl, A Man for All Seasons, Blow-Up, Mademoiselle, Hamlet, A Funny Thing Happened On the Way To The Forum,* and *Oh Dad, Poor Dad.* In many ways these represent the widest range of quality, extending from the finest to subhome-movie efforts. All seven have been billed as serious or semi-serious attempts to interpret life on the film-maker's own terms, but there is a degree of failure in all of them.

A Funny Thing was the closest to pornography that the Broadway musical stage has come, and its movie counterpart is not far behind. But movie censorship has progressed so far that there has been hardly a whimper about the flesh exposed in the movie version. The film is the camera work of Richard Lester, and as in the earlier Beatles movies and more recently in *The Knack,* Mr. Lester uses his camera as an extension of his mind and imagination. Although he manages to whip the songs and sketches of Roman life into a frantic parody of its former self, this latest effort is a comedown in artistic value. However there is nothing superfluous about the movie's main star, Zero Mostel, who rants and rages to the amusement of his fellow participants and this reviewer. He is most ably assisted by Phil Silvers, Jack Gilford, Michael Crawford, and Buster Keaton.

Oh Dad is a disaster of the first magnitude, even though it had a far more admirable base to start from than *A Funny Thing.* Arthur Kopit's play was literally dissolved to a remnant of its former glory, and all the double entendres and witticisms of the original became a loud vulgar joke that fell on its backside. The criminals in this hest of laughter include a pasty Robert Morse, a pudgy Barbara Harris, and an overreaching Rosalind Russell. Only Jonathan Winters keeps up a full head of steam as director Richard Quine's debacle dies a slow-burning death. My wish was that it would end sooner.

Finally, against my better judgment, I must joint the war of the *Blow-Up* generation. It is a terribly good movie but is being used scandalously by some who name it The Art Movie (a counterpart to those who think *A Man for All Seasons* is the highest form of movie art), by Hollywood standards. I believe *Blow-Up* is too personal to state its meaning directly, but I disagree with those who are propounding theory upon theory for their own advantage.

Leaving this year's pile of good and bad flicks behind, let's hope for a larger and better batch next term.

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The Man with the Vision

by Richard Fallis

"These have been eventful years, exacting but exhilirating, controversial yet constructive. The work of the College has been marked by constant planning, campaigning, building, expanding, and some achievements. I have tried at all times to give my best in thought and labor to the service of the College. Now I am tired, very tired."

With these words Harold Wayland Tribble told us last October that his administration as Wake Forest's tenth president was about to come to an end. He announced then that June 30, 1967, would be the date of his retirement, and now that day is almost here. It will not be long until Harold Tribble will retire to his home in the North Carolina mountains to "read, rock, and write," while Ralph Scales faces the problems that have been his for the last seventeen years.

In the months that have passed since Dr. Tribble announced his impending retirement, there have been many attempts to assess his administration and its effects on Wake Forest. His administration has been seen, as it should be, as one which has changed the face, the spirit, and, of course, the name of Wake Forest College.

It has been a period of dramatic new developments in the College program. The new campus is the most tangible evidence of this change, but it has also been during his administration that College assets have risen from ten to ninety-one million dollars. The College budget has increased by over 700 per cent. The number of volumes in the libraries has more than tripled. Negro students have been admitted to Wake Forest for the first time. The graduate program has been resumed, and Wake Forest's first Ph.D. has been awarded. Asian

---

Richard Fallis, a senior English major from Nashville, Tennessee, is editor of THE STUDENT.

Studies and Interdisciplinary Honors programs have been started. But the new development which is the culmination of President Tribble's career will come on June 12, when he will become the first president of Wake Forest University.

The evidences of the Tribble administration will remain with Wake Forest for as long as the school exists, but in a few days the man himself will be gone. Who is this man who was once called "the most hated man in North Carolina" and has more recently been hailed as "one of the great presidents of Wake Forest" and "one of the great presidents in American higher education"?

He was born in Charlottesville, Virginia, where his father was president of a girls' school. He has had academic training at the University of Richmond, Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, the University of Louisville, and the University of Edinburgh. For almost half a century he has been an ordained Baptist minister, serving as pastor, seminary professor, seminary president, and college president. And, it must be remembered in judging the man that throughout his career he has been a Baptist minister, a man committed to the Christian faith and to Christian higher education.

The truest portrait of Harold Tribble is the one he himself has drawn through his actions and through his words.

On why he came to Wake Forest in 1950:

"I felt that Wake Forest College had at that time perhaps a unique, and certainly a distinct, opportunity to influence the thinking of Baptists generally. It had even a greater influence for this than did the seminaries. They are too restricted and too rigidly controlled by the denomination. They are tightly bound with restrictions which limit the potential for leadership; but at Wake Forest College, a strong college and an emerging university, there was a greater chance for influence. The College offered the opportunity for a high quality of leadership, and I came with the desire to have some share in this leadership."

On his satisfactions in his work:

"I have had a number of problems while I have been at Wake Forest, many of them the result of the move. But I feel that these years have been tremendously worthwhile. In many ways these have been tough years, but I have great satisfaction in seeing Wake Forest University ready to move into a new era."

President Tribble's committment to Wake Forest and its future was already evident in the comments in his inaugural address of 1950:

"It will be challenging and thrilling to design a new campus, construct new buildings, and then move the College 110 miles to our new home; but more exciting will be the adventure of developing Wake Forest College into Wake Forest University. . . . What we envision is the development of a Christian university in the same context in which this school has served as a Christian college for more than a century."

"It will be a glorious adventure, worth every requisite investment in time, money, and energy. It is at once an experiment in religion, in democracy, and in education."

During the "Tribble years" no part of the College program has received more attention than the library. In commenting on a recent grant of more than three million dollars to the library, he said:

"The library is the pumping station of our academic community. Here faculty and students replenish their reservoirs of learning, check their findings in the quest for truth, eliminate errors, and habituate their minds in the ageless camaraderie of scholars. In all our development as an institution of higher education, in our determined pursuit of excellence at both undergraduate and graduate levels, our central library is a vital necessity."

About the construction of the Winston-Salem campus, which occupied much of his time from 1950 until 1956, Dr. Tribble commented:

"Those were terribly busy years, but they were years full of excitement and promise. I suppose I spent as much time in Winston-Salem as I did in Wake Forest then."

Perhaps no president of Wake Forest has received so much criticism of his administration as Dr. Tribble. He said of criticism:

"I decided long ago that I would do my best serving God and truth and not allow criticism to sway me unduly. On the other hand, I have always tried to give due consideration to critical appraisal and critical judgment of my work. I welcome criticism when people are willing to stand by their judgment and enter into a full and frank discussion."

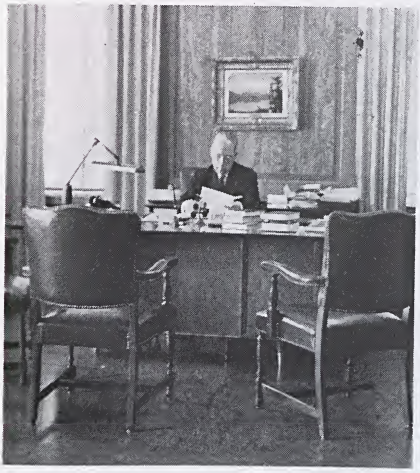
On the subject of athletics, Dr. Tribble, like most college presidents, has made headlines. Twice students complained that he was attempting to de-

emphasize athletics, to which he replied: "I helped get the ACC here. No effort is being made to de-emphasize athletics at Wake Forest." And like many Deacon supporters, Dr. Tribble's feelings sometimes ran high. There was, for example the incident in 1954 when Dr. Tribble charged that the Carolina football team "played dirty" and was "taught to play dirty." He later retracted the statement, but for a few days the controversy between the two schools made headlines across the state.

In recent years, Wake Forest's relations with the North Carolina Baptist Convention have been a source of almost constant discussion. Dr. Tribble's position on this question has remained almost unchanged through the past several years:

"I do not want separation, but I do want to see a liberalized relationship which would keep Wake Forest University in the convention program but keep final authority (including the election of trustees) in the hands of the trustees. I believe this will greatly enrich Christian higher education. Christian higher education must be thought through in terms of today's world and not in terms of twenty or thirty or fifty years ago. I believe, for example, in the separation of church and state, but Wake Forest must be free to enter government programs which would be fruitful and not impose restrictive control. Just as the convention respects the autonomy of the local church, why should this not be true of the Christian college? It seems to me that a pattern of cooperation without control would be in accord with the Baptist tradition. And it would be a tremendous expression of courage and faith. We had this plan of cooperation here at Wake Forest for ninety years and those were years in which the College gave very real service to the Baptist people of North Carolina. Now some of our people (mainly our ministers, I'm afraid) feel that they must control every convention agency which receives financial aid. If a spirit of cooperation does not replace one of control, there is going to be a period of frustration and isolation in Christian higher education."

The President at work.



On students:

"The future lies with the student generation. I believe in students, especially Wake Forest students. Above almost every other type of relationship, I cherish that with the students. If I could, I would arrange my work schedule with one-half of my time designated for association with students."

On changes in the campus atmosphere since 1950:

"One change that has taken place rather gradually is that on the campus here we have so many things going on to challenge students and faculty. There is an attitude of excitement which we have here which did not exist on the old campus, or at least it seems so to me."

On the subject of retirement, Dr. Tribble told the trustees in October, "I need a long rest followed by a slackening pace of activity." But he more recently admitted, "In many ways, I wish I were twenty-five years younger and just coming into this job instead of leaving it. These next few years will be exciting ones indeed for Wake Forest University."

It will not be long now until Dr. James R. Scales will have to do the speaking for Wake Forest University. Dr. Scales will become president of an institution which Dr. Tribble likens to "an automobile in gear and ready to go." What college president could ask for more than that he be remembered as the builder of a major university? Harold Tribble's tenure as president of Wake Forest will soon be over; but his actions and his words will influence the course of the University for years to come. ■

Industrialization Raised The Standard of Living

The sun is shining brown;
London Bridge is falling drown;
And through it all, a lightning storm is raining.
Santa Claus is dread;
Paris, France, is out of bread;
And in a barbershop Einstein is braining.

Drink the wine, drink the wine
Dripping off the fishing line.
It is yours; it is mine;
Life is fine.

Daffodils have all turned green;
Lyndon Johnson's a machine;
"And the day of doom is coming," says a blind man.
A hole is in your stocks;
Chanticleer has chickenpox;
"And better days are here," says the Ku Klux Klan.

Wine the drink, wine the drink
Dripping off the kitchen sink.
It is yours; it is mine;
Life is fine.

—*Ed Myers*

A LITTERGY

by Glenn Freedman

For American citizens and visitors there seems to be a distinct unawareness as to what to do with garbage, trash, and other undesirable objects. Historically, culture has always set aside areas or depositories for refuse, and although distasteful, the proverbial city dump is an institution of the present. Yet growing concern has been raised even in the

Little lot of local litter

In the Spirit of Quang Pho?

highest office in the land over the problem of litter and "Sloppy America" which is becoming a domestic menace for us all.

Lady Bird Johnson, our distinguished and multi-interested First Lady, has repeatedly tried by example and explanation to awaken the apathetic litterers to use litter bags and not to litter streets. Lady Bird's efforts may eventually have the force and follow through to realize an effect. But if the litter problem is to be overcome, dramatic action must be taken now by all citizens.

To keep America clean and green, Lady Bird must have more greenbacks at her disposal to standardize the litter laws and to make Hugh Hefner philosophize about litter, in addition to sex, and drinking. Litter laws much have more teeth in them. If a policeman sees a motorist toss his brown bag out a car window in North Carolina, the driver should be arrested and fined for littering. As it is, very few people are ever stopped and fined for littering unless blatantly ruining some area. And the heftier and enforced penalties must be expanded to industry as well as individuals. But I propose no real solution will come until organizations are developed under the name of "The Litter Ridders."

This entirely voluntary corps will be backed by donations and with the proper spirit of cause and recreation, the Litter Ridders will become a working concern. To the movement will be called people from all walks of life: bird trainers will send their feathered proteges out to pick up scraps, shoe manufacturers will develop shoes with throw-away adhesive bottoms which pick up dust and store it until discarded, industry will invent containers and wrappers which could be eaten by animals if discarded. Anyone will have the potential to join and contribute and no doubt Lady Bird will accept it all.

The area of greatest concentration will be that of raising the status and prestige of domestic cleanliness. To this end, *Time* magazine will want to choose a "Litter Man of the Year," and in Hollywood the "Spirit of Quang Pho" award will be given annually to the Litter Ridder who did the most to commemorate June 18, 1965, when 63,000 American servicemen picked up eleven million pieces of litter dropped from a Communist plane over Quang Pho, South Vietnam. Eventually, a Nobel Prize for Litterature will be added and the crusade for status will be complete.

Of course, N.A.S.A. will have to send an astronaut into outer space to collect all the trash left by the Gemini missions, but to Lady Bird this will be a minor problem. Sports also will be profoundly changed. Wilt Chamberlain will then shoot cigarette packs into a wastebasket ten feet above the floor, and Willie Mays will catch beer cups thrown at him by the fans. In foreign affairs, catchy phrases like "Mao has dirty health habits," and "Make love, not litter" will become household words.

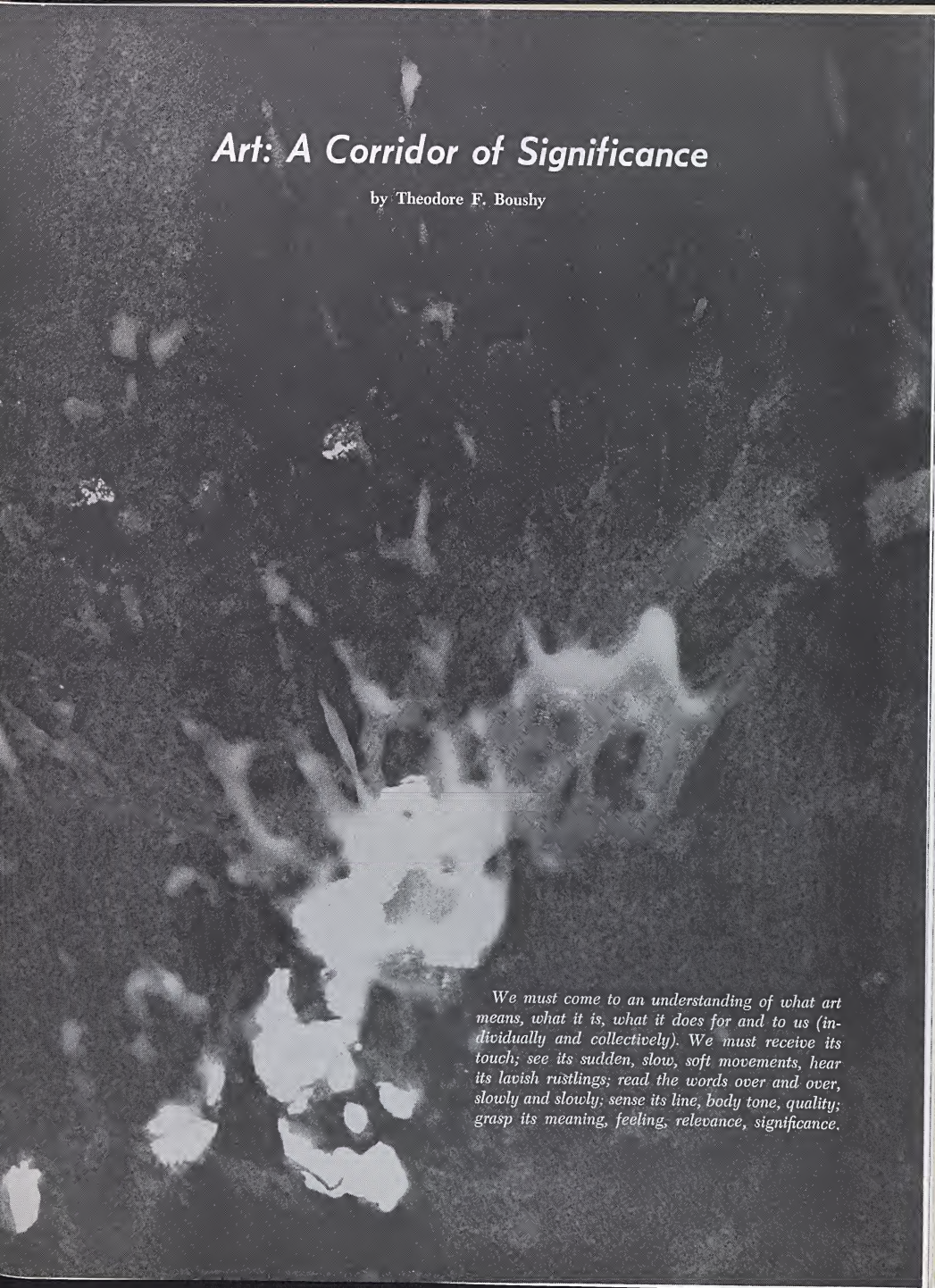
The Litter Ridders will also develop their own crack litter troops, called the "Clean Berets." Lady Bird may even try to change the national symbol from the eagle, who leaves scraps when he eats, to the goat, who leaves nothing. The Litter Ridders under the national direction of Lady Bird and the President of Post Cereal, whose brand is just a litter bit better, will distribute literature and accompaning wastebaskets to all chapters while try-to promote the inevitable capitalism which will follow. "Litter Picker" dolls for the girls and trash disintegrater rifles for the boys, along with "Litter Bag of the Month" clubs, will emerge.

Under the onslaught of such a crusade, the Y.M.C.A. will become the Young Men's Clean-up Association, the W.C.T.U. will become the Women's Christian Trash Union, and L.S.M.F.T. will mean "Littered Streets Mean Filthy Towns." There may even bet a "Litterers Anonymous" for continual offenders. There is no limit to the extent of the program and no way to measure its effects on our lives. With Lady Bird as our leader, America will rally to the Spirit of Quang Pho.

Glenn Freedman is a history major from Messapequa Park, New York.

Art: A Corridor of Significance

by Theodore F. Boushy



We must come to an understanding of what art means, what it is, what it does for and to us (individually and collectively). We must receive its touch; see its sudden, slow, soft movements, hear its lavish rustlings; read the words over and over, slowly and slowly; sense its line, body tone, quality; grasp its meaning, feeling, relevance, significance.

In an age in which the average American works himself to death while trying to prepare to live, an age whose slogan is "Strike and the world strikes with you; work and you work alone," an age in which people's minds are changed through their pockets, we must become introspective. We must become sentient and sensitive. For about the time one learns to make the most of life, most of its succulence has dried without being tasted.

We lack this sensitivity, mainly because this is an age and society which turns the familiar expression around so that it reads: A thing of beauty has joy rides forever. And ours is the society that declares: Beauty is only skin. We no longer say, "The snow is beautiful"; we must add, accompanying our remark with a comfortable sigh, "if someone else is shoveling it." We do not want to be romantic; we must be cold, harsh realists, almost to the point of being naturalistic pessemists (which is not without justification, considering what is happening in and to the world). But we have done this to the expense of the artist.

We are seemingly no longer concerned with Soul or Spirit, which most of us call "those outdated abstractions." We are concerned primarily with how many nineteen-year-olds are across the Big Pond, how much sex was in the movie last night, how many "bad words" and "purple passages" there are in *Lady Chatterly's Lover.*

Not at all to our chagrin, we are no longer concerned with art. If we are at all, as some argue, our artistic concern is not a primary concern. We read, we see, we listen. But we do not know why what we have experienced is *ersatz* or splendid. We have forgotten what the Oriental sage calls the fine arts: *The Five Fingers of God.*

Within these five fingers — architecture, painting, sculpture, music, and poetry — rests a living plasm, a pulsating endoplasm (call it Personality, Soul, Spirit, Self) which is not born from the superficial skin of life, but which fountains from within man, from the center of humanity. It is this vibrating, vivacious Essence that enables us to grasp the knowledge and feeling of what it is to live and that sharpens our ability to transplant this knowledge into emotive fertility.

But in a barren world, stripped of practically all emotion which is not chauvinistic, we must become completely aware of our fast-disappearing artistic responsibility; for without fulfilling this responsibility, the only result is tastelessness in art. This danger is clearly defined in Stephen Spenders' mind. In a recent interview with THE STUDENT he pleaded for artistic quality: "Well, now that we've got a language in which we can write about anything, the danger is just to write about anything, and not write about the things that are important to write. . . . I mean people write about their cats or their dogs, oh, weeding their gardens, or absolutely anything that comes into their heads. And a lot of it is very, very low-pressured, I think."

The "idiot box" is an excellent example of this. The majority of our television hours are slowly whittled away by dull situations and implausible plots, wretched movies which we have seen for the third time, and childish scripts which contain thirty-second ideas, stretched into twenty-eight minutes. To this problem there seems to be only one solution: to improve the artistic criteria which, in turn, means to improve the individual's artistic standard.

To raise this standard we must be aware of what comprises artistic excellence; we must carefully delineate the characteristics of artistic quality. While the establishment of criteria is often a personal and critical accomplishment, we should demand that we see and hear be composed of a sensitive combination of originality and uniqueness, honesty in execution and sincerity in expression, a founded solicitation of emotion, and something significant to say. We should find an inseparable combination of form and substance, manner and matter.

After the criteria have been determined, we must sense the relative value of the artist; for as T. S. Eliot writes, "No poet, no artist of any art, has complete meaning alone." Since we, as members of a society, must stand in relation to other members, so the artist stands in relation to his predecessors and contemporaries. We must see the artist relatively. But we must come to appreciate him as an individual before we are able to feel completely his significance and before we fully understand what he is saying.

What we do not understand we do not possess; and, often, what we do not possess we do not understand. "Our dignity," writes Santayana, "is not in what we do, but what we understand." And, for this reason, we must come to a fuller knowledge of art through education. For, as Addison writes, "What sculpture is to a block of marble, education is to the soul."

Theodore F. Boushy, editorial assistant on THE STUDENT staff, is a junior English major from Fayetteville.

Artistic knowledge, if for nothing else, aids in the development of persons fully capable of planning pleasing gardens and selecting coordinated clothes. It produces citizens who can competently be of service to community planning. Art education also serves to develop teachers in the visual arts. It grants the spectator a sensitivity, thus making possible a personal evaluation. Artistic awareness through education also enables us to respond intellectually to an *F* on a drawing for the Biology Department. But, more importantly, the knowledge of art inspires others to learning, which produces new instructors in the fine arts and — perhaps more important — encourages new artistic talent and creativity.

But, to return again to the personal level, art furnishes us with a delicate sensitivity, At its pith a very personal matter, art gives us an experience of beauty in depth. This experience embodies an intensification of life; its gives us a deeper insight into life by giving us, as Pope suggests, "something whose truth at sight we find,/ that gives us back the image of our mind." And, because art is not an end, but rather a beginning to experience, we are ushered into the new and introduced to a welcome guest of the mind, meaning.

By bringing meaning into focus, and by leading the real to the threshold of the real, and by conducting the unreal to the doorway of the real, art enables us to see life through various lenses, perspectives, insights. E. M. Forster, the English novelist, captures the extension of meaning and understanding which art offers to us in a brilliant work, *Aspects of the Novel.* He writes, "We cannot understand each other except in a rough and ready way. . . . In the novel we can know people perfectly and apart from the general pleasure of reading." In *The Reality of Fiction,* Nancy Hale, American novelist and lecturer at Bread Loaf Writers Conference, remarks that we are made of many characters, "each glued together by the grace of God." It is by freeing one or several of these fragment-lives within us that the artist grants us an understanding which, by ourselves, we could never have come by.

For when we read a red poem we see the world stained red; when we experience art in any form, we bespectacle ourselves with three-D lenses and watch the world become animated. Life asks us, then, to take it for our own, to marry it and make love to it, hoping that there will be a bearing of new and fruitful ideas. And from these ideas come understanding and truth.

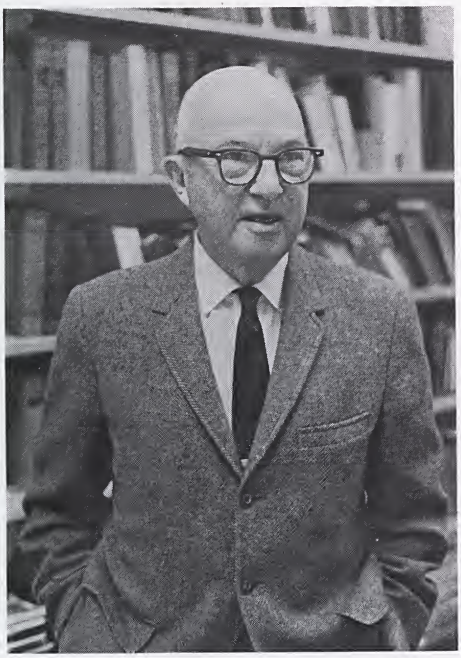
Thoreau feels that "it takes two to speak truth — one to speak and another to listen." And so we must listen. Jonson's humorous and yet truthful statement, "Truth, sir, is a cow which will yield skeptics no more milk; so they have gone to milk the bull," speaks to us, members of the Great Society. We are very like the ostrich, in that, while we may have a certain insight into the qualities and characteristics of sand, our viewpoint is certainly limited.

The artist, whose subject matter is the world, his feelings about the world, and his feelings about himself as an occupant of the world, reduces our limitations. For art contains, as Matthew Arnold clearly expresses, "the materials which suffice for thus making us know ourselves and the world." Because we know so little about our world — a smaller knowledge about ourselves — we must welcome an emotion that currents deeply. We must cherish the most valuable gift of art, a more direct and vital vision of reality.

We must come to an understanding of what art means, what it is, what it does for and to us (individually and collectively). We must receive its touch; see its sudden, slow, soft movement; hear its lavish rustlings; read the words over and over, slowly and slowly; sense its line, body, tone, quality; grasp its meaning, feeling, relevance, significance. Because art extends to us an opportunity to live beyond ourselves, while, at the same moment, we live within the depths of our passions, selves, meanings.

For art contributes form to existence. And form readily induces understanding through experience, which is a corridor in which we meet our spiritual awareness and our physical existence in a significant relationship.

We must establish this relationship; we must enter the corridor. We must quench our longing for self-identity; we must quench the thirst of our being; we must satiate our curiosity; we must feel our soul fondled. We must find truth. And when truth is finally shared in the quiet corridor where soul and mind, emotion and reason, touch one another warmly in meaningful relationships, we find that Robert Penn Warren's words plumb deeply into the question of all art and life. For what we must satisfy, above all, is "the need of feeling our life to be, in itself, significant." ■



A Half-Century of Service

by Ralph Simpson

Forrest W. Clonts is not really retiring. He is merely leaving his classes in the history of England and the ancient world in order to have more time to counsel, assist in running the history department, and work with the rare books in the library. He also hopes to rest a little more.

The bald little gentleman of Wake Forest could never retire. Those who think they know him think he could be happy basking in his sunny Florida homeland, but those who really know Professor Clonts realize that his happiness is in working for Wake Forest. It has been his life for over fifty years and it will be his life until he dies.

Mr. Clonts came North from Florida almost a half century ago, and with a few years out for graduate study, he has been at Wake Forest ever since. After graduating from the College in 1920, he did graduate work at Ohio State University and Yale University. The 1920 *Howler* had this to say about Mr. Clonts, who was then called "Nepo": "He is a quiet fellow, but he is of the sort who make their ability recognized without the necessity of noise." The yearbook predicted that this quiet fellow would enter the consular service, making "Uncle Sam a good man."

But instead of "making Uncle Sam a good man," he came back to Wake Forest after graduate school and made good men out of hundreds of students who have crammed his classes each semester, and who have even occasionally sat on the floor. One of Mr. Clonts' fellow students who is now his colleague says that statistics could prove that he has taught more students than any other Wake Forest professor of today. His students are among the most renowned in education and law, but he can recall what some prominent lawyers and college presidents made on their history quizzes

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Ralph Simpson, associate editor of *Old Gold and Black*, is a junior history major from Charlotte. With Henry Bostic he will serve as co-editor of the campus newspaper next year.

twenty years ago. One former student says of him, "He was not only the best teacher I had at Wake Forest, he was my best friend as well. And another adds, "Mr. Clonts doesn't really lecture at all. Instead, he very gently describes the persons and events he has come to know intimately in his years of scholarship."

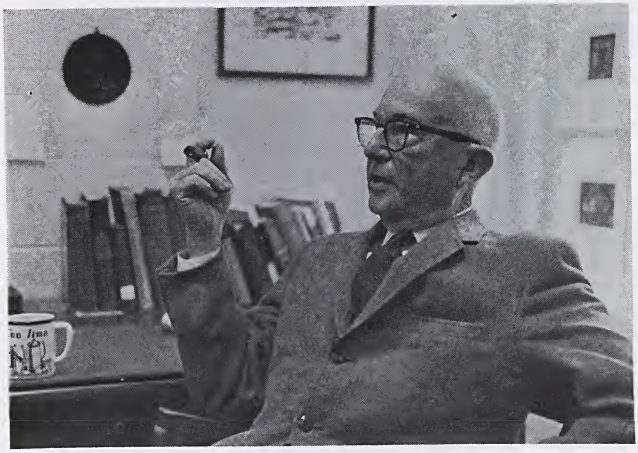
In his classes Mr. Clonts sits casually in front of his students, without notes before him, but with a tattered map of England behind him. Usually he is dapperly dressed in a three-piece Harris tweed suit, one knee propped on the other. His appearance is that of an aristocratic Southern gentleman mellowed by nights in old English inns. One member of the history department comments that "he is one of our leading sartorial examples. I suspect he is the only person in the history department who dresses well enough to get into a fraternity."

But the sedate little man is not at all times as he appears in the classroom. Like the old *Howler* said, Mr. Clonts is the kind of man who works hard without rolling up his sleeves or loosening his tie. Since he became a teacher at Wake Forest in 1922 he has served on every major committee of the faculty and has chaired several of them. "He is," says one of his fellow professors, "an excellent administrator who does not like to administrate; they're usually the best kind." He has always had a strong involvement in the College's athletic program, serving as chairman of the Athletic Committee, director of the Deacon Club Foundation, and faculty representative to the old Southern Conference, the National Collegiate Athletic Association, and the Atlantic Coast Conference. In 1954-55 he was president of the ACC.

Between terms, Mr. Clonts often travels abroad, usually going to Great Britain. During the summer of 1953 he toured Russia and eastern Europe, but his home away from home is the Angler Hotel in England. Frequently Professor Clonts takes one of his favorite students with him on these summer excursions. He is going back again this June, and when he recently found out that he would definitely make the trip, his excitement was evidenced in quickened steps and sparkling eyes.

Instead of returning to the antique town of Wake Forest or to warm Lakeland, Florida, his hometown, Professor Clonts will come back to Winston-Salem in August and Wake Forest in September. Though, as one fellow instructor in the history department said, "Even if he were to leave, we are sure that the smell of his cigars will remain forever."

But Professor Clonts is coming back to Wake Forest, even in retirement. As he said the other day, "I've got this office until I die." That room over in the Humanities Building, B103, will still be his chapel. Wake Forest is his religion. ■



In An August Setting

To A. E. S.

We will give quiet August
in time's moment of ourselves
a settling down to gather
in the leaves of yesteryear.
We will gather them in August,
softly lying on the ground,
and will rustle with our meaning
and will brush the fallen leaves.

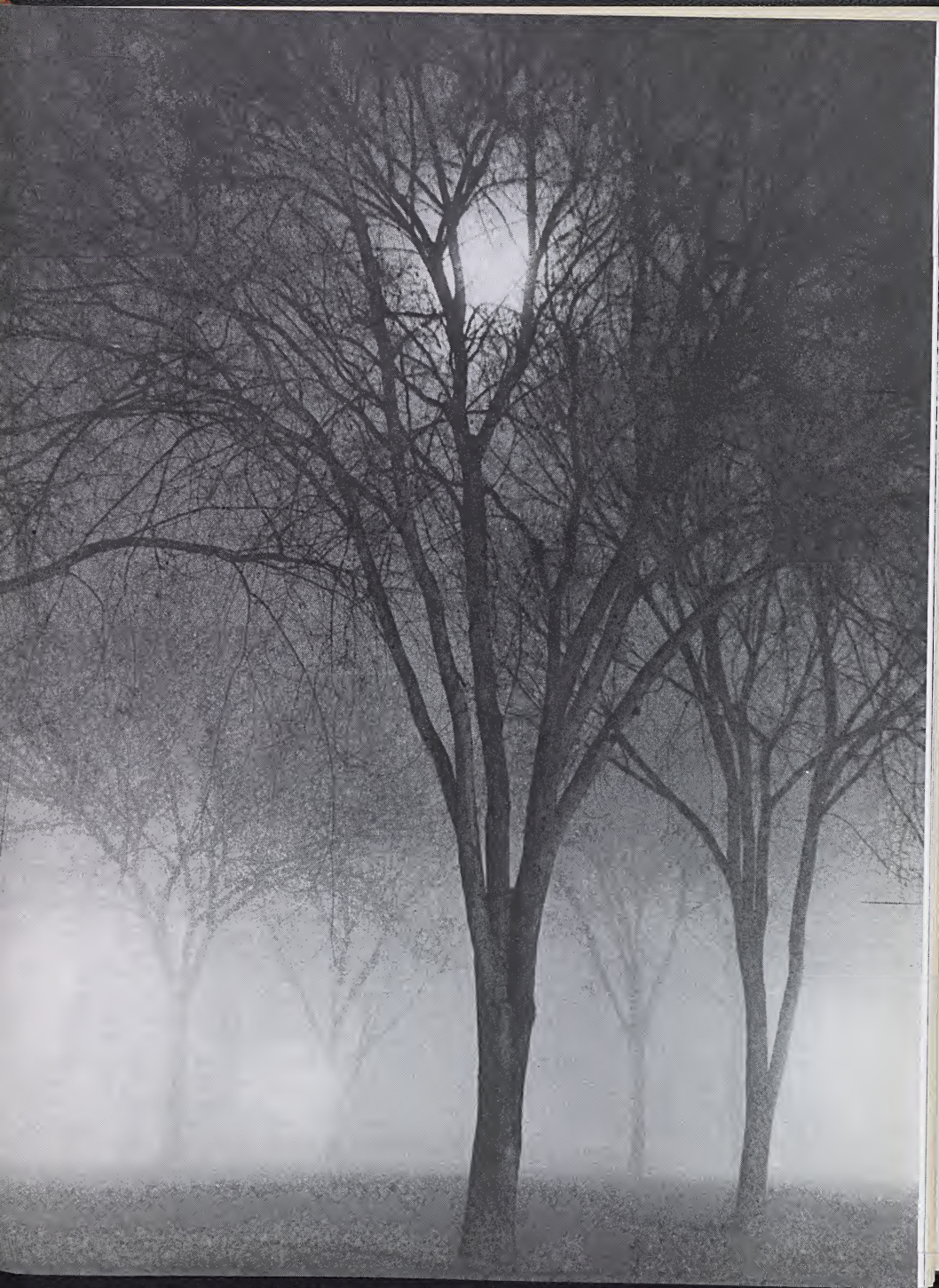
You will hear and feel your back
    arched and shoulders tensely pulled
    break the under-leaves of August
    on the dry-then-damp, cool ground.

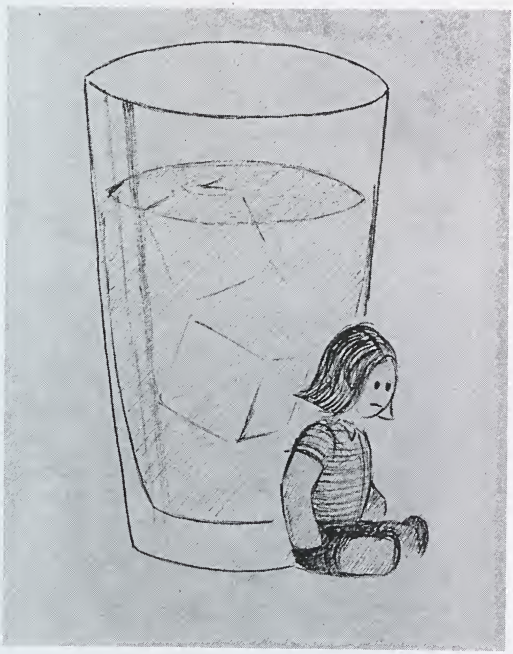
You will call my hands rough leather,
    though you wish them just the same,
    and will feel the cracking leaves
    and the stones that bruise your back.

You will feel me once in August
    and then leave when it all is done
    in the sudden-soft of evening
    underneath an August moon.

We will rise then without speaking,
staring blankly at the moon,
slipping up and through two limbs
of a twisted tree in August.
In the late cool of the evening
you will know how it is forced
to spread far and wide and hard
to bear a child of light.

— *Theodore F. Boushy*





Do You Understand?

by Clare Jean Ivey

Devon opened her eyes and sat up among the stuffed animals on the four-poster bed. It wasn't time to get up yet because it was still dark. Why was she awake? She looked at the line of light under the door to the hallway. Her parents hadn't gone to bed yet. Devon tensed and held her breath, straining to hear some sound. Nothing. Then she heard her father's voice in the bedroom next door. "For Christ's sake, Fran, it's two o'clock in the morning. Why do we have to decide now?"

"It's only 1:30." Her mother snapped back.

"What's the difference? It's late."

Devon heard a gush of water. Her father was taking a shower. She rolled over on her side, pulled her knees up to her chest, and clutched Raggedy Ann more tightly. Devon closed her eyes. She would have to go back to sleep until it was

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Clare Jean Ivey, a sophomore from Farmingdale, New Jersey, is a Fidele and a psychology major.

time to get up. She was tired, and besides, she didn't like to hear her parents talk to each other like that. It happened just about every day now, usually right after father came home from the office. Her mother used to put on a pretty dress and mix a big pitcher of drinks before he came home, but now she didn't dress up and her father made his own drink. Then her parents would sit in the living room and talk like that, he saying a lot and yelling and mother speaking only occasionally, but just as loudly. Devon didn't understand what they talked about, but Loretta, the housekeeper, said it was "big-people talk" and she didn't need to understand. Usually when it started, Loretta would ask Devon to finish her dinner quickly and then she would take her up the back staircase and put her to bed.

"Peter?" she heard her mother call over the whine of the shower pipes. "We have to decide soon."

"Be quiet, Fran, you'll wake. . . ."

"What?" called her mother.

"I said shut up!" Devon curled her legs more tightly against her chest. She wished her father would talk more softly. She did not want to hear him. Now he turned the water off. "Sorry, Fran, but pretty soon you'll wake up Devon and we'll never get her to go back to sleep. What are you gonna say? 'Go back to sleep. Everything's all right. Mother and Daddy are just bitchin' at each other." Devon heard her father laugh, but it wasn't a funny laugh.

"Watch your language, Peter, that's not funny."

"Yeah, I know. But I've got an excuse, Fran, I'm drunk. No, I'm not anymore, not drunk enough, anyway. Dammit. Shouldn't have taken a shower. Besides, everybody knows I'm a lousy father and I've been a worse husband. Right, Fran?" He chuckled loudly. "I'm a real bad. . . ."

"That's enough, Peter!" Devon did not understand. Mother was getting angry now. That was the way she talked to Devon whenever she whined or cried. Mother didn't like noise. Her father was laughing again, that horrible, frightening laugh.

Devon squinted, put her fingers in her ears to muffle the sounds; she rolled over, burying her face in the pillow. But her father was talking too loudly. Was he talking about her? Devon sat up.

"Look, Fran, I don't know what to do with Devon." Devon pulled the quilt off the foot of the bed and slipped down to the floor. She spread the quilt by the door and curled up in it, leaning her head against the door-frame and listening. "How are we going to tell her?" her father continued.

"That's not the problem, Peter. She's only five. It shouldn't bother her much. She doesn't know enough to be very upset. But we've got to decide who'll keep her."

"Yeah, that's what I mean. I couldn't do anything for her — except make her unhappy. Ya know, sometimes I think the kid's scared of me — the way she looks at me. No, she doesn't look at me — when I'm talking to her, ya know? Fran, you're moving down to the house at the shore and you know how much she likes it down there."

Devon was straining to hear her parents now. She wanted to open the door, but they might hear her. The beach house? But it wasn't summer yet. Wasn't Daddy going, too? Her mother was talking now.

"I don't know. Maybe she ought to stay here with you. Maybe we shouldn't move her. She might not adjust well. Loretta has always taken good care of her, and she already said she'd stay on with you. Kids get insecure when . . ."

"Now wait a minute! Don't give me any of that Dr. Spock crap. You don't give a damn about that kid. You're afraid she might interfere with your lousy freedom! Divorcees with kids don't. . . ."

"Oh, shut up! Why don't you tell me all about how much Devon means to you, Peter? You sure don't want her!"

"I'm not her mother, either. You wouldn't know what to do if we couldn't afford a maid. What would you do if you couldn't go to all your luncheons and teas and golf lessons? Let's see, Monday's volunteer day; Tuesday's golf day, or is that Wednesday? You hate us, don't you? Fran, you'll do anything to get out of this house. Don't preach to me, Baby."

"Are you finished?"

"No. No, I'm not. I could write a book on what a lousy mother you are: *How to Ignore Your Child and Husband and Ruin Your Marriage.*"

"Stop it, Peter! You're drunk! Shut up!"

Devon wrapped the quilt around her ears to muffle her mother's cries and her father's laughter. Her parents were saying ugly things and she was frightened. She wanted to go downstairs to Loretta's room for the comfort she always found there, but she was too frightened to move. Her

parents were quieter now, but she could still remember the things they had said: "You hate us, don't you?" "You're moving down to the house at the shore." "Shut up!" "You sure don't want her!"

"They don't like each other; that's why they always scream," thought Devon. "They don't like me either. Mommy and Daddy don't want me anymore. I heard them say so." Her small body shook and she put a corner of her quilt in her mouth and bit it so that her parents couldn't hear her sobs. She sat rocking back and forth with her knees pulled up to her chin and the edge of the quilt in her mouth until the hall light went out and there were no more sounds from the bedroom next door. Then she picked up her Raggedy Ann doll from the floor where it had fallen and carried it to the window seat. Devon climbed up on the soft cushion and cradled the doll in her arms, rocking it gently.

"Don't cry, little baby. Mommy's going to stay with you till you go to sleep. Don't cry." She took the hem of her nightgown and wiped her own tears off the shiny black plastic eyes of the Raggedy Ann. "All better, Baby. Go sleepy. Mommy loves you. Go sleepy. I won't go away. I'll stay right here."

When Devon woke up, Loretta was raising the shade above the window seat, letting in the light of the spring morning.

"Mornin', sleepyhead. What you an' Raggedy Ann doin' sleepin' here on dis winda seat when you's got dat nice big bed ta sleep on?" Devon didn't answer. "Land sakes, chile, sometimes I don' know what goes on in yo' li'l head. Well, c'mon now; it's time fo' you ta be gittin' dressed and have yo' breakfust. You and dat baby doll sho must a been tired ta sleep dis late . . . on a priddy mornin' lak dis!" Loretta helped Devon wash and dress, and together they put a clean dress and pinafore on Raggedy Ann. Then they went down to the kitchen for breakfast.

"Honey, you wan' Loretta to make dem pancakes widda berries in 'em?"

"Uhn-uhn."

"Den how 'bout some berries on yo' cereal?"

"I'm not hungry."

"Lord, honey, you's always hungry. You sick?"

"No."

"Well, den, drink yo' juice. Give some to dat dolly. She's lookin' mighty peek-ed."

"Retta, where's Mommy?"

"She went to one a dem ladies' meetin's real early dis mornin'. Said she's goin' shoppin' too and won't be home till supper. We's gotta lot a work to do today, honey. I's gotta make all dem tarts fo' her luncheon tamorra and I needs you to help me. Will ya eat a b'nanna if Loretta cuts it up for ya?"

"Retta, is Mommy goin' away?"

Loretta turned her back to Devon and opened the refrigerator. "What you wanna know dat fo', honey? Loretta don' know nuttin'. I ain't paid to know nuttin'. Heah, you eat dis."

"Retta? How come Mommy and Daddy don't talk nice?"

"What you mean?"

"How come they scream at each other? Mommy tells me not to do it. 'S not nice."

Loretta closed the refrigerator door and walked over to the kitchen table. She stood behind Devon's chair and ran her thick dark fingers through the child's hair. "Baby, you's too little ta unnerstand things like dat. I can't tell ya nuttin' 'cause I don' unnerstand it eda. Big folks, 'specially Mommys and Daddys, do a lot a dem things we don' unnerstand and das jest da way it's suppos' ta be. So don' you worry yo' priddy li'l head, chile!"

"But Retta, Mommy and Daddy don' like each other, do they?"

"I told ya, honey. I don' know nuttin'."

"They don't! And they don't like me, either. Mommy just likes all her ladies and parties. And all Daddy likes is the office. They never stay here to play with me. They don't want me here!"

"C'mon, honey." Loretta lifted Devon up and sat down in the chair with her in her lap. "I don' know nuttin' 'bout your Momma and Daddy and what dey likes and don' like. Dey ain't never told me. But I loves ya', honey. Loretta loves ya and so do Raggedy Ann." Devon buried her face against Loretta's soft, warm shoulder and remembered her fright of the night before and how much she had wanted to find Loretta and have her hold her like that.

Several nights later, Devon sat on her bad whispering to her doll. It was much too early to go to sleep. Loretta had drawn down the window shades but light from the spring dusk crept around the edges of the shades. Devon could hear the two little boys next door playing war in the yard. Devon wasn't tired. Quietly she climbed down from the bed and raised a window shade. She watched the boys playing until they ran around the corner of the house. Then she began to amuse herself with the crayons and papers on her play table, being very careful not to drop anything on the floor for fear her parents would hear. Several times she stopped her coloring and listened to the sounds from downstairs. She could hear her parents talking in the living room below and once she heard the oven door squeak in the kitchen, where Loretta was preparing dinner. Then she heard heavy footsteps on the staircase. Maybe Daddy had heard her playing! She scurried back to the bed but did not have time to get under the covers before Loretta stuck her dark head into the room.

"Devon, you sleepin', honey?"

"No."

"Well, den, you put on yo' slippas and c'mon downstairs. Mommy and Daddy want to talk to you."

Devon stiffened with fear. Daddy must have heard her get out of bed and now he would scold her. But she did as Loretta said.

In the living room she found her mother sitting on the sofa and her father leaning against the mantle-piece. Devon stood in the doorway.

"Sit down, Devon." Her father's voice was much more gentle than she had expected and she relaxed slightly. Still she chose the chair closest to the door.

"Your mother and I want to talk to you." She saw her father take a long drink from the glass in his hand. Her mother shifted on the sofa and clutched the pillow on her lap. Devon felt hot and looked down at her short legs which stuck out straight from the edge of the easy-chair.

"We have something to tell you, dear." Her mother's voice was cold and flat.

"Yes," her father continued. "Yes, we do." He paused and drank from his glass again. Devon felt uncomfortable and stared at her feet wriggling up and down.

"We think it's time. . . . Devon, your mother and I have decided not to live together anymore. We are getting a separation." He paused. "Do you understand? Devon?"

Devon glanced up at her father, but quickly lowered her eyes again. "Good Lord, Peter, of course she doesn't!" Devon could tell by her parents' voices that she didn't want to understand. She wanted to run out of the room, but she couldn't move.

Devon heard the ice cubes rattling in her father's glass, but she kept her eyes lowered. "Sometimes

married people decide they don't want to be married anymore. It just happens. . . . Dammit, Fran, I don't know what to tell her!" Devon took off one of her slippers and began to play with it. She wished she could go into the kitchen with Loretta or even back to bed — she wished she could be anywhere except in that room.

"Devon, listen to me! Stop playing with your slipper and listen!" Devon obeyed her mother and put the slipper on her foot without looking up. She waited for her mother to continue. "Dear, mother is going to move down to the house at the shore and live there. Your father is going to live here in this house. We won't live in the same house anymore. Do you see? But your father and I can't decide. We don't know where you want to live. You can choose. Devon, stop fiddling and look at me!" Devon didn't look up. She felt ashamed of her tears and trembling lips.

"Devon," her father said, "do you understand?"

"What?"

"Do you understand what we've been telling you?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, what do you want to do?" asked her mother.

"For Christ's sake, Fran! She doesn't know."

"Be quiet, Peter. She said she understands. Now, Devon, tell Mother who you want to live with."

Her father laughed shakily. "I don't believe you, Fran. This is unreal! She's justa. . . ."

"Devon?" Her mother's voice was loud and impatient.

"I don't want to . . .," Devon began in a shaky whisper.

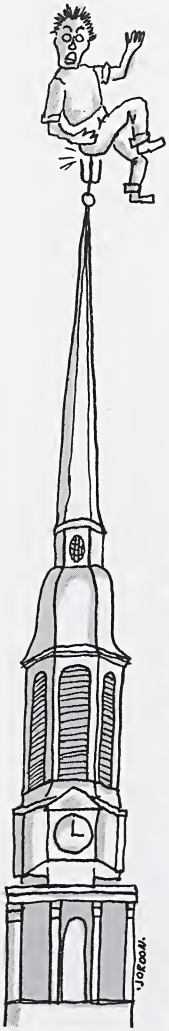
"You don't want to what?"

"I don't want to live with anybody! You don't want me. You and Daddy don't like me! I'm going to go away with Loretta and Raggedy Ann 'cause they love me. Loretta said so. Just Loretta, Dolly and me. I hate you! I hate. . . ."

"Stop it, Devon! Stop that nonsense!" The harshness of her mother's voice startled her to silence. "I can't stand it when you carry on. Now, go back to bed!" Devon was too frightened to disobey.

When Devon had left the living room, she heard her father pour another drink and say to her mother, "See, Fran? I told you she couldn't understand what's happened." ■

TO THE POINT



We understand that the powers-that-be have decided to keep the WGA's notorious apartment rule on the books, but not try to enforce it. It seems to us that as long as the College is going to pass rules and then not enforce them, it would be well to adopt some of the following:

—coeds will not be permitted to fraternize with the Viet Cong without the permission of Dean Lu Leake.

—political science professors will be permitted to use the words "consensus," "substantive," "normative," "socio-economic," and "devaluation," only with the written approval of Bunker Hill.

—books may be stolen from the Z. Smith Reynolds Library only on alternate Thursdays in February.

—bridge playing in the Kappa Sig house is strictly forbidden.

—contestants in the Derby Day festivities will in the future be required to have tetanus and rabies innoculations prior to chasing for derbies.

◆

Will the person who stole Win Boileau's sign from in front of THE STUDENT office please return it! There will be a small reward.

◆

At one western university women who are elected to Phi Beta Kappa are permitted to have keys to the women's dorms and are permitted to come in at any hour. The Phi Beta Kappa key is indeed the key to success!

◆

The city of Billings, Montana, has passed an ordinance forbiding the dropping of cigarettes on city sidewalks. No it's not an anti-litter ordinance; the sidewalks are wooden.

Poetry for the Masses Department:
"When I Was Young"

When I was young and lived in the world,
Never thought of the gates of pearl,
When I got there it was very bright,
Everything was red and white.
Saw St. Peter and he said, "Well, well!
See by your ring that you're a Fidele,
So-o-o, I've reserved a place for you,
Mrs. St. Peter was a Fidele, too."

—*from the Fidele Society songsheet*

◆

Magazines are always running articles about the 10 best dressed people, or the 25 wealthiest, or the 10 most wanted criminals or the 50 most prominent people in the news, and so on and on. Well, THE STUDENT is not going to issue any such list, but it seems that there are certain people at Wake Forest who would make any such list that could be printed.

So without further ado, here is our list of the 15 most _____ people at Wake Forest during the past year. You fill in the blank.

1. Clay Hemric
2. John Barr
3. Mrs. Mildred Turner
4. Mrs. Dayna Tate Pate
5. Sam
6. Miss Judith Weller
7. Hayes McNeill
8. Dr. Keith Pritchard
9. Chick George
10. Russell Brantley
11. Doc Martin
12. Faye Setzer
13. Wallace Finlator
14. Miss Minnie Kallam
15. Dr. James R. Scales

A Chaucerean Journalist

by Richard Fallis

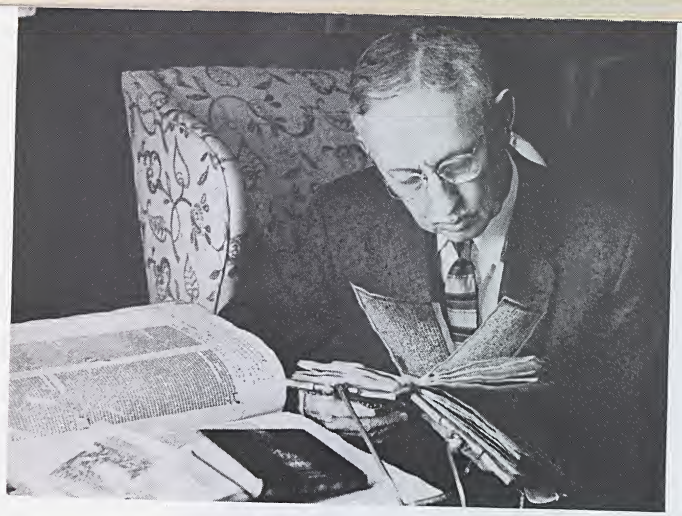
Last Friday a silver-haired professor walked briskly into C216 in the Humanities Building, checked his roll sheets, and began his lecture. It was the last lecture of the semester in English 315.

But it was more than that; for the teacher was Dr. Edgar E. Polk, the course was "Chaucer," and this was his last appearance before a class of Wake Forest students. In a few days now the good doctor will finish packing his belongings, and for the last time commute home to Wake Forest, N. C., "the real Wake Forest" as he calls it. He will leave behind him a map of the road from London to Canterbury and memories in the minds of thousands of former students. Dr. Folk will be a professor emeritus. Then, perhaps, he will have time to publish the story of what really went on between Falstaff and the Wyf of Bath; then students will no longer be baffled by what the governor of North Carolina said to the governor of South Carolina.

His retirement will mark the end of a thirty-one year teaching career at Wake Forest, but by no means will it mark the end of the more than fifty years of devotion he has given his alma mater (that's pronounced alma may-ter, not alma mahter). In his thirty-one years of teaching at Wake Forest he has led more pilgrims to Canterbury than Chaucer's host ever dreamed of; he has sometimes said more perceptive things about modern drama in one class period than some drama critics say in a lifetime; he has taught young journalists the tricks, and the responsibilities, of their trade.

Although he has devoted more than half of his life to college teaching, at Mercer University, Oklahoma Baptist University, and Wake Forest, Dr. Folk did not at first intend to be a professor. He came to Wake Forest, the alma mater of his father and grandfather, in 1917, planning to become a journalist. He edited *Old Gold and Black*, turning it, as the *Howler* of his senior year said, into "a sheet worthy of the institution it represented"; was a member of the team that won the state tennis crown in 1919; and was an outstanding student. From Wake Forest he went to jobs with a string of newspapers, ending up with the old *New York Herald*. But the call of the classroom was too strong, and in 1936 he returned to Wake Forest.

It is probably true that much of Dr. Folk's impatience with pedantry and academic humbug stems from his days as a working journalist. He once called *PMLA*, the prestigious journal of literary scholars, "one of the few magazines I know of in which dull writing is always the order of the day." His classes have been constantly marked by the wit and critical eye of the journalist; as Dean Edwin G. Wilson, one of Dr. Folk's



former students says, "His courses have not been the sort of thing mere English teachers would have made them."

He feels that literature and good journalism are composed of the same thing: words put together well. Thus in his Chaucer course he stresses Chaucer's journalistic eye: "He was the master journalist. He presents his pilgrims, describes them to you, and makes no judgment about them. This is journalism at its best; it is also great art." And for years he has told his journalism courses the same thing.

For Dr. Folk, Geoffrey Chaucer has been as close a friend as any man he has actually known. And, of course, there is always the possibility that he actually knew Chaucer; for Dr. Folk claims only half in jest that he was living in the fourteenth century. In his years of teaching Chaucer he has worn out one textbook after another, but the Chaucer course remains "as fresh as is the month of May." As he says, "Every time we open the *Canterbury Tales,* the pilgrims invite us to ride out with them. And I for one am always willing to go, for this is the greatest trip in literature." It is no accident then that Dr. Folk has devoted much of his time in recent weeks to finishing his fascinatingly-detailed map of the road from London to Canterbury which hangs in C216 in the Humanities Building. It is his final physical gift to Wake Forest; it is also a Chaucer course in itself.

But in his years at the College Dr. Folk has been more than just a teacher of Chaucer. In fact he came to Wake Forest not to teach Chaucer, but to teach journalism. And he is no ordinary journalism teacher. Dr. Folk believes that journalism is an art, not a craft, and that it is best taught not in a school of journalism, but in the environment of a liberal arts curriculum. A proof that he is probably right is the host of now distinguished journalists who once sat in his classes. Folk products serve on the staffs of dozens of newspapers across the country and help edit some of America's most distinguished magazines.

His journalism classes are always marked by informality, wit, wisdom, and vast impatience with bad writing. One former student says, "Dr. Folk said that nobody could teach you how to write, and it may be true. But is a funny thing that after taking his classes my own writing was a whole lot better." And there was the day one Spring when, after hearing read a particularly poor lot of student short stories, he looked out the window towards the green lawns and said, "Ladies and gentlemen, it is a lovely day outside and I have an appointment with Spring." Out the door and into the Spring sun he walked.

Dr. Folk learns from the master himself.

Dr. Folk believes fervently that only writing and then more writing will make a journalist proficient at his art. To give his budding journalists experience he has advised, nursed along, and occasionally chastized the College's three publications. Dean Wilson maintains that "the student publications at Wake Forest have been the result of Dr. Folk," and he is right. The publications Dr. Folk has advised have won a string of All-American awards, the highest honor in collegiate journalism. His method of advising is based on the belief that student journalists should be accorded the same freedom that society gives to the public press. He feels that "it is better to tolerate errors of judgment rather than turn out namby-pamby yes-men as journalists." Apparently his faith in the ability of student editors has been justified, for he says with pride, "I've never had an editor shot out from under me. They've thrown out editors at other colleges, but it has never happened at Wake Forest."

With the same wit and relish he has taught Chaucer, modern drama, and journalism he has served the College in other ways. For a while in the 1930's he was tennis coach. He has served for many years on the Rare Books Committee, and the College's distinguished collection of rare books, and their catalogue, are in large measure the result of his efforts. And since the College's move to Winston-Salem he has done all that he could to keep alive the memory of the old campus and its traditions. "It may be that the College had to move, but that does not mean it must forget its past."

Dean Wilson says of the man who has been his teacher and fellow scholar, 'He is a person of manners and graciousness; 'courtly' seems to be the word to describe him. His attitude towards life is essentially comic, perhaps that is in part the result of his love of Chaucer. He has the same instinct for teaching that he had for news when he was a practicing journalist. He is an innate conservative and a man of very high values who must have been displeased by things that have been said in the student publications. But he insists on freedom for the student publications as if he were a young rebel. To find this in this man makes him very winsome."

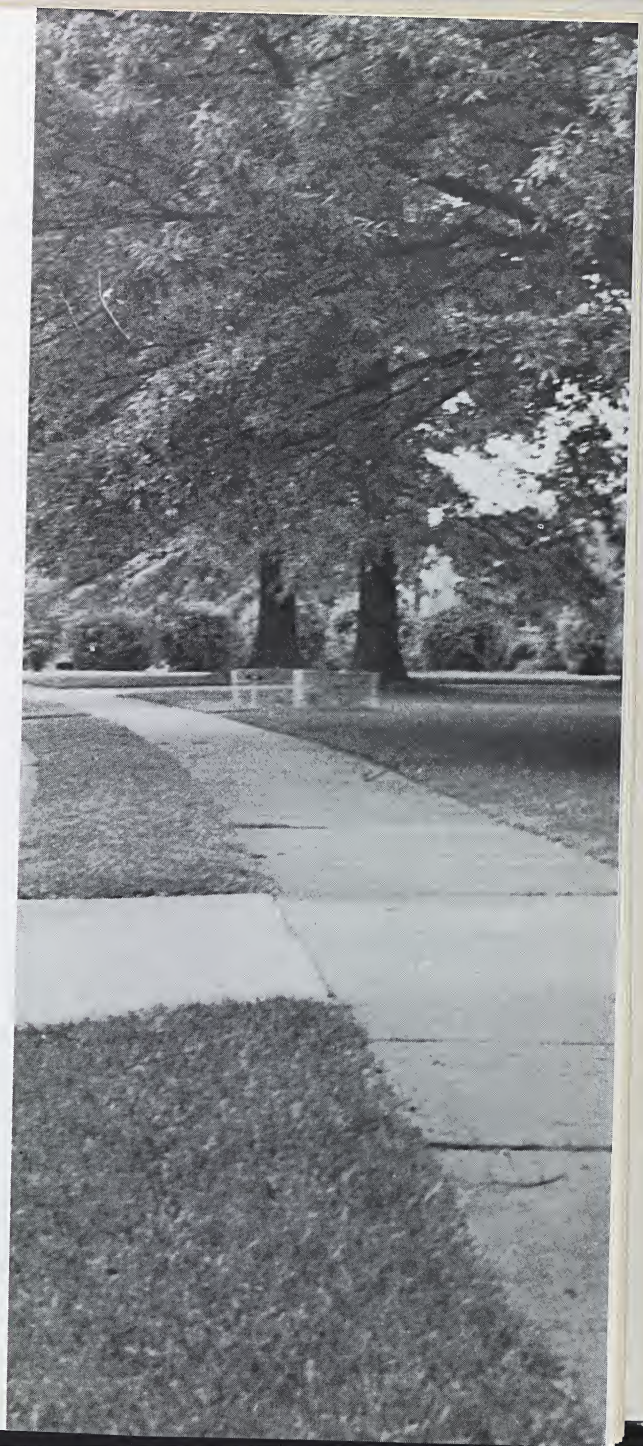
When Edgar Estes Folk retires in June, the College will lose a valued scholar and teacher. THE STUDENT will lose the adviser who brought it back to life after the dark years of the ban and who has given the resurrected magazine much wise counsel and encouragement. Many members of this student generation will lose a close friend. Dr. Folk once told a group of former students that he was proud to know them and proud to be known by them. There are hundreds of his students who can say in return that they are proud to know him, and proud to be known by him. No words are more applicable to him than those in which his beloved Chaucer described a scholar of another age:

Noght o word spak he moore than was neede,
And that was seyd in forme and reverence,
And short and quyk, and ful of hy sentence.
Sownynge in moral vertu was his speche
And gladly wolde he lerne, and gladly teche. ■

SIDEWALK CONVERSATION #2

Little girl all soft and creamy
Dreaming in your pink playhouse,
Teaing with your raggy dolls
With button noses, eyes and hearts.
Playing hide-and-seek from
Big bad wolves that
Think and speak and feel.
Never sunburned, never chilled,
You've never wept or thrown
Your dainty cares
Away and wildly run through
Golden meadows, laughing in the
Face of yesterday.
Please go ask your Mom if
It's all right for you to
Come outside and play.

— *Mark Montgomery*



Where To Make Out

by Ed Myers

A Guide To the Choicest Spots On Campus

"A marriage without courtship is like the Empire State Building without a foundation. The first storm that comes along will completely devastate it." Yogi Berra once said that in a nightmare I had, and it is a statement of considerable truth and wisdom.

And certainly, a courtship without a chance to be alone together lacks some of the basic qualifications of a good courtship. But unfortunately, the American style of good courtship is built up around the possession of an automobile, and if you happen to be a male college student without a car, or a female with such a boyfriend, THEN WHAT? Are you eliminated from that glorious group of courters who can sit alone together and talk? Will you have to propose while standing in the cafeteria line?

NO!

There is still hope for you. Not only hope, but a heaven of romantic spots on this campus, spots that would make Hemingway cringe for not having used them in his novels. Certainly those who planned this campus planned it with the pedestrain lovers in mind.

SPOT NUMBER ONE: *The Humanities Building.*

Enter the building from the front. Turn right and follow the corridor to the end. Turn left up the stairway one-half flight and enter the "B" section. Turn left and then take an almost immediate right through the doorway marked "EXIT."

Edward Myers' writing has not appeared in *The New Yorker, McCall's, Redbook, The Saturday Evening Post,* or *Escapade,* and has, in fact, been rejected by all of the aforementioned. Mr. Myers, in turn, refuses to recognize the copyrights of these magazines.

Ascend the stairway to the top, where you will find a closed door that is always kept locked. There is a landing in front of this door. There will be sounds coming from behind the door. Do not be alarmed by them. At 11:45 P.M., a policeman will come up the stairway, unlock the door, and go inside. He stays in the room for approximately thirty seconds and then leaves. He is very friendly if you are good. Policemen are always friends with the pure in heart.

SPOT NUMBER TWO: *The Elevators*

There are elevators located in Reynolda Hall, The Humanities Building, and the library. Elevator riding has become an almost national pastime with those courters really in the know. Of course, the duration of the average elevator ride is rather short, and there always exists the threat of others who may push a button on some other floor, always allowing the possibility of the door suddenly opening. The elevator is not a good spot for courtship unless you do not mind placing yourself at the mercy of others. Of course, this adds to the adventure.

SPOT NUMBER THREE: *Reynolda Gardens*

The entire gardens is a veritable paradise for the walking courters. Of course, the gardens close when the sun goes down, and to go there past closing time is to take a risk (But then, taking a risk is adventurous, you rogue). If you are one so daring, take these tips to heart: 1) Stay off the main paths. There is no reason to invite trouble. 2) Take along a machete or a hatchet or some such cutting or hacking tool. If you are off the main paths, you will need it. 3) There are police in the gardens at night, according to popular legend, although the police situation from the courter's view is better than ever before, since the Merchant Marine has stopped patrolling the lake after having lost four boats over the waterfalls. 4) Do not pentrate the gardens too deeply. This would only mean a longer return journey, which would increase your chances of meeting a policeman, although policemen are always friends with the pure in heart. 5) If a policeman should, by the work of the devil, discover you in the gardens, quickly assume the stance of a small tree or else the pose of a small tree just fallen. If he continues his investigation, tell him you were damaged in an icestorm and that is the reason you are not blooming this year. If he still does not believe you, refer him to Robert Frost's poem "Birches."

SPOT NUMBER FOUR: *The field in front of the library*

Approach the field walking along the road from the direction of Winston Hall. Walk until you see the pathway that leads across the field toward the men's dormitories. Take this pathway for thirty-two paces. Look to your right. There you will see a large pine tree. It is approximately eleven paces to the tree. If you do not mind pine needles, this tree is a fine spot for courting.

SPOT NUMBER FIVE: *Wingate Hall*

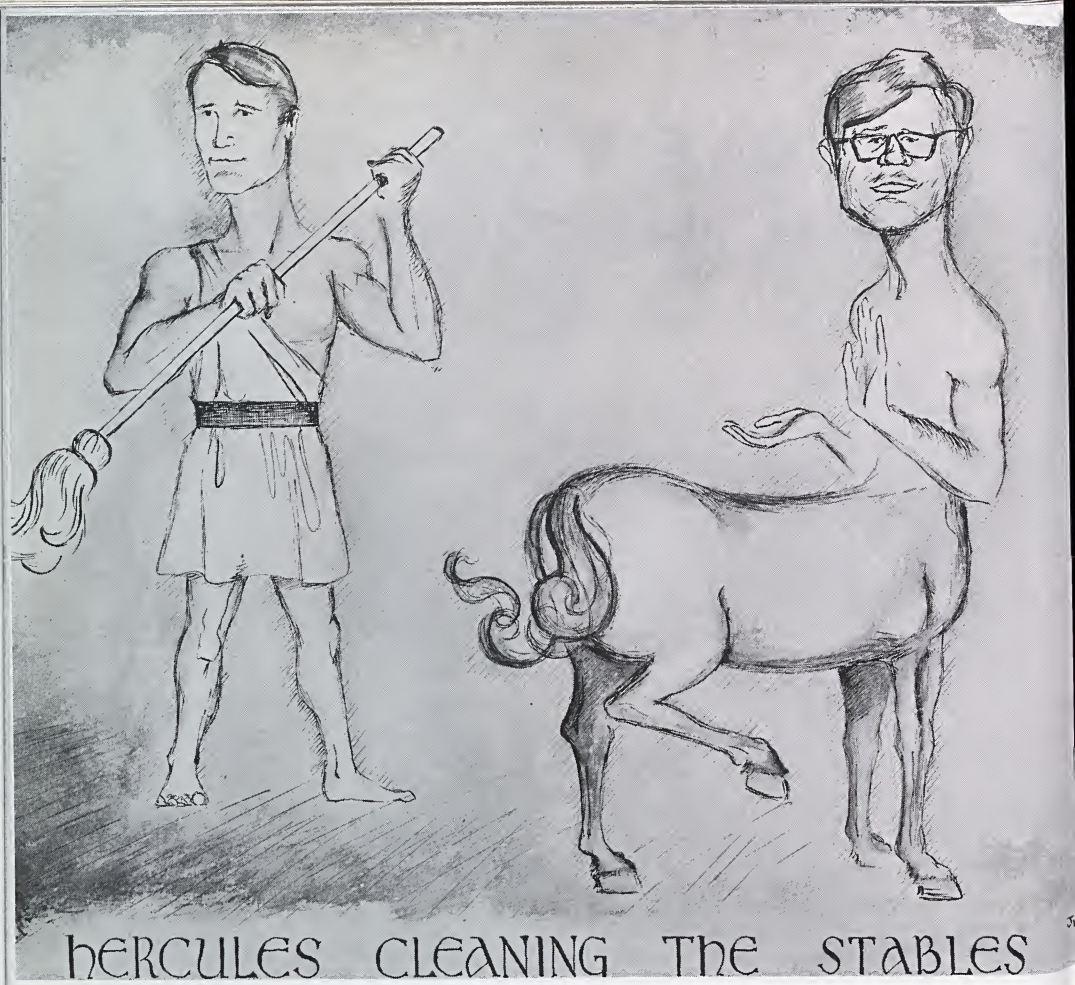
Enter the building at the main entrance beneath the letters W-I-N-G-A-T-E H-A-L-L. Turn right and then look for the first stairway on your right. Climb this stairway to the top. There is a door leading out to the roof of the building. There is another stairway corresponding to this one on the other side of the building. To reach this one, simply substitute the word "left" where the word "right" appears in the preceding directions.

These, of course, are not the only spots. There are many others, probably many of equal quality. We do not wish to name them all, however, for the hunt for a good spot is part of the joy of courtship, a joy that will be forever a part of your heart.

I would like to take this space to thank the faculty members whose advice and own personal experiences proved to be unvaluable in the writing of this article. ■

Reynolda Florist

PHONE 724-4411



is how STUDENT art director Jim Grout visualizes the change in command which is taking place on the magazine as Tim Brown replaces Richard Fallis as editor.

Brown says of his issues of THE STUDENT, "They will be visually exciting, provocative publications which will represent a radically changed conception of THE STUDENT." He adds that he expects the 1967-68 edition "to be a forum for the ideas which are of interest to the Wake Forest community and the world at large."

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RECORDS:

The New Talkies

by Richard Fallis

Ever since Thomas Alva Edison recited "Mary Had a Little Lamb" into his primitive gramophone in 1876, phonograph records have been used to preserve the sound of the human voice.

In fact, the current Schwann Catalogue of recordings lists over two thousand entries in the "Spoken Word" category. And some recent additions to this category make most enjoyable listening.

For instance, there is the new recording of Epic, "Godfrey Cambridge Toys with the World." Mr. Cambridge, a comedian of the Dick Gregory school, opens his album with the reading of an application for membership in the Ku Klux Klan which he has been sent by mistake: "Is there any history of mental derangement in your family? Yes or No? If not, why not?" And he ends with a riotous new reducing scheme "guaranteed to suppress the libido."

Fans of Flanders and Swann, the irrepressible British satirists will be glad to know that Angel has released sections of their lastest production. "At the Drop of Another Hat." It's just as funny and just as outrageous as their first album.

On a much more serious plane is a fine new Warner Brothers recording of Richard Burton reading the poetry of Wilfred Owen. Owen was a young British poet killed during World War I. His war poetry, bitter, angry, and sometimes brutal, is probably the finest of its kind in the English language. Burton reads it magnificently; his very objective reading seems to fit this verse perfectly. In this time of banal sentiment about the Viet-Nam catastrophe, Owen's poetry and Burton's reading of it provide a welcome antidote.

And finally, this being May and our thoughts naturally turning in the direction of you-know-what, there is a new recording on the Vanguard label which should be of interest to intellectual lovers. It is a reading of Sir Richard Burton's (no relation to the actor) translation of the classic Hindu work on the art of love, *The Kama Sutra*. The reading by Sneed Jaffray has delicacy and style, and ought to provide an interesting background for amorous goings-on; certainly more interesting than the swooping strings of Percy Faith.

BOOKS:

A Mod Allegory

by W. G. Fraser

It is possible to state without becoming overly effusive that John Barth's *Giles Goat Boy* is one of the best American novels of the last twenty-five years. In his comedy-fantasy-satire, Barth presents the world as a university divided into east and west campuses. Barth's splendid language and Rabelaisian treatment of the subject matter make the book an almost continuous hee-haw, while at the same time preserving the significant theme—the redemption of modern man. Barth's forte is excellent copiousness — he throws everything into the book, including a forty page take-off on *Oedipus Rex* in rhymed couplets, poems, songs, a publisher's disclaimer, a cover-letter to the editors and publisher, and addenda.

The main body of the book is called The Revised New Syllbus (RNS), bearing a marked affinity to the RSV. The RNS purports to be the new way to Commencement (Salvation) for all studentkind (mankind). It details the rise of the heroic Goat-Boy (alias Billy Bockfuss, alias George, alias Giles) from the goat pens in which he was raised to his manifest destiny as Grand Tutor of mankind in the tradition of Enos Enoch, the Shepherd-Emeritus (Christ). The Goat-Boy is commissioned to his task by the mighty Wescac computer, the inseminator of his mother Virginia Hector. The duty of the Goat-Boy is to Pass All or Fail All. He has numerous mis-adventures, many of them hilariously sexual, as he learns the trade of Grand Tutoring. After failing Grand Tutoring on his first try, the Goat-Boy on his second try manages to achieve the seven steps to Commencement only through a magnificently sustained inversion of values and logic. The Goat-Boy betrays himself to the false Grand Tutor, Harold Bray, a kind of John the Bursar. Eventually the Goat-Boy who is Giles (an acronym for Grant-tuterial Ideal Laboratory Eugenial Specimen) realizes his Grand Tutorhood, returns to Wescac's belly and emerges successfully for the second time. Eventually Giles is able to proclaim the way to Graduation and Commencement for Studentkind. Passed are the Flunk-ed, Failure is Passage, murkily yet correctly reasons Giles.

Giles Goat-Boy is the Bible brought up to date. Its thinly disguised setting, which is the world since the Second Campus Riot (WWII), provides Barth an opportunity to satirize and explicate among other things the varsity (world) situation ,the Quiet Riot (Cold War), student-faculty relations (the coed "who opens her placket may close her books; she lifts her standing with her skirts"), and the political administrations of Professor-Generals Reginal Hector (Eisenhower) and Lucky Rexford (Kennedy).

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